NOV 28 1930

Good Housekeeping

DECEMBER 1930 25 CENTS

Beginning—

Girl Alive by KATHLEEN NORRIS

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Princess Der Ling — Dixie Willson — Alice Hegan Rice

Old Dutch is your best little helper
for the extra holiday cleaning

CLEANS QUICKER

Help yourself to more holiday time—use Old Dutch Cleanser. Old Dutch cleans quicker than anything else you can use; saves time, saves effort. You'll find it your best little helper for cleaning pots, pans, enamelware, aluminumware—cooking utensils of every sort. With Old Dutch on hand, you are prepared for the extra holiday cleaning.

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Old Dutch Girl

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning over the Columbia Broadcasting System at 8:45 A. M. Eastern Time. 7:45 A. M. Central Time. 6:45 A. M. Mountain Time.

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VENICE
"COLUMN OF ST. MARKS"

ITS TASTE SAYS "ITALY" TO THOSE WHO KNOW

How skillfully have Franco-American chefs captured the subtle secret of Italian cookery in this delicious spaghetti. Its every aspect invites enjoyment, from the ruddy glow of its rich tomato sauce to the zestful aroma of its savory cheese.

This is spaghetti as the Italians prefer it indeed, based on a favorite Milanese recipe and true to its origin, even to the delicate shades that so invite the eye to feast.

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Serve Franco-American Spaghetti for your enjoyment and convenience. A wholesome, balanced main dish, an appreciated side dish. Regale the family with this delightful spaghetti — today.

Franco-American
Ready-cooked
Spaghetti
With tomato sauce and cheese
(a la Milanaise)

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WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Is a craftsman few writers can equal. "THE HILLS OF HEAVEN," in the January Good Housekeeping, is a story

You Will Never Forget

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
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Vary your Christmas-week menus with the new *Armour's* Fixed Flavor Star Ham

Thousands of thrifty housewives find the Armour recipe-book helpful in avoiding monotony . . . and saving money

LONG before your turkey makes its last bow as a bowlful of soup, you'll want it to take turns with something else. And because you have variety in view, you'll want that "something else" as unlike turkey as turnips. It should be economical too.

Certainly there is nothing better than an Armour's Fixed-Flavor Star Ham. For Fixed-Flavor Ham is a versatile star with sixty different make-ups . . . sixty ways to serve this wonderful ham produced by Armour and Company's exclusive, new cure-and-smoke method.

You may realize the work that new method involves. But you can't realize the result, till a Fixed-Flavor Ham comes from your oven, and you slide your knife across it. As each pink piece falls away, a wisp of fragrant, flavorful steam rises to tease your taste. Right then, you want a tender forkful; so take it and taste Fixed Flavor—the flavor that raised Star smoked meats to the highest place in the firmament of food!

Buy a Fixed-Flavor Ham before Christmas. It will save time in preparing meals when the twenty-fifth starts creeping up. You can make Ham Omelet with the leftovers, as well as a variety of wonderful-tasting dishes. The coupon brings a book that shows you how. Mail it today. And look for the bright, new Fixed-Flavor wrapper when you ask for Fixed-Flavor Ham.

• • •

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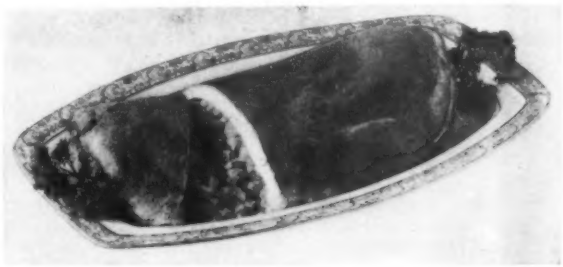
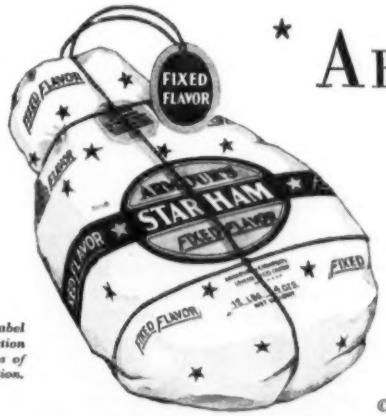


RECIPE

Fixed Flavor Star Ham Omelet

TOTAL TIME: 20 MINUTES — SERVES 4

Beat the white and yolks of four Armour's Cloverbloom Eggs separately. To the yolks add two teaspoons Armour's Cloverbloom Butter, a pinch of salt, and one cup of boiled Fixed-Flavor Star Ham finely chopped. Make a smooth paste of one level tablespoon flour and one-fourth cup of milk, and gradually add one-half cup of milk and the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Combine the two mixtures, pour into a hot, well-greased skillet, and bake in a moderate (350° F.) oven for 15 minutes.



The Fixed-Flavor label and U. S. Inspection are twin guarantees of Star Ham perfection.

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ARMOUR'S STAR HAM
FIXED FLAVOR

Dept. A-12, *Division Food Economics*

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Please send me a free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

In using advertisements see page 6

Once More—Christmas

FOR years it has been our custom to make, on this December page, a personal appeal to the readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING to take an active part in the warfare humanity is waging against disease and poverty as its abettor. And so this year we had hoped to make it just a merry Christmas page—one of glad tidings of good will. We realized, of course, that it would be difficult to say anything new about Christmas or any of the old things in a new way. But it probably can be done, and whether we succeeded or failed, you would at least know that we had tried to give you a Christmas message without any strings tied to it.

But it won't work; at least, this is not the year to try it. We are facing a hard winter, a trying winter. To the millions who are out of work must be added other millions who are on part time. It isn't enough just to say "Merry Christmas" to them; if we mean it we must lend a helping hand. How this may be done is suggested by a young woman in Colorado who prefers to remain anonymous. Here is what she says:

"In view of the vast number of unemployed, the coming Christmas threatens to be a tragic time in countless homes. Thousands of parents will know the bitterness of being unable to provide even the cheapest of toys for their little ones, while many thousands of children are inevitably doomed to heart-breaking disappointment. On one hand, among the well-to-do, there will be millions of people surfeited with more or less useless gifts, while on the other there will be poverty—black, tragic want and despair. Charitable organizations will do much to bring Christmas cheer to poverty-stricken homes, but more, very much more, might be done if we, as individuals would undertake to do our bit.

"MAY I tell you my idea? It first occurred to me last Easter when I balked at spending several dollars on a plant for a friend while a crippled child I knew was in want. The problem was solved by helping the child and writing a card of Easter greetings to my friend, explaining that I had spent her gift-money on the child. She—bless her dear heart!—was delighted, and so I intend to try the experiment on others.

"Won't you try it, too? Talk it over with your friends; make a compact with them to forego your usual interchange of gifts and devote the money thus saved to helping the less fortunate. Call it 'The Inasmuch Club.' Cards could be written bearing the usual Christmas greetings and telling, as cleverly as may be, to whom the gifts were diverted. Something like this,

"The money that I would have spent
Upon your gift, old dear,
To a needy family I have sent,
To bring them Christmas cheer.

"Use your imagination! Think what might be accomplished if this scheme were to be adopted generally. It would be a worthy way of celebrating the birthday of Him whose hands were ever extended in love and mercy, and Who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me!' "

SO MUCH for bringing cheer to children and those who are well. Individuals can carry on this work and do it beautifully, too. Think what it would mean to a poor family in your town to have you as its Santa Claus. But there are other things that can best be done by organizations equipped for that purpose. For instance, no individual or group of individuals could take the place of the National Tuberculosis Association or of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. These organizations are nation wide, and yet they are ready for service in practically any community. There has been no time in the last decade when support of these organizations, particularly of the one first named, was more incumbent upon all who love their fellow men. Tuberculosis thrives in poorly nourished bodies, and worry is its chief ally. Symbols of the struggle to conquer it are the little Christmas seals that cost but a penny apiece. If you buy only one you will help some one, somewhere, to pull through to victory.

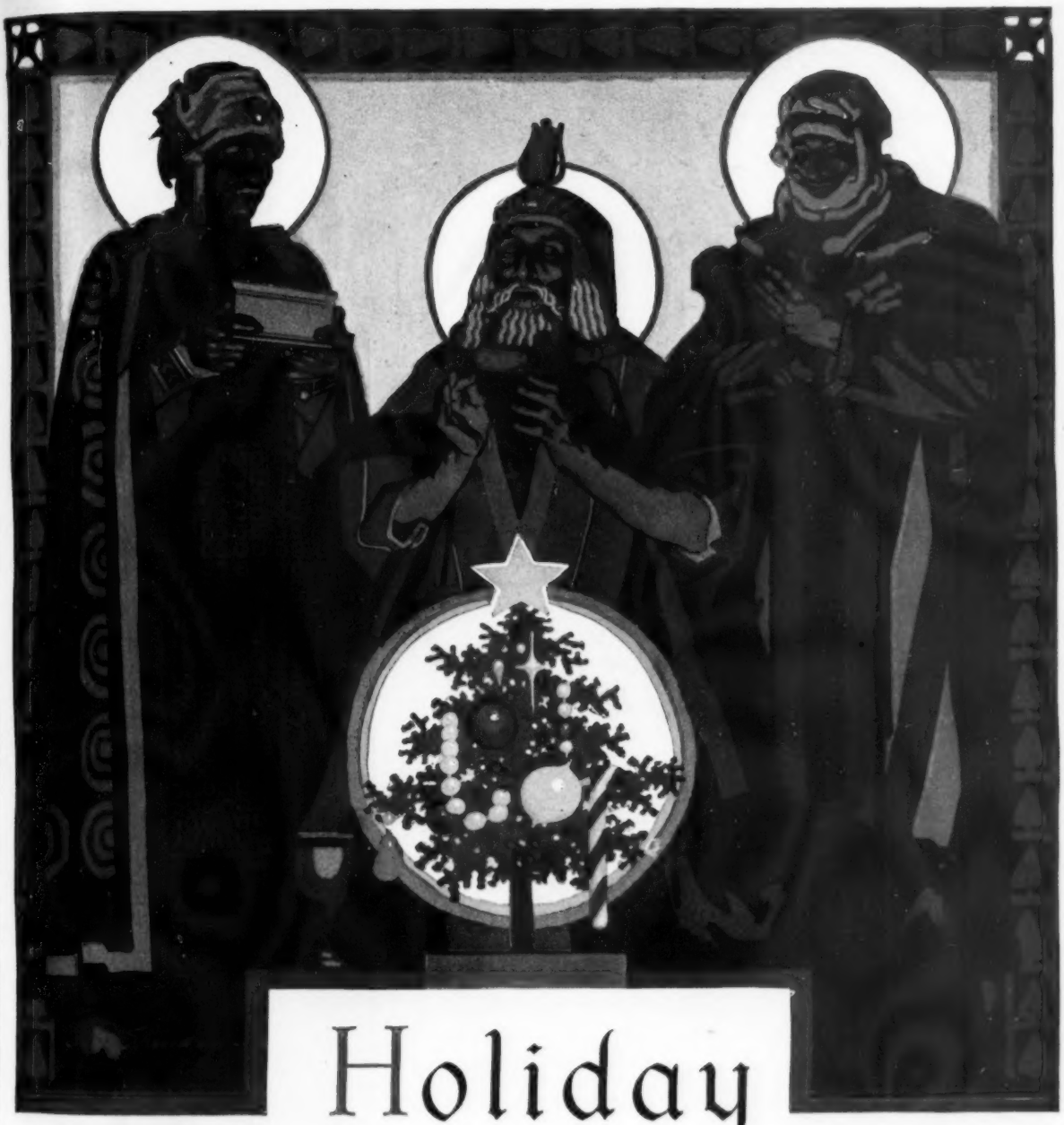
"Small as the seals are," says the Association, "they have been responsible for the saving of untold thousands of lives through education, advice, physical examination in clinics they support, hospital care and treatment, open-air schools and summer camps they inaugurated and finance, local and state health legislation, demonstrations of various sorts, and research work. Like the drops of water that make the ocean, the pennies that buy Christmas Seals compose the dollars that have done their part in cutting in half the death rate from tuberculosis since 1907, when the first seal was sold in this country. The fight against tuberculosis is not yet won, however. The disease still kills more persons between 18 and 40 than any other. More than ever today, when the diminishing death rate indicates success in tuberculosis work, money is needed to combat the greatest single foe of men and women during their most productive working years."

THE work of the Cancer Society is no less important, though its fruits are less apparent. The tuberculosis death rate is going down; the cancer death rate is mounting, year by year. Carelessness is in part responsible for this. Advice is ignored, symptoms are disregarded until a cure is impossible. To overcome this apathy—this fear of making doubt certain—and to send out the hopeful message that in its early stages cancer can be cured, is the task the Society has set for itself and which it asks you to support. A dollar sent to the New York City Committee, 34 East 75th Street, will bring you a handsome Christmas Reminder booklet. And your dollar will go into the fight for the control of cancer.

THERE is, in one of Bruce Barton's recent editorials, a haunting line that is most suitable as an ending for this page. It is this: "The real test of religion, I think, is this—have you been square, have you been generous? Have the people with whom you came into contact been happier, rather than less happy, because you passed by?"

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR



Holiday

By Grace Noll Crowell

Decoration by John E. Sheridan

TINSEL-DUST, and star-shine, and moonlight on the snow,
These are things we think of as we remember Him;
Wreaths and scarlet ribbons, a candle's fitful glow,
Now are symbols of the One who walked gray roads and dim

COLORLESS and rugged, the fields wind-swept and brown,
All the land was darkened on that first Christmas night,
Save one lone star gleaming; but now in each small town
Casements glow and trees shine, where baubles glitter bright.

BETHLEHEM, or Nazareth, or any town He knew,
Was not lighted for Him through all His earthly hours;
Now men thread the cities with jewels, through and through,
Draping streets and parkways with blinding fire-flowers.

LONELY and forsaken, rejected and despised,
Christ, the Man of Sorrows, went on his quiet way.
Does He now, I wonder, turn grave and questing eyes
Back along the old roads, as we keep holiday?

Beginning

The Newest

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Novel

Girl Alive!

A Story that Reveals the Very Heart Of Girlhood

How I'd love being in on a business I liked some story! Did I want to

December 11th

SOMETIMES it seems to me that life is nothing but despair.

A girl thinks that anyway on her nineteenth birthday, when nothing has gone right for her in her whole life, and when there is no chance that anything ever will.

Helen gave me this diary for a birthday present this morning, and I have been doing nothing but cry over it.

Because why should I have a diary? Nothing interesting ever happens to me. All I could put in it would be, "Got up, had breakfast with Helen and Mildred and Tom, went to cannery, kept books, had chocolate bar for lunch, came home, did dishes, read magazine, went to bed."

That's all that ever happens to me. And when Helen and Mil get superior and comforting, and say that some day the right man will come along, and he'll like me all the better for not running with the wild crowd, and that all my happy times will be a thousand times happier for these quiet days now, I say it's the bunk! I could say, but I don't:

"Where's *your* fine, admiring husband, Mildred, or Helen, who loves you all the more because you didn't cheapen yourself with cigarettes and petting and running round in speed cars when you were my age? What have *you* got out of being so respectable?"

What could they say? They couldn't say anything, because Helen is twenty-eight, and it's years since anybody has paid her any attention; and Mildred is twenty-four, and if she has any beau at all it is Bunny May, a queer, stringy, wet-looking boy who has been trailing Milly ever since—well, ever since I was in grammar school, and that's fully five years ago.

It is frightful to have two older sisters who are both unmarried, but it almost seems to me it would be worse to have Mil marry Bunny May. Tom says he

Copyright, 1930, by Kathleen Norris

meeting in Hollywood tonight, with every one anxious to know how do it, and did I like the leading man they were thinking of engaging?

Illustrated by W.E.Heitland

always wants to take a crash towel and dry Bunny off before he begins to talk to him. Tom says that Milly always wanted to be a teacher for slightly defective children in a concentration school, and that thwarted ambition will find its outlet somewhere.

Some women never marry, and perhaps it's all right—perhaps the world has to be that way. But I think what I mind is that Helen and Mildred are sort of contented and happy and bright about not being married. They have a merry way of speaking about "the Fairfax old maids" that just sets my teeth on edge. They make a great fuss about the children in the kindergarten and are always quoting them and saying how dear the little girls and boys are.

But I would never care about other women's little girls and boys. It would be much more fun to fall in love, and get engaged and married, have kitchen showers and a trousseau and everything, and then have some of your own. Why let other women have all the fun of getting engaged, and having the showers and the engagement cups and wedding presents and everything—why let other women have the Spanish bungalows, and the first parties and things, and the cunning little babies born in the new maternity wing—and then you just take up the job of teaching the babies to walk on chalk marks and braid worsted rings? That seems to me like letting some one else fix the flowers and set the table and eat the dinner, and do all the nice things, and then you come in and do the dishes.

Well, anyway, that isn't what I'm going to do. I'm going to get married.

They say if you make up your mind to be a great explorer or singer or anything and really determine upon it, you sort of draw it toward you. A man who lectured here last year said that. Helen had two seats for the lecture, and she took me. He said that you could become anything—even a great dancer if you had a wooden leg, even a movie actress if you lived out at a railroad tank in Dakota.

He didn't say exactly that about the movie actress, but that's practically what he meant. Because he said it was all in your will power.

I don't see why you couldn't resolve to marry in the same way. Even living here the way we do, I don't see why I shouldn't say—

Well, here! I'm going to make some resolutions on my birthday.

First, then: I'm going to get out of this unspeakable, commonplace, respectable rut that we Fairfaxes are in. If Helen and Mildred and Tom like it, let them. But I don't. Hollywood and New York and everywhere interesting are full of girls as young as I am—much younger than I am—who have simply pulled themselves up by their back hair and got out of what they hated, and got into what they liked. Some of them make a lucky hit writing stories, and some of them get little parts in pictures and are so saucy and cute that the directors instantly notice them. Then they and their mothers take a great big wonderful house in Hollywood. Their mothers always go along, because they—the stars—are usually too young to sign things.

Then after I make a success I'm going to be a personality.

Then after that I'm going to marry my choice of all the men who'll like me; I'm going to marry a gray-eyed man, not too tall, but sort of square, and sort of always half smiling.

And I'm going to live in New York or Boston, or some place that looks better at the top of your paper than—well, our town. I think it's the deadest town in the state!

I guess this is enough foolishness for one day.

December 18th

HELEN and Mildred and Tom and I have a four-room apartment. It isn't as nice as Grandpa's cottage was, but when Grandpa died, five years ago, and we had to move anyway, the girls fell in love with it because it had an electric refrigerator and hardwood floors and elevator and maid service, and they jumped at the seventy dollars rent.

There are fifteen other apartments in the building; it stands in the nicest part of town. We have a corner drawing-room with a couch in it where I sleep; quite a big room, with four windows, and burlap curtains that Mil hemstitched, and mother's piano, and books. Next to this is the girls' bedroom, and then the bathroom, and then a dark room with a wall-bed where Tom sleeps—but his bureau has to stand in the hallway that they call the "foyer," and his ties hang in the bathroom. And then there's the kitchen with a breakfast ingle. Tom's room was meant for the dining room, really, even though it has a wall-bed, in case you need it for company. But we have to have all our meals in the breakfast ingle because of Tom's sleeping in the dining room.

For awhile they did use Tom's room for a sort of extra living room, but Tom said that he got pretty sick of their company coming giggling in, late in the evening, to pick their hats and coats off him after he'd got comfortably off to sleep, so they changed it and put a big chair up against the door that opens into the foyer to give him more privacy.

Commonplace and respectable—that's what it is. We are comfortable enough, and we have a radio and a telephone and a gas stove, and everything. But it's so horribly dull! Nobody knows how dull it can seem on a wet Sunday afternoon like this, with your sisters at a Hospital Guild Tea.

I'm not even sure I believe in God today. I don't mean that! Of course I believe in God, and that He wants us all to be good and bear our trials patiently, and think about our blessings, and forgive our enemies, and all that. And I believe that you could ask Him to make you more charitable or purer of heart, or anything hard and noble.

But could you go on your knees to Him and say something like this:

"O Father, I am a girl of nineteen in San José, California, living about the dullest life in the world. My two older sisters and my brother won't let me run round with the only crowd here that has any fun—and I'm not very keen about it anyway, because I know the chances those girls run. Because, after all, I am a modern girl, and I go to movies, and I do know. The things they drink, and the places they go to are the sort of things that make you wake up the next morning wishing that everything had been different. And Thou knowest all this.

"But what can I do that is perfectly safe and sensible and that will get me into everything? I want to be popular and have pretty clothes and go to dances. I want to go to a country club where there is polo and tennis and men in white flannels. I want to pack suitcases for trips on trains and yachts, and I want to come downstairs in some big, beautiful hotel or private house or something, trailing a velvet dress after me and wearing pearls. Other girls do all this and more, and why shouldst Thou let some of Thy children do things Thou won't lettest others do?

"There is no man worth marrying in this town to date. I know almost all of them—by sight, anyway—even the Garthwaites and the Reddings and the Houstons, and the other families that have college boys in them and live on the Alameda—and all the nice ones are married. How can I meet really fine men who want to get married?

"If I could once do that, I'll bet I could manage the rest."

"NOTHING Kathleen has written in a long, long time has made me as happy as 'Girl Alive'! It is one of her most moving, tender stories"

CHARLES G. NORRIS

Sometimes it seems to me that life is nothing but despair. I'm nineteen, and nothing has ever happened to me, and nothing ever will

December 25th

THIS diary does not seem to get me very far. But in the back of my mind, all through the week, is the thought that I will write in it anyway on Sunday, when the girls have gone out after lunch or after breakfast.

It is after breakfast now. Tom is still asleep; the coffee is still on the back of the stove for him, and the whole apartment has a Sunday-morning smell of coffee and rolls. It is a cold, bright, frosty morning, with people walking to church. We are on the fourth floor, and I have been standing at the window looking down for hours. Not for hours, maybe, but for a long time. I have nothing else to do. You can see the St. Claire Hotel and the courthouse from our windows. From the kitchen window you can see the cannery.

And once again I must say I would change almost anybody's life in the world for mine. Helen gets wild when I say this, but it is true. I'll bet you Swami women—or are all Swamis men?—I'll bet you Indian women on trails, and Eskimo women spearing seals, have more fun than I do.

My great-grandmother had all the fun you can imagine; she crossed the plains, and one of her babies was born and died during an Indian raid, and once when there was a flood in Marysville she made biscuits for all the refugees and put some drug into them by mistake—because the druggist had moved all his stock into her kitchen—and lots of them died. And once they were washed out by the river—their whole farm under water—and her brother was shot down right at her side.

And my mother and my grandmother had all the fun of the earthquake. They moved the kitchen stove out to the edge of the sidewalk on Pacific Avenue in San Francisco, and they had to cook there, and my Aunt Mary got engaged that week to an army lieutenant who was helping out getting things settled. And my father felt sort of despairing three or four years later, so he went to the Yukon, and a year after that a strange man came and told my mother about how he died and everything. It seems that my father came from one of the finest families in the Old Dominion, and after the Civil War they all felt so badly that nothing ever would go right with them, and they lost their money and everything. So that my father never could work very well. And that was one reason my mother had so many adventures. But even if some of them were not so very pleasant, at least my *(Continued on page 212)*

Sizing Up

Hobo and Millionaire, Old And Young, Tell Dixie Willson What They Think of The Day

HELLO, you resplendent pageant of silver and gold, green and scarlet; thrill of mysteries; fanfare of joyousness; wistfulness of candle-light; contagion of sweet charity; *te deums* of that little town of Bethlehem.

Hello, Christmas!

You've been with us quite a while. We ought to know you pretty well. We think we do. We think our own understanding of that star, our own holly and red ribbon and plum pudding, have taught us all you can mean!

But who shall measure by his own vision the glow of Christmas lights down highways he has never traveled? Christmas is Christmas for all of Old Man World's millions, of whom, after all, you are only one!

Walking the ties, riding the rods, "junglin' up" around camp fires, the vagabonds contribute to the day *their* consciousness of it. A shaggy-haired tramp who says his name is Squint Kerry told me in a rambling way what to him is the import of that day of love and joy.

"I dunno where I was last Christmas," he said. "I guess Texas some place—Galveston, maybe. That's where I head for when it gets winter."

He ran one hand over his chin, scrubby with a three- or four-day beard. "Anyway I was junglin' up some place that was fifteen miles outta town; me and some other bo's, and some mushfakers."

I wondered what "mushfakers" were.

"Them?" he said. "Them's fake umbrella menders that won't go up to a door honest and say, 'Lady, will you help me out with a bite?' They fake like mendin' umbrellas, so they can steal. We don't let 'm in the jungle only like Christmas. Nobody don't turn nobody down on Christmas."

The "jungle" is the camp. Tramps who have been riding the rods together pick a spot and make a firehole and gather there at night.

"I love to see the Christmas holly shining on the door, inviting everybody in," says Miss Suzanne Pollard

"There's nothin' gives you a feelin' for everybody like Christmas does," says this young mother of nine

A sheltered mother says, "It's the girls who make Christmas the sweetest day in the world for us"

"Are you lonely on Christmas?" I asked him. "When the day comes, don't you wish you had some folks?"

"I don't want nuttin' more of nuttin'," he said. "I eats and sleeps, and I got nuttin' to worry about at all but railroad dicks and police. I don't know what Christmas is for. I guess the reason I don't know is because I never had no home. Christmas is somep'n about home, ain't it?"

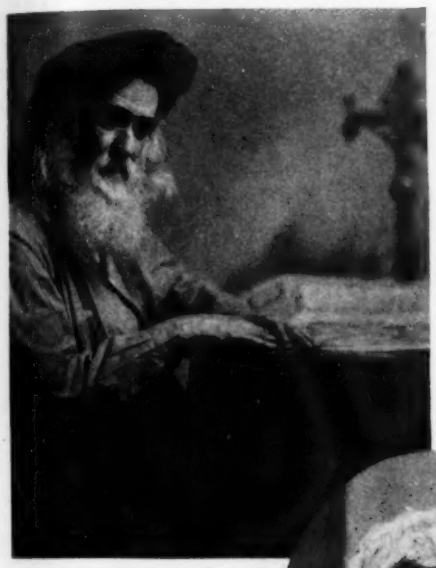
He yawned and hunched over the goods box against which he was leaning. "When I know it's Christmas, I go fishin' for chicken," he drawled. "There's a good harvest that day. That's all I know about it. All the bo's brings their lumps to the jungle and throws in."

The "lumps" are the food they can find.

"Do you get any Christmas presents?" I asked him. "Or give any?"

He shoved his hands into shapeless pockets. "I heard about 'm," he said, "but I never seen one. I always kinda

CHRISTMAS



A professional Santa hails the approach of Christmas with enthusiasm. "There is enough thrill in the eyes of children looking into mine to make up for everything life has not given me"

An almost professional bachelor—Charles Hanson Towne—thinks he is lucky. With no responsibilities—such as being a father or just a mere husband entails—he enjoys the day immensely

"Christmas stands for the things we can not do without." "It's the greatest day for a man's soul the year affords." Can you doubt this lady of ninety Christmas days? Or this millionaire ship-builder?

"I don't know what Christmas is for," says the wandering hobo. "I guess the reason I don't know is because I never had no home"

And what does five-year-old Joyce think of Christmas? If her face doesn't tell you, you'll find it in the story

wished I could get one once."

"I'll send you one this Christmas," I suggested, "if you'll be around Galveston again and go to the post office after it."

His face crinkled into a grin. "Sure," he chuckled. "When'll I go?"

"Go the day before Christmas," I told him. "I'll send it in care of General Delivery."

"All right," he said. He looked absorbedly at a patch of dusty weeds under his feet. "But could ya' tell me," he said, "what date that there'll be? I never could remember nuttin' like history!"

VAGUELY conscious of Christmas as a symbol of love and tenderness, Squint Kerry thought of it only as "somep'n about home." Just the same feeling, after all, as welled up in the blue eyes of William H. Todd, the builder of ocean ships, whose fortune is written in millions

"Christmas," he said, "is for me a day of poignant memory of my mother and father and the little tree my mother trimmed with lace cut out of store wrapping paper, and all of us gathering to sing 'While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night.' We had a tree only after some one else threw it away, and many times the thanks returned at our Christmas table were for nothing more than mush and milk. Such things can't be forgotten.

"What do I think about Christmas?" he smiled. "I think it's the greatest day for a man's soul that the year affords! I think every man living needs a particular reminder that his greatest joy can be in thought of others! That is what Christmas should be—a particular reminder."

And William H. Todd is not a man who preaches without practicing. There is no way to calculate the number of people into whose lives he brings joy at Christmas time. For the poor children in the neighborhood of his ship yards, he makes Christmas a never-to-be-forgotten day! There are trees, a dinner, plenty of toys, and complete outfits of clothing for each child; and on Christmas morning, when those two thousand children crowd around sparkling branches and Santa blusters in, it is Mr. Todd himself, his eyes twinkling underneath that scarlet cap, and his own hands placing in tiny ones the things that make baby hearts stand still!

"I really don't know

(*Continued on page 242*)

"Once Upon

The Old, Old In a Brand-

By Coningsby Dawson

The little ox became a great favorite. His little mistress used to weave chains of flowers and hang them about his horns

A TAP on the study door—a tap so gentle that it had continued for some time without being noticed by the man in the old tweed jacket who scribbled page after page on the writing-board which he balanced on his knees as he sprawled in his deep arm-chair.

Looking up, his eye caught the clock. From five to six was the play-hour which he dedicated to his little boy. Fifteen minutes late for the appointment!

By habit he was far from punctual. He was rarely on time for meals and frequently kept his business acquaintances waiting. But his engagements with his son he observed religiously. "Children Are Only Loaned To Us" was the title of the article he had been writing. "They are never ours," was the opening sentence, "yet we treat them as our possessions." He felt annoyed at the discourtesy his preoccupation had caused. The years are so brief during which a son gives a parent first place in his affections.

Pushing his board aside and placing his ink out of reach for fear of accidents, he called, "That you, Mackie?" And as the child entered: "I didn't hear you. You ought to have tapped louder."

"Nannie told me not to deturb you, Daddy."

The little boy sprang to his father's knee and cuddled against his jacket.

"What's it going to be this evening?" his father questioned. "Explorers lost in Africa, pursued by lions? Shall we turn out the lights and crawl between the chairs and tables?"

"Tell me a Christmas story."

"Why a Christmas story? Christmas won't be here for six weeks."

"'Cause I've just bemembered that Christmas *is* coming, and I'm so 'cited."

"Humph!" His father sank into a reverie. "You seem to think that I'm a human radio and that all you have to do is to tune in properly. If you don't feel like romping, I'm afraid we'll have to talk. I can't invent stories on the spur of the moment even when you ask me."

"Poor Daddy!" The little boy drew slim fingers down his father's cheek. "You's tired. Let's talk about where we went last summer."

To sit recalling the past was a kind of story—the big ship which had carried them over to France, the pretty villa they had found awaiting them at St. Jean de Luz, and all the French and Spanish boys and girls for playmates.

"You know, in a way you surprised me," Daddy confessed. "You didn't seem sorry enough when we left so much beauty."

The child chuckled. "But there's pretty things here in America, Daddy."

"Of course," Daddy nodded. "That's how one ought to look at partings. It's because I'm grown up that they make me sad. In New York I miss so many things that I grew to love over there: the cream-colored oxen, for instance, drawing creaking carts along white roads, and—"

Giving his father no chance to complete the list of his regrets, Mac cut in. "Tell me about an ox—a Christmas story. It must have angels in it, Daddy. The ox should be a very tiny one. I'd like to name him Benjamin."

"You're more of a tyrant than an editor," Daddy objected; "you hurl a suggestion and leave me to make up the story. However, here goes. There was once a little ox named Benjamin. What comes next?"

"He was so wee that he wasn't a bit like other oxes. He couldn't pull carts or plows, or do any kind of farm work. Though he was two years old and ought to

A Time —"

Story Told New Way

Illustrated By José Segrelles

Outlined against the blue night, a woman sat drooping on the back of an ass. An old man with a gray beard supported her

have been tall, he wasn't no bigger than a calf."

"That's good," Daddy congratulated. "Now it's my turn. This little ox lived in Palestine years before Jesus was born."

"Not where we were last summer?" Mac sounded disappointed.

"Certainly not. In Palestine," Daddy decreed firmly. "Being so little and useless, it was mighty lucky for him that the centurion bought him."

"But that's silly. An insect wouldn't buy an ox," Mac protested.

For a moment Daddy was puzzled, then he burst into laughter. "I didn't say a centipede—I said a centurion. They don't exist any longer; but a centurion used to be a soldier—a Roman officer. This one was stationed at Herod's palace. You're going to ask me who Herod was. Herod was king of the Jews—a big man in his way. He made wars whenever he could persuade the Romans to let him."

"But what made the centurion buy the little ox?"

"I was coming to that. You don't give a fellow a chance. The centurion had a daughter just about your age. He thought an ox that wasn't any bigger than a calf would be a fine companion for her."

"I'm sure he was. I wish I had one like Benjamin. This is going to be a lovely story."

"I should say it is!" Daddy plumed himself, quite forgetting that the original idea had been Mackie's. "Benjamin became a great favorite—he was allowed to do almost as he pleased. He used to drink at the pool in which Herod's queen grew her water-lilies. He was allowed to nibble the velvety lawn on which only Herod and his friends were permitted to walk. There wasn't a spot in the palace gardens that was forbidden to him. His little mistress used to weave chains of flowers and hang them about his horns. He learned to follow her like a dog. Even Herod would pause to rub his nose and give him pomegranates."

The child looked up amazed. "Pomgranates is wawful spensive, isn't they, Daddy?"

"Terribly, Doodles. But the point I hope you're not missing is that all these royal things happened to Benjamin because he was so small. If he'd been like other oxen, he would have worn a heavy yoke and had a rough master walking at his side and pricking him with a goad to make him go faster. Benjamin during his palace days was always secretly smiling and thinking how lucky he was to have been born tiny. But his palace days didn't last—poor little ox! The centurion was ordered back to Rome. Of course, he couldn't take Benjamin. To reach Rome he had to cross the wide Mediterranean Sea. Ships weren't much bigger than fishing boats in those days—not a hundredth part the size of the boat that took us over the ocean to France. Prisoners sat in them and made them go with oars. To take an ox even as wee as Benjamin was about the same as if you and I were to set sail with an elephant."

"Then what did they do wiv him?" Mac betrayed alarm.

"I'm sorry to say they gave him to the head gardener, who was not a man we should admire much. While the centurion was clanking about in his armor, the head gardener thought it wise to pretend to adore Benjamin, but in his heart he hated him. As he'd said a thousand times to his wife, every animal had its place, and the place for an ox, even though it was so tiny, wasn't trampling flower-beds.

"Nevertheless, when the centurion's daughter kissed Benjamin's soft nose goodby, the head gardener promised to be good to him. And here's how good he was:

the very next day he knotted a rope about Benjamin's neck and led him to the cattle market. But when he offered the little creature for sale, every one mocked. What earthly use was an ox the size of a calf they asked. At last he got rid of him. Benjamin was bought at a bargain price by a farmer so poor that he'd never before been able to afford an ox."

"I hope he was kind to him, Daddy."

"Kind enough; but it's sometimes difficult to be kind when you're poor. He harnessed Benjamin to a plow which he hadn't the strength to draw. Benjamin didn't earn the price of the fodder he ate. It wasn't that he didn't try; he couldn't pull the plow. When the little ox was nothing but skin and bones, the farmer turned him loose on the roadside, where he was picked up by a passing peddler. A peddler, you know, is a man who earns his living by selling things from door to door. This one had a cart which he pushed by hand; but after he'd found Benjamin he fitted shafts to it, so that he could sit on top of his sacks and make Benjamin drag him. Since he owned no house, he slept in ditches and under hedges. Having no one to love him had made him bad-tempered."

"But, Daddy," the child protested, "I don't want Benjamin to be hurted—and this isn't a Christmas story."

"It's going to be if you'll have patience."

"But when do the angels happen?"

"They come later."

Daddy supposed they did, but till Mac had reminded him he'd forgotten all about the angels. How to work in angels—that was the problem. It was beneath his dignity both as a father and as a writer to acknowledge that his son had stumped him. He sat frowning for a few minutes, then resorted to strategy.

"Look here, Doodles, why don't you take a hand? You gave Benjamin his name; you must know something about him."

Mac accepted the challenge. "I do," he asserted. "While Benjamin lived at the palace, he'd been proud of being small. 'Gosh,' he'd said to himself, 'I'm glad I'm little!' "

"Did he say *gosh*?" Daddy questioned reproachfully.

"I'm afraid he did, Daddy." Mac's eyes twinkled. "Of course I'm not 'llowed to say it, but *he* said it. 'Gosh, I'm glad I'm little,' he used to tell hisself. But now, since he was only a peddler's ox, he knowed different. He knowed that to be a little ox, the size of a calf, was the saddest thing that could happen to any ox. He could hardly pull the cart, Daddy. At night his poor foots was so tired he didn't care whether he ever woke up. And then he used to dream about the little girl who'd made chains wiv flowers for him. He used to cry quite often. He began to dislike hisself most wawfully."

"That's a fact." Daddy seized the telling of the story. "When Roman lords in chariots drawn by fiery horses flashed by, he felt he'd give anything to have been born a horse. When camels passed with bells tinkling on the road to Damascus, he almost broke his heart because he wasn't a camel. He'd learned at last that if you were different, the world treated you as nothing. Sometimes he would imagine he was a tall camel, playing a game with himself the way you and I do when we pretend that we're African explorers. He'd shuffle his feet, as he supposed camels did in the desert, till the old peddler would poke him with the goad; then he'd remember that he wasn't grand and tall—that he was only a little ox, the humblest of four-footed animals."

"But, Daddy, this story's getting sad."

"It isn't really," Daddy assured. "It only seems to be getting."

"Well, it's sad so far." The child pressed closer. "Tell me about the angels."

"I was on the point of telling you, you young tyrant. Years went by—I don't know how many. It seemed to Benjamin that he'd trudged every road there was to trudge. From being always hungry, he'd grown even smaller. One winter evening, when he didn't believe he could stagger a step farther, he and his master came to a hill, with a steep road winding up it and a dear little town with lighted windows perched on top. All the stars were drifting out like tiny bits of silver paper. Benjamin was much too weak to notice their beauty. Just to lie down and be rid of the cart—that was all he asked. It seemed, when they reached the top, that some sort of fair was going on. The town was crowded with travelers. The peddler was fortunate, when he knocked at the only inn, to be given the last space that remained unrented on the floor. To have a roof over his head was a luxury after sleeping in ditches. He was chilled to the bone, for a flurry of snow had fallen and meadows in the valley glittered with frost. As quickly as he could, he put Benjamin into a stable, and with a parting blow hurried off to get himself warm."

"But he gave Benjamin something to eat first, Daddy."

"That's where you're mistaken; he didn't. He was a selfish old fellow. He'd allowed Benjamin to pull him all day, and now, when it was night, he thought of nothing but his own comfort. As you may imagine, Benjamin was dreadfully downhearted. In the darkness of the stable the little ox stood with his head sagging. He had nothing to make him happy. Years ago he'd hoped that the centurion's daughter might return and lead him back to the palace gardens."

"And she did tonight," Mackie intruded eagerly. "She'd seen him from a window of the inn. She bought him from the peddler. She had little boys and girls of her own now, and Benjamin lived happily forever after."

"You go too fast, son." Daddy held up a warning finger. "You're forgetting the angels. Benjamin had been standing there for a long time in the dark stable when he heard people disputing outside the door—a man's voice sharply refusing, another man's humbly pleading.

" 'There's no room,' the sharp voice was insisting. 'I'm too busy to stand here arguing. You must go on.'

" 'But that's impossible,' the humble

The little ox saw the woman sitting ox felt he ought to do something

holding the new born baby. It was from the baby that the light shone, piercing and dazzling. The little different from anything he had ever done before. And so he put his little knees together and knelt

voice implored. 'Look at her—she's nearly fainting.'

"'It's not my fault. You should have arrived earlier,' the angry voice relented.

"'But we've come a long journey, my master. Anywhere will do if I can place a roof over her head.'

"'If it's a roof you want,' the door was flung wide, 'you may find a free corner in the stable.'

"Benjamin turned his tiny head to learn who was causing such commotion. He saw the blue night filled with stars, and outlined across the doorway a little ass as weary as himself. On the back of the ass a woman sat drooping. A man with a gray beard, old enough to be her father, supported her. The inn-keeper was departing.

"'It's the best I have to offer,' he said.

"How tired they looked! Benjamin had thought *he* was tired. It seemed as though, if they attempted to move, they would fall. The man was the first to pull himself together. Very tenderly, gathering her in his arms, he helped the woman to alight. Half carrying her, he blundered into the darkness of the stable and found a vacant stall. While he was shaking down hay to make a bed for her, the little ass followed. There were no more vacant stalls, so having peered into first one, then another, the ass limped in beside Benjamin. The old man came and removed his saddle. He threw down fodder, enough for both his beast and Benjamin. Then he closed the door against the cold.

"Benjamin became curious. At last he had met some one who couldn't resent his talking, since he wasn't any bigger than himself. He started questioning the ass as to why he was there and who were his master and his mistress. The ass was stupid from fatigue—too tired to eat anything. He pretended to be asleep, but at last he had to reply because Benjamin was so persistent."

"But do animals talk, Daddy?"

"How foolish of you to ask, Doodles! Half the nicest stories have to do with animals who talk. The ass told Benjamin that he had journeyed from Nazareth. The old man was named Joseph, and he was married to the young woman, who was called Mary. A decree had gone forth from Cæsar Augustus, the ruler who lived at Rome, that every one should go to his own city to be taxed. So Joseph had come to this city on the hilltop, which was Bethlehem, because it was here that he had been born. The roads had been crowded with travelers, making progress slow. Joseph had planned to arrive much earlier, but he'd been pressed to one side by lordly people riding by, with slaves and outriders running before them. Every one was hurrying to his own city. It was the reason why there was no room in the inn and Bethlehem was so crowded, for that night every living person (*Continued on page 190*)

I graduated one day; four days later we were married. Everybody came to the wedding, for according to the papers this was a romance

My Story

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

CHAPTER XIV

MORE cheerful now this story. Not so much sickness and death. Months gone by, and with them a slow, painful acceptance of my father's death. My sister Olive a big girl, fifteen now, and a wedding in prospect with her to attend me in her first long skirt. Uncle John writing that he would give me my wedding dress—heavy white satin with an enormous heavy train; a tulle veil, a bandeau of satin held with bird of Paradise. Talk of Bermuda for a wedding trip. Where is Bermuda? Get a map, somebody.

My mother sewing, making underwear, hemming table linen with fine, invisible stitches. Running the house, the three of us, the strangely quiet house. In the evenings, after office hours, my *fiancé* and myself planning, drawing diagrams of the living room upstairs in his house, to find how many yards of carpet it would need. A new result every time.

"Now, listen, if you run the strips this way—"

I graduated one day, and four days later we were married.

Everybody came to the wedding. The big church was filled, for according to the papers this was a romance. Awning, and crash for the aisles, a special organist, a florist moving in palms and Easter lilies.

Uncle John and Aunt Sade at the house, Uncle John with a new frock coat to give me away. Stan getting a new frock coat, too. Terribly excited, what with calls to make to the last minute, and a dinner to his ushers at the University Club, and gloves and *boutonnières* to be ordered. A six o'clock wedding postponed from five so as many could come from the hospital as possible. And how they came!

Then the wedding. Waiting in the old Sabbath-school room for the groom, to have him arrive without the best man, who had gone back for the ring! My mother going in, in her long black veil; my sister pulling out my train. Starting up the aisle on Uncle John's arm, dragging that mass of heavy satin behind me; seeing the two clergymen but no groom, and then having him emerge from a mass of palms and lilies, having inadvertently stepped off the high platform in the wrong place, where there were no steps.

Dull reading, all this; the story of every wedding. I have told it before perhaps. I have written so much that I do not always remember. Nor does that wedding journey, nor the life that commenced in the brick house on the corner, belong in this narrative. That is my own, and my husband's. Nor, I think, do the births of the three boys. They came, three before I was twenty-five, and suddenly there was a noisy, cheerful household. We were amazingly happy, although those years in the hospital had undermined my health, and childbirth had not helped it.

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The Chronicle of A Life Of Service And Success

But the world, once again, was a small place, smaller than ever. It was comprised within four walls. Though sometimes it included the neighborhood, for word had gone about that I could help in an emergency. People, running madly for a doctor and failing to find one, sometimes came to me, and I would run with them to some domestic crisis, to carry on until the doctor arrived. Sometimes it was a feigned fainting spell. Then I would resort to the old hospital method in such hysterias, pour a little household ammonia on a cloth and hold it under the patient's nostrils. There would be instant choking recovery.

My wedding dress had an enormous heavy train, a tulle veil, a satin bandeau held with bird of Paradise

Drawing by Rose O'Neill

Stan had a new frock coat for the wedding. He made calls to the last minute

My eyes, however, were definitely turned in, on my husband, my children. I had seen so much of death that a slight illness among them terrified me. I had no confidence in life. And we were very busy, I with my family, Doctor Rinehart with his general practice. For ten years, due to his evening office hours, we never dined out. For seven years, due to the fact that I cared for the children myself, I never slept a night through.

Outside in the world things were happening. The Spanish War came along when my first baby was a few months old. Save to thank God that he was a baby, it meant little or nothing to me, although some of the boys I knew went, and my sister's *fiancé* came back from it a wreck from malarial fever. Once in a while the old itch to write came back, but I had no time. Once indeed I wrote an article entitled "Home Nursing In Typhoid Fever," and sent it to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, but it came back at once.

I thought of stories, but what did I know that could be told? Who wanted reality as I knew it? Yet I was cheerful enough, singing about the house, making endless small garments for the boys, at night working innumerable buttonholes in those garments. Or learning to play bridge, a queer new game where one asked, "May I play, partner?" And the partner replied, "Pray do."

We had moved into a larger house by that time, a tall brick with the nursery on the third floor, and although there were now two maids—and at intervals that institution of the '90's and 1900's, a small colored "buttons" to answer the door—I still took entire care of the children. I put my sewing machine in the nursery and sewed there. I served them their early supper on a tiny table with three diminutive, bent-wood chairs, and I continued my mother's housekeeping traditions as best I could. Our bread was baked in the house; I myself made the jellies, pickles, and jams. When the lace curtains were washed, and they were washed often, I

From nineteen, when I was married, to twenty-seven, when the youngest of the three boys seemed at last to be over his troubles, I deliberately suppressed the desire to write

trusted no servant to put them on the frames to dry. And many a sore finger I had from them!

Also I did the family marketing. The fat butcher was dead now, and another one passed out to the children the slices of bologna sausage. But many of the country people remained. They still called me by my childish name, Mamie, to the awe and amazement of the boys. From one of them one day I bought a baby rabbit and took it home. I spent the afternoon making a hutch for it, but that night our black cat ate it. I felt like a murderer.

I was still considerable of a martinet with my servants. My hospital training had been one of absolute authority.

"Josephine!"

"Yes'm."

"Come back and close that door properly. You slammed it."

Dear me!

Now and then the urge to write emerged among all this preoccupation with actual living, but I had never known any one who wrote. I was reading again when I could, reading carefully now, studying to fill in the gaps in my knowledge. It bothered me that my husband had so much more solid a background of education than I had. But there was no one to tell me how to write, or what. When I finally commenced, I worked alone and marketed my manuscripts where I could, if I could. To this day that is true, not only of myself, but of most of those who commenced to write at that period. All of them are inclined to play a lone hand, to work away from New York, to deal with their markets themselves. There were few first-aids to the writer, and of those efficient persons or groups which act now as authors' agents, almost none.

From nineteen, when I was married, to twenty-seven, when the youngest boy seemed at last to be over his troubles, I deliberately suppressed the desire to write. My health was bad. In the intervals between babies I had had two abdominal operations; before the babies came I suffered from the pernicious vomiting of pregnancy, and it lasted without cessation to the end. I weighed ninety-six pounds.

And the last baby we had we almost lost with whooping cough and convulsions. I have the record in my own hand of those convulsions, a hundred and ten of them, and as I read them I am once again in the nursery in that old rocking chair, holding him in my arms, with a bottle of chloroform at my elbow and a desperate prayer in my heart.

His father and I took care of him. There was a trained nurse, but he was our child. Now and then solemn processions of other medical men came in, shook their heads, and went away. We faced them down. He would live. He must live.

Live he did, to drink carbolic acid one day a year or so later and again almost to escape us. Sitting by the bed for days, one or the other of us, with the intubation set ready and that loud, stertorous breathing which might at any moment cease. Who could write? Who wanted to write? All that mattered was the family, to keep it together, to hold it intact.

Our nerves went a bit in those days. One day a big brute of a dog jumped our collie, and a man driving a milk wagon ran over them deliberately. He left the collie paralyzed, to be chloroformed later in agony of spirit, and my husband chased that wagon for three blocks and almost killed the man. But we had assumed a certain philosophy. When the eldest boy fell over the banisters and broke his arm, I did not go into hysterics. When they came down with childish diseases, I kept my head. There came a day, however, when that same eldest boy went down with diphtheria, and I took it from him. When that convalescence was over, I had commenced to write.

Strange that, since I remember so much that is irrelevant, I can not recall the name of that young nurse who cared for me, and who showed me where a magazine was advertising for verse.

"Why not try it?" she said. "It might amuse you."

And try it I did, the two "poems" being carefully fumigated according to the best hospital method before they were put in the mail. They were accepted, and I received twenty-two dollars for them. The incredible had happened. I was writing.

Not stories, of course. Only verse. I wrote reams of it. It was mostly very bad verse indeed, but now and then one would be taken. Ten dollars, twelve dollars. When I was well again I wrote a book of poems for children, and made the second visit of my life to New York to hunt a publisher. I could take only one day away from the children, my mother taking my place at home, my mother who now lived in a queer new thing called a flat. My sister Olive had married and was expecting a child. But although I saw a dozen publishers that hot day and wore blisters on my feet, I still had my poems when I got on the train that night.

I gave it up, this itch to put words on paper. I was twenty-seven, and what did I know to write? People did not want realism; they wanted romance, adventure, to sublimate their drab lives, to escape gloriously for a few hours at least into Utopia. Also I was going to have another operation. I could not get about very well.

And then, quite literally, I was forced to write.

We had gone into the stock market, my husband and I, and things were going well. One day I came down to dinner, and there was a little velvet-lined box at my place, and within it a diamond sunburst. Very small, very modest, but a sunburst. I could hardly believe it. Not only that, but we were going to have a holiday. My mother was coming to look after the children, and I was to have a rest before the operation. We went to New York, and on the third day we stood in the gallery at the Stock Exchange, looking down at the milling, maddened crowd of men as a panic developed.

That night we started home again. All we had had in the market was gone, and in addition we were in debt. We owed twelve thousand dollars. It was more than our annual income. We might as well have owed twelve million.

Doctor Rinehart was a busy general practitioner, but doctors made no fortunes in those days. In addition to his practice he was city physician, at a small salary, and he represented the state board of health in the county. But at the current rates of two dollars a visit and one dollar for an office prescription, there was an absolute limit to what he could earn.

He was young and strong. He did the work of three men. For those days he earned more by far than the average, but it required all of it to support us.

And now we owed money.

When the operation was over I went home to dismiss all the servants save one strong girl, and went to work. I had a big house, the doctor's office and telephone, and three small children. I took over the upper two floors, and on Monday and Tuesday the entire house. At night I was utterly worn, and Doctor Rinehart—himself weary with his long day—offered to take alternate nights with the children. Ted, the baby, was still badly undernourished. He had to have a bottle of warm milk every two hours all night long.

So on alternate nights each of us, outside calls permitting, had a chance to sleep. The other was wakened with clocklike regularity by Ted, crawled out of bed and heated the milk over a gas bracket; and I can still see my husband's erect figure in pajamas, holding the baby in one arm while he held the saucepan up with the other.

What could I do to help? I thought once more of writing, but I was always so deadly tired. And then one day Doctor Rinehart brought home a strange story. He had been attending a man with incipient tuberculosis, and the night before one of his children had knocked a lighted lamp from the table. The man had leaped for it and knocked his head. He became unconscious, and when he came to he did not know his wife, did not know his children. He was back to where, as a young man, he had been struck on the head in a railroad wreck.

He had taken up life where he had left it off years before. His wife was a strange woman, whom he thanked for being kind to him. He laughed when she said the children were his. She gave him a mirror, and he was incredulous when he saw his face. Later on, I regret to say, he abandoned his family and disappeared.

But here was a story ready made. I changed it, of course, but here was my first short story. I wrote it that night, while Doctor Rinehart was making calls and the boys were in bed. The next day I had a little girl in the neighborhood type it, and sent it to *Munsey's Magazine*.

They took it. True to that odd combination of private anxiety and public career which has been my life, I was in a sick room at the time. A young member of my husband's family was apparently dying of septicaemia following childbirth, and I had gone to let the nurse have some sleep. The patient was very low, the room dark; over everything hung the deadly odor of that type of blood poisoning. Doctor Rinehart tiptoed in and gave me the letter.

Bob Davis had accepted it and asked for me. There was a check also, for thirty-four dollars at two cents a word.

The patient recovered, and I had found a way to help. (*Continued on page 196*)

Sometimes I tried a bit of copying while the baby was about, but he had a habit of rushing up and smacking down a key or two, with odd results

Drawing by Rose O'Neill

Carolina CHRISTMAS

A Page of the Past, Turned by

Herbert Ravenel Sass

"Where are the songs of Summer?—With the sun
Oping the dusky eyelids of the South,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies—"

IT IS winter that has driven them away, the grim white winter of the North. They knew that the white days were coming, days like those that Whittier describes:

"Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament;
No cloud above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow."

They are beautiful, those white crystalline days when the whole landscape is a glistening wonder of snow under the blue dome of the sky; but, with certain exceptions, the birds do not like them, and most of the feathered inhabitants of the Northern woods and fields depart before the white days come. Follow them as they fly "on panting wings" to the land where many of them go, this lovely land of mine, the Low Country of South Carolina. Here, in the home of the live-oak and the magnolia, where snow is almost unknown and even in midwinter the wrens and cardinals sing, spend Christmas with the birds.

You can not spend Christmas with them, or enjoy to the utmost the lonely loveliness of these Carolina woods, without becoming aware of a certain atmosphere of old romance that invests the plantation country. It is as much a part of these woods as the birds and the deer that live in them, and it will come to you gradually and enter into your being, so that your Christmas here will be not only a Christmas with the birds, but also a Christmas with the plantation people, white and black, and with many old memories and old traditions.

Come with me first to the gray, weather-worn plantation house at the end of a long avenue lined on both sides by great, ever-

A swarm of black servants took charge of the riding horses and the chaises, while the master of the plantation, on the wide, pillared portico, greeted his Christmas guests

Illustrated By Fell Sharp

Dinner was a feast—venison and wild turkey, duck and terrapin, and for cheer, tankards of good Madeira which had made the India voyage

green live-oaks whose massive branches, festooned with trailing pennons of Spanish moss, meet and mingle overhead. It is early morning of the day before Christmas. The air is cold and bracing, but there is no mantle of snow or ice to hide the rich browns of the earth. The sky is clear and blue, and there is just enough wind to stir the feathery tops of the tall pines beyond the negro cabins.

Horses stand saddled in the plantation yard, some of them tethered, others held by negroes of various sizes and ages; and in and out among them move many dogs—lean, long-eared hounds, black and tan or speckled black and white, and others of less definite lineage. Presently, out of the front door of the house and down the steps come the hunters, dressed for the woods in brown hunting coats and leather boots or leggings, each with his shotgun under his arm and all in high spirits, for Christmas in the South is truly a festival. One of them sounds his horn to summon a negro helper who has returned to his cabin on some errand. Then, amid the barking and yelping of the excited dogs, they ride off down the long oak avenue, and the Christmas deer hunt has begun.

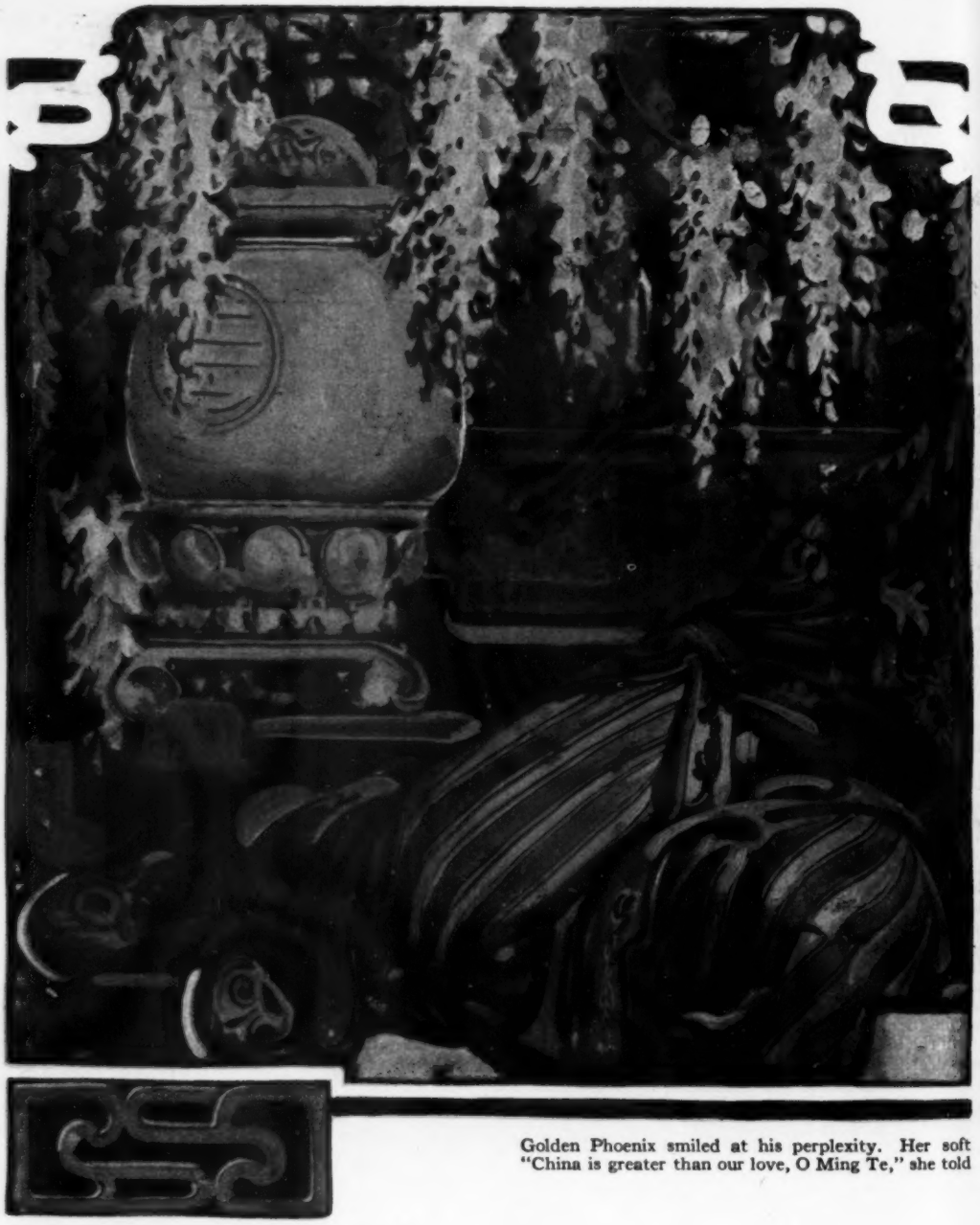
There is romance in deer hunting as it is carried on in the South Carolina Low Country, a glamour out of the past; and in this land of old romance one must have some conception of what that past was in order to understand the present. Deer hunting was the great sport of the plantations since the earliest times, and a Christmas deer hunt today conjures up many a glowing picture, not of deer hunting only, but of the old plantation life of which deer hunting was a part.

From twenty miles around—and twenty miles was a considerable journey in 1745—the gentlemen of St. Andrew's Parish came with their ladies to Drayton Hall, fronting the Ashley River, to a reception in honor of the young bride who, a short time before, had left her father's handsome house at Middleton Place, another river plantation, to make the Hall her home.

Some came by water, for the rivers were the best highways then, in long barges hollowed out of gigantic cypress trees and rowed or paddled by negroes trained for this work and so skillful that the barges, thirty or forty feet in length, cut through the tide as swiftly as fast sailing boats before a favoring breeze. Other guests came by land. Past Drayton Hall, along the west bank of the river, ran one of the first roads made in the Province, a road which is still one of the loveliest in the Low Country. The ladies, bravely decked out in brocade, taffety, and lutestring, with voluminous silk or satin cloaks and slippers as high-heeled as those of today, were driven in chaises, perhaps imported from England. The gentlemen rode their wiry, spirited Chickasaw horses, fine hunters and racers, of a breed believed to have been derived from Spanish barbs crossed with various blooded English strains.

At Drayton Hall, the master of the plantation, in square-cut coat, long waistcoat, breeches and buckled shoes, his hair powdered and tied back with a ribbon, made his guests welcome. A swarm of black servants took charge of the riding horses and the chaises; the ladies were led with bows and curtsies up the high steps to the wide pillared portico, then through the hall, up the staircase with its heavy, carved balustrade to the paneled rooms above. Eager to join the festive throng below, they lingered here just long enough to give the last touches to their elaborately coiffured heads.

The dinner was a feast—venison and wild turkey, duck and terrapin from the rice fields, fish from the river; and for better cheer there were two-handled tankards of good Madeira which had made the India voyage. After dinner—and perhaps after a brief interlude in the interest of digestion—the fiddlers tuned up, and the dancing (*Continued on page 186*)



Golden Phoenix smiled at his perplexity. Her soft "China is greater than our love, O Ming Te," she told

Illustrated by Elbert McGran Jackson

GOLDEN

OVER the old Forbidden City, in the heart of Peking, rose the monotonous beating of the solemn drums. Slow, measured beating as the drums informed the populace that the Emperor had ascended the Dragon Throne on High.

"His Majesty is dead!" the people whispered. "Ming Te will reign in his stead, according to the ancient laws! His Majesty is dead! Long live His Majesty, the new Emperor!"

Within the sacred confines of the Forbidden City the eunuchs walked with solemn tread across the aged cobblestones. Their heads were bowed in sorrow. From the royal kitchens came only silence, for the court was fasting. From the quarters of the court attendants came no chattering murmur of serving maids. The solemn hush held sway over all—for all China knew, from the first drumbeat, that His Majesty was dead, and that within the death chamber, garbed in his robes of state, the dead ruler rested on his bier, with flickering candles about him to light his way into the Hereafter.

There remained only the last sad rite of burial—and the coronation, which would make Ming Te, only nineteen years of age, ruler of China's millions as his father had been ruler before him for half a century.

When the day of burial had been decided upon after careful consultation of the books of signs and portents, the funeral cortege—gorgeous, solemn, and somehow terrible—

palm touched his cheek with the light caress of love.
him. "You must hearken to the voice of the people"

PHOENIX

By Princess Der Ling

wended its way out of the Forbidden City along the road strewn with yellow sand which, spread by reverent hands of loyal subjects, formed a golden pathway to the imperial tombs of Tung Ling.

There remained, then, only the coronation of Ming Te.

At least, so thought Ming Te, himself. But he was a young man who had paid slight attention to court intrigues, or the sometimes strange behavior of court officials who sought to rule China from behind the throne. Ming Te had scarcely returned from bidding sad farewell to his father when the ministers crowded about him—and kowtowed, though Ming Te had not yet been crowned.

"Your Majesty," said the Grand Councilor, "will become ruler absolute of his country. But it is not good for an Emperor to rule alone. Nor is it good for a man to fail in providing his Dynasty with an heir. Your Majesty must marry—at once!"

Ming Te was startled. He had not cared for women. There were many women at court, but Ming Te was interested in none of them. To the young Emperor, women were merely symbols of trouble—for men. So he temporized.

"I am only nineteen," he stated. "There is no necessity of taking a wife so soon. There should yet be many years of life ahead of me in which to make a choice. I do not wish a wife chosen for me. I wish to choose her myself, and she must be

some one who is pleasing to me!"

"Your Majesty," insisted the Grand Councilor obstinately, "would be failing in his duty to his people if he neglected to give them an Empress who would give His Majesty an heir to rule after him—and to pay homage at His Majesty's grave when he passes! It is a matter of the gravest importance!"

"But I have seen all the ladies of the court, and I am pleased with none of them!" replied Ming Te impatiently. "I know that certain things are required of the ruler, but I like not this unseemly haste."

"YOUR Majesty must realize that the people themselves, who look to Your Majesty for guidance, will expect him to take an Empress and to provide an heir. It is the custom. Surely, among Your Majesty's many officials of sufficient rank to provide a daughter to be Empress, there is one who pleases you!"

"I have marked them all, and there is none. However, we must show my people that their Emperor adheres to sacred custom. I shall give a garden party in honor of my coronation. I shall issue a decree commanding all daughters of officials of the first rank to attend my garden party. Perhaps there be one among them whom I have overlooked."

The garden party was planned for the next day following the coronation. The coronation took place at midnight.

It was a most momentous occasion. It signified, more than anything, that the father of Ming Te was gone forever and that his son ruled in his stead. In the palace of the coronation the candles of many colors flickered oddly and wrought strange shadows on the carved walls. Great, yellow dragons writhed about the gigantic pillars, breathing flames from flaring nostrils. On the floor before the throne the nobles of the court knelt on red satin cushions to perform the kowtows decreed by custom. Nine kowtows to the gods of heaven, of the earth, and to the Son of Heaven, Ming Te. Then the highest official in the land placed the Imperial Hat on the head of Ming Te, and he was Emperor of the Middle Kingdom.

For many moments he sat there, gazing down upon the bowed heads and kneeling figures of his officials, through whom he issued mandates to the people. Men of families which had been noble from time immemorial kowtowed there before the young Ming Te. The candles guttered and sputtered, and vague whispers seemed to travel back and forth among the shadows in the corners, and under the dome of the palace which had witnessed so many coronations.

Ming Te's arms rested on the arms of his throne. The great dragon embroidered on the breast of His Majesty's robe seemed almost alive. The golden robe itself seemed to fill the dim palace of coronation with a light all its own. His thumb-ring of purest jade was like a lotus leaf, fragile and delicate, against the pallor of His Majesty's hands. The Imperial Hat of the coronation, set with many precious stones, sent out little lancets of light—as the candles flickered and sputtered and the wax dripped audibly to the tiles of the palace floor.

For many minutes His Majesty gazed at the bowed heads and kneeling figures of his officials. Then, with imperial dignity which sat upon him as naturally as though he had already ruled for a decade, he bade his officials rise.

"We wish to retire," he told them, "and rest against the fatigue of tomorrow's garden party."

The officials, departing, conversed delightedly among themselves. When His Majesty had been crowned, there had been some among them who believed that His Majesty would decide, after all, against the garden party and thus delay the selection of an Empress. But His Majesty was keeping his promise to his advisors, and it augured well for the future.

His Majesty was calm and dignified next day, when the young maidens, daughters of officials of the first rank, began to arrive at the gates of the Forbidden City in obedience to the Imperial Decree. They guessed, many of them, the reason why His Majesty desired their presence, and there were many maiden hearts which beat faster as maiden minds peered into the future. Ming Te was young and handsome and should rule for many years. The maiden chosen to be his Empress would be fortunate indeed. So all the maidens bidden to attend came dressed in their finest raiment and wearing their manners of ceremony. Fragile, some, as lilies or lotus buds. But some were fat, and some were homely, and His Majesty noted them one by one—as they were bidden by attendants to walk and bow before the throne in the Hall of Audience—and shook his head. Secretly he was pleased. His Majesty was not ready to take a wife.

HOW gaily colored was the garden party! The thousands of eunuchs, some fat, some tall, some large and some small, were dressed in gorgeous robes only less elaborate than the robe of His Majesty. They were stern and dignified, those eunuchs, as befitted servants of the court. The officials, too, were garbed until their glories dimmed the glory of the sun, which seemed to smile a benediction upon the fateful gathering. The yellow-tile roofs of the many palaces were like the sun itself, hotly reflecting its warm, caressing rays. The cobblestones of the many courtyards echoed to the footfalls of eunuchs and serving maids, ladies of the court and high-ranking visitors. The question in every mind was the same,

"Will His Majesty find a maiden who pleases him?"

The officials waited hopefully. One of the last to come, though all arrived before the time stipulated in the Imperial Decree, was Golden Phoenix, daughter of a high official named Ma Su. His Majesty noted at once a coldness that descended upon the garden party with the arrival of Golden Phoenix, and wondered greatly. At last, after vainly waiting for Golden Phoenix to approach the throne, Ming Te beckoned his Grand Councilor.

"Who," asked Ming Te, "is the maiden in the robe of the hundred butterflies, and why have I not seen her before?"

The Grand Councilor was distressed, a fact that immediately aroused the curiosity of His Majesty. He pressed his question, demanding an answer.

"Her name, Your Majesty," replied the Grand Councilor at last, "is Golden Phoenix, and she is daughter of Ma Su, the firebrand. Ma Su was out of favor with Your Majesty's Imperial Father, and his daughter was not asked to court."

"She pleases me," said Ming Te simply.

Which but added to the distress of the Grand Councilor.

"But she is daughter of Ma Su, whom the Board of Punishment has recommended to the throne for discipline!"

"She pleases me," repeated His Majesty Ming Te.

"How could she please Your Majesty?" insisted the Grand Councilor. "There is little doubt that her father is a venomous traitor to the throne. If he is given the slightest opportunity, he will be as disloyal to Your Majesty as he was suspected of being to Your Majesty's Imperial Parent."

"It is no fault of Golden Phoenix that her father is suspect," said Ming Te. "And no charges have been proved against him."

"They will most certainly be proved, Your Majesty," said the Grand Councilor vehemently. "The passing of judgment on Ma Su will be one of the first and most important matters awaiting Your Majesty's august attention!"

"Send the maiden to me. I wish to speak with her."

The Grand Councilor went, with vast reluctance, to bid Golden Phoenix attend upon His Majesty.

Silence fell in the Hall of Audience. Officials looked at one another in consternation. The maidens looked at one another questioningly—and at Golden Phoenix with ill-concealed resentment. Every person present in the Audience Hall knew at once that Golden Phoenix was the most beautiful maiden in the gathering. She walked proudly, as became a great lady. Her manners were gentle, and she swayed gracefully as she walked toward the throne where His Majesty sat. The Chief Eunuch hurried forward with a golden cushion upon which she might kneel to kowtow to her sovereign. Ming Te studied the maiden of the robe of a hundred butterflies—on a field of lotus green—and there was pleased approval in his glance.

Her well-deep eyes, under lashes which rose and fell softly like the wings of a gorgeous black moth, met those of His Majesty unafraid. He seemed not to notice the strained silence that held sway in the Hall of Audience, in which the light footfalls of Golden Phoenix were audible and the words which passed between Golden Phoenix and His Majesty must be heard by all.

GOLDEN PHOENIX knelt on the cushion, like a lily bending and swaying in a gentle breeze, and bowed her head to perform the kowtows decreed by custom. And the officials, horrified, scarcely believed their ears as Ming Te spoke softly.

"Lift up your head, Golden Phoenix," he commanded. "It is a custom for subjects to kowtow to their sovereign, but I wish to look into your face as we speak. Rise, then, and face me!"

Calmly Golden Phoenix rose to her feet. His Majesty asked her a few questions. He asked about matters which only those who knew their Chinese ancient classics might answer, (*Continued on page 170*)

GOLDEN PHOENIX knelt on the cushion and bowed her head to perform the kowtows decreed by custom, but Ming Te spoke softly. "Lift up your head, Golden Phoenix," he commanded. "I wish to look into your face as we speak"

The

How are we to go on carrying our banners—we who read and pray and aspire but are too tired and too ill to achieve more than the courage to drag our well-beloved families up the mountainside toward a point from which they may eventually reach the top?

DEAR LOUISE:

Your letter, which after numerous forwardings reached me in a remote part of South America, has gone unanswered for several months, not because of any negligence or lack of interest on my part, but because I felt that I could send you a much more carefully considered and adequate reply if I could compose it at my peaceful attic desk at Pine Grove Farm, rather than in a crowded and uncomfortable cabin on some lurching steamer, or in some foreign capital where my writing hours are necessarily subjected to constant interruptions. Now—thank Heaven!—I am safely home again after a year of wandering; and the spaciousness and quietude of this tranquil place, welcome and lovely as they always are, never before seemed so powerful an incentive to meditation and accomplishment. So without further delay I am seizing my first opportunity to shut myself up and write to you.

"Won't you sometime write a letter," you ask me, "to the woman who reads and prays and aspires, but who is too tired and too ill to achieve more than the courage to drag her little well-loved family up the mountainside toward a point from which they may eventually reach the top? Most of us are not clever or lovely, but in our hearts we feel the same longings, the same poignant sadness, the same ecstasy of love, as more fortunate women. Oh, my dear, we who are so plain, so unimportant, so handicapped, how are we to go on carrying our banners? I have never had a well day in my life, and I have been obliged to fight poverty and injustice and tragedy, as well as sickness. I have three sons whom I love dearly, and to whom I have managed to give a good education; but I have lost my father and my mother, and my husband was suddenly killed. I learned stenography at home when I was a girl, and found a position in a splendid college where I had one year—one marvellous year when I gained a little insight into your world, your gracious manner of living, your charming circle of friends, and all that beautiful, glowing existence you have always known, but which many of us struggle for and attain only through our children. You could never know what poverty can do to a woman's mind and soul, but won't you sometime write a letter to *the woman who must do without?*"

I feel deeply honored that you should make such a request of me; and I am emboldened to attempt to comply with it because I believe I *do* know something of "what poverty can do to a woman's mind and soul," in spite of the fact that you are so fully persuaded that I do not. I have, as it happens, seen a good deal of poverty, and also of injustice, tragedy, and illness. My experiences and observations have not been confined to a "gracious manner of living, a charming circle of friends, and a beautiful, glowing existence." If they had, my knowledge of human nature would be so imperfect, my outlook so narrow, and my sympathies so shallow, that I could never have become a writer, for it is absolutely necessary to possess both understanding and fellow-feeling in order to express oneself with clarity and conviction.

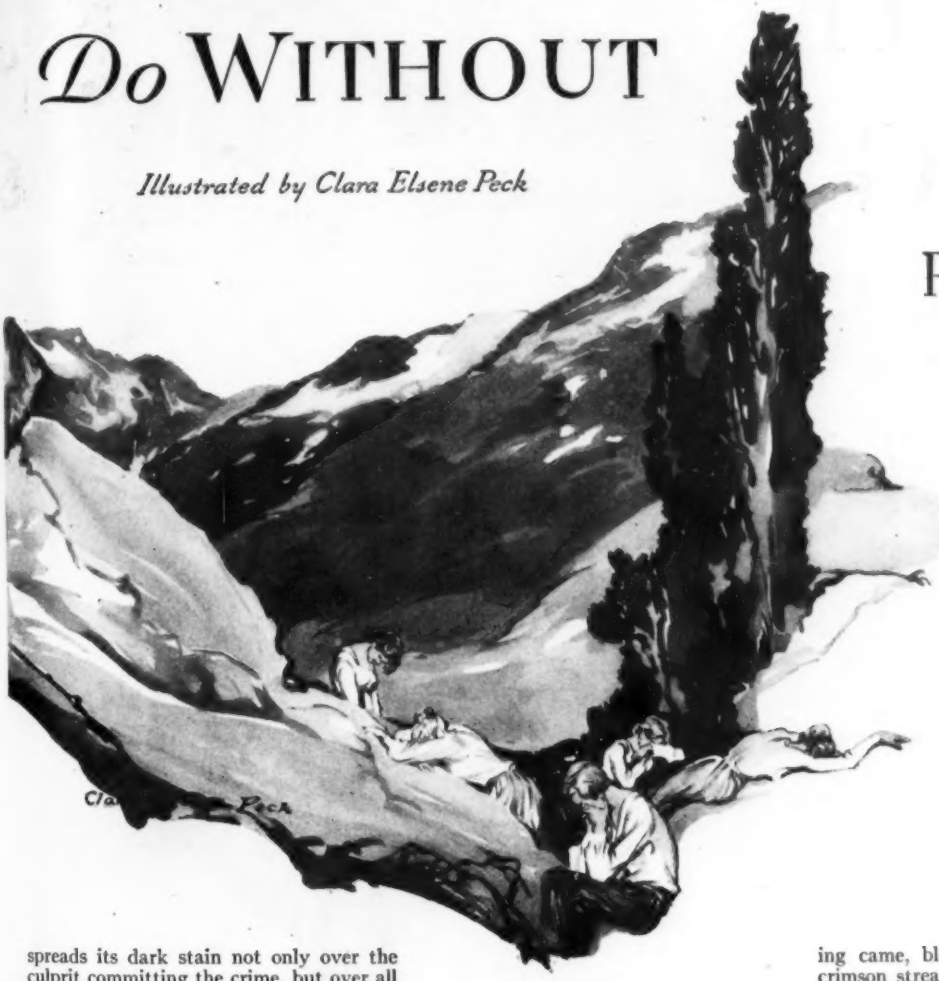
The loss by death of some of those nearest and dearest to us is a universal and inevitable source of grief; illness of one kind or another is a general affliction; and though actual poverty is not universal, nor, in the United States, general, there are many parts of the world where it is; and even in our own prosperous country the number of persons unrestricted by financial considerations is small. I do not believe that one percent of my own acquaintances—and I know a good many people—are thus unrestricted; and, in the cases where there is no lack of money with which to contend, there is usually some other lack equally difficult to meet bravely, sanely, and smilingly.

When all the secrets of any human heart are revealed, we are apt to stand amazed at the even-handed justice with which burdens seem to be bestowed, and appalled at the weight of these burdens. In one instance we find that there has been infidelity on the part of some one deeply trusted; in another, that there has been cruelty on the part of some one who appeared kind to a casual and unconcerned world. Husbands and wives, to all appearances devoted to each other, seek the ugly cleavage of the divorce court, with its smirching atmosphere and its sacrilegious destruction of the precious domestic privacies, in preference to prolonging a joint existence which has become mutually unbearable and abhorrent. Intemperance, insanity, and horrible diseases like cancer, tuberculosis, and paralysis cast their blighting shadows over countless families which have apparently been especially favored by fortune; the disgrace that accompanies a dishonest or dishonorable act

A Letter to WOMAN Who MUST Do WITHOUT

Illustrated by Clara Elsene Peck

By Frances Parkinson Keyes



spreads its dark stain not only over the culprit committing the crime, but over all his near relations. Childlessness—to give an example of a different sort—is a forfeiture of fulfilment which to many women seems a source of inescapable tragedy; the apparently undeserved loss of public esteem and respect, and the consequent loss of office, position, or profession, has wrecked the happiness of thousands of men.

I fully realize the complete futility of saying to you, or to any one, "You ought to be very thankful that you are as well off as you are, when you think how much more miserable your neighbor is!" For there is nothing consoling in the contemplation of comparative misfortunes. But do think that we should learn to recognize the fact that we have not been singled out for adversity and sorrow, but that *every one* must always reckon with them in one form or another.

It is also extremely helpful to ask ourselves honestly whether there is any one we know with whom we would be willing to change places, if, by so doing, we should be obliged to surrender everything we have that is precious, and assume all the deprivations of the person with whom we were making the exchange. Would you, for instance, be willing to give up your three boys and assume the place of the richest childless woman you know? Of course, you would not!

I have always loved the old German legend of the man who was traveling along the highway of life staggering beneath the weight of an iron cross; and finally, one night, he prayed that it might be taken from him and a cross of roses substituted. He realized, he cried, that he must carry some kind of cross since that was the fate of all humanity; but oh! if it only might be a cross of roses instead of a heavy, ugly cross of iron, he knew that his journey would be infinitely easier.

He woke the next morning to find the cross of roses fastened to his shoulders, and started on his way rejoicing; but presently sharp thorns began to prick him; they pressed into his flesh, digging deeper and deeper as the sun rose high and hot in the sky; and before evening came, blood was trickling in dark, crimson streams from his painful wounds. Again, unable to go any farther because of his suffering, he knelt and prayed.

"O Lord," he said, "I see that I am not able to bear a cross of roses. It is even worse than the cross of iron. But grant, in Your infinite goodness, that I may be given a cross of gold—that I am sure I can carry with pride and facility."

Once more, when he woke, he found that his cross had been changed, and he set off arrogantly, his cross of gold gleaming as he went; but he had gone only a little way when a band of robbers fell upon him and overcame him, leaving him for dead by the roadside in their violent attempt to seize the precious metal of which his cross was made.

When, after many hours, he slowly recovered an agonized consciousness, it was to murmur brokenly: "Merciful Father, give me back my cross of iron! For I understand now that it is the only one I can carry."

Therefore, if our cross is one of poverty instead of one of disgrace, or disease, or something else that is hard to bear, I think we are mistaken in our attitude if we imagine that we (*Continued on page 252*)

Little WHITE DOG

Illustrated by Thomas Webb

IT WAS the first day of its kind the little dog had ever known. He felt its gladness in the quick sound of people's voices and in the hurrying of their feet as they passed the window where he sat. It was a grand window on the ground floor of a huge, steel-and-concrete honeycomb swarmed by the kind of people who talked to their lesser acquaintances of how much it cost to live there, and to their more gorgeously affluent friends of how anxious they were to leave and buy an estate on Long Island.

Endless people passed the window not noticing the little dog, who looked out with his head poked under the hem of an orchid silk curtain which hung rather meekly between flanking neighbors of crimson damask. But some glanced at him, and some spoke about him.

"Look! There's one of those wire-haired foxes."

"Nice pup."

"Wouldn't he be swell if he had a brown mark around the other eye!"

"He'll get whiskers when he's older."

"He'll be swell when he gets his whiskers."

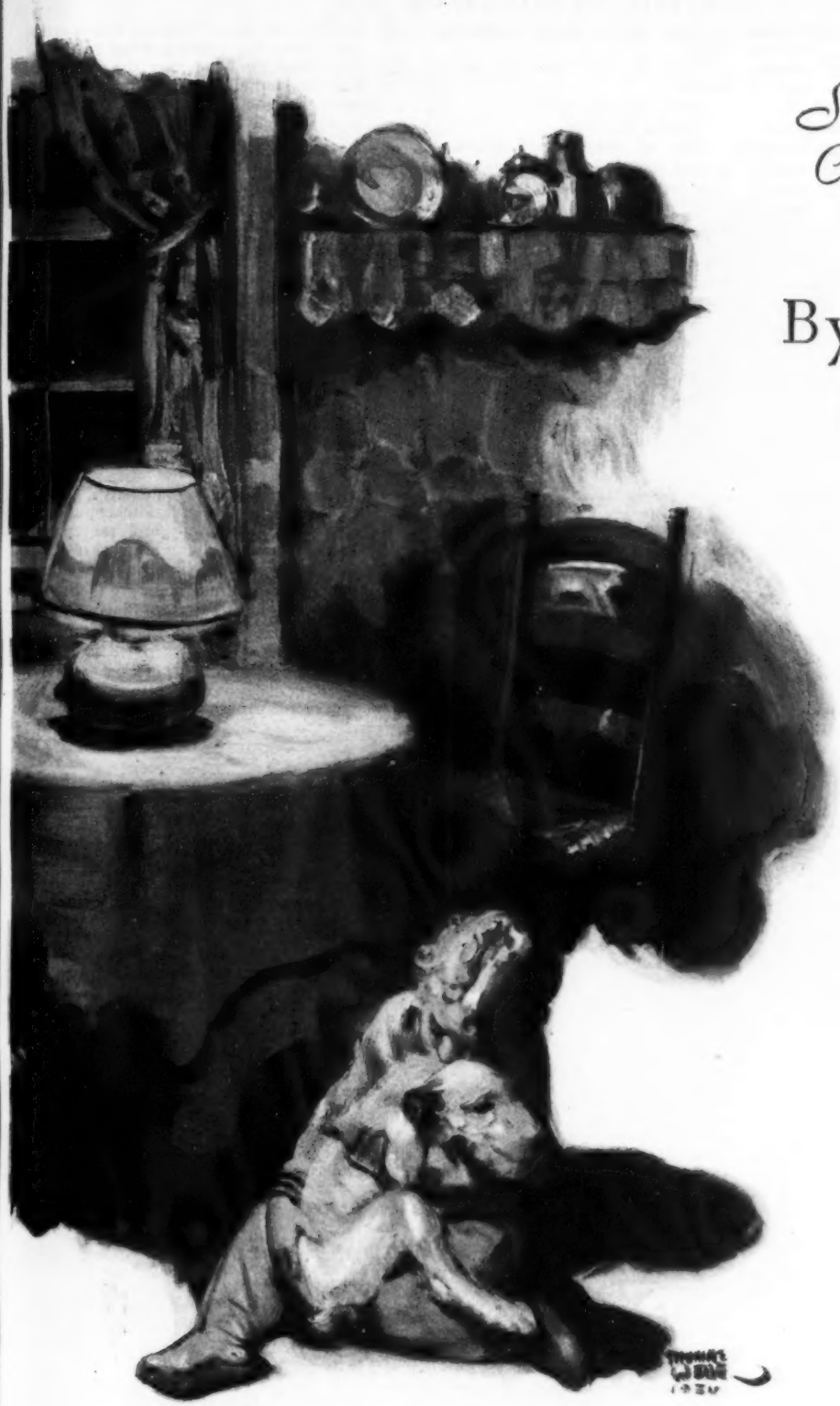
But there were three who always stopped and talked to the little dog. One was a small, round boy, and the other was his mother—a beautiful young lady—and the third was a shabby young man.

The small boy always came walking very slowly, because he was so very round and because he still found it curious to feel the world so solid under his feet. His mother always came with him, holding him by the hand. The little dog would have recognized her anywhere, even without the round, slowly-moving appendage who was her son, because she carried such a lovely light in her face. When she looked in through the window, the little dog always stood up with clumsy, heavy paws against the glass. "Woof!" he always said to make her smile and cause the light to deepen, and, when it had deepened, "Woof! Woof! Woof!" giving applause as token of great appreciation.

These two the little dog liked and admired, but he was really fond of the shabby young man. They had become friends, having met often at night when the little dog was taking his solitary airings. At about ten o'clock every night the little dog was put down through the bars of the window into the street. He was supposed to run up and down for a while, and then, when he wanted to be let in, to run around and bark at the doorman. Several times he had run away, once as far as the Park, but that was before the shabby young man had begun passing by. Now he always waited, hoping to see him come. He had discovered that the shabby young man was really a prince, and as he was a prince himself, they naturally spoke the same language fluently, with just the right princely accent, and knew all the signs and countersigns of princedom, and gave them with those friendly, royal gestures unknown to those who are not born princes. They were fond of each other—very!

On that different day the little boy and his mother came by first, early in the afternoon. It was so cold the little boy's cheeks were like glazed red fruit, red as the berries on the wreath his mother was carrying on her arm. He wanted to speak to the little dog, so his mother held him up to the window, and he clung to the iron bars which guarded it.

He rushed to the little dog, grasping him by his ears, by his neck, by his tail. Then he dropped to the floor and gathered the little dog in his arms



A Story of Christmas Eve

By Stella Ryan

"Hello!"

To show he could hear, the little dog jumped to his feet and made the orchid curtain tremble to the wagging of his tail. The little boy's cheeks were so shiny and red, the little dog put out his tongue, wanting to curl it over those sweet, rosy spheres, forgetting the glass of the window.

"I want a dog, Mummie."

"When you're older, darling."

"Santa Claus bring me a dog."

"Santa doesn't bring dogs."

"Why?"

"I'm not sure. I think it's because they bark and frighten the reindeers."

"Daddy give me a dog."

"We mustn't bother Daddy about Christmas presents."

"I want a dog, Mummie."

"We mustn't ask Daddy for anything. We must be very good and gay and happy for Daddy's sake. We mustn't want a single, solitary thing."

"I want a dog."

"We have a holly wreath, darling, a lovely holly wreath. We're going home now and hang it up, and Mummie has two beautiful red candles, and when Daddy comes home, Freddie is going to light them."

The small boy, listening hard and wondering about the red candles, stopped clinging to the bars of the window, so his mother was able to lift him down. Then she hung the holly wreath farther up her arm, and, taking the small boy by the hand, she went away with him.

It grew colder after they had gone, and people hurried by faster and faster, but they laughed more than on other days. A little snow came down, and the wind blew it into small light heaps, lying on the sidewalk like the little dog's own white hair on the floor of the shop where he had been taken to be plucked and clipped.

Just as the dusk was beginning to hide the snow, the street lights jumped out, all together, as though some one had given them a signal. The little dog was sure the lights all cried out "Boo" as they jumped, but although he always leaned his head first on one side and then on the other, listening with his ears straight in the air, he was never able to hear them.

Little White Dog

Every evening, soon after the lights came on, he used to trot into the hall and lie with his nose at the crack of the door, waiting for his people to come home. He knew it was the thing to do, and although his rewards were various, and he waited sometimes half the night, nevertheless he was always there, waiting. Marion usually came first, from seeing a show, or playing bridge, or dancing, or shopping. George, no matter when he came, had always just left the office.

That evening George came first, bringing three young men with him. The little dog jumped to meet George, wagging his tail as was proper.

George gave him a shove with the side of his foot. "Get out of my way."

As they all went into the living room, he explained to the three young men:

"These little dogs are a nuisance. You can't see them. When we get into the new apartment upstairs, I'm going to get some real dogs. I'll get a big Dalmatian. They're something to have. They make a show anywhere."

When George spoke of Dalmatians, the little dog felt he was being threatened. He lay back his ears, lowered his body toward the floor, and crept under the table. He was afraid of George in spite of George's round, smiling face traced over the cheeks by many fine red veins which George believed made him look healthy and robust. George was always saying to Marion, usually after a bath when he was brushing his thin, light hair with two brushes:

"Well, I certainly don't look fifty. Not by a long shot."

Marion always pretended to agree with him, but the little dog knew she never said what she thought. Once, when George wasn't there, she picked up his two brushes and threw them into the laundry hamper.

"Brush, brush, brush!" she said to the little dog. "And always talking about his complexion and his figure. If I ever get rid of him, I'll never take any one else who uses two brushes."

That night, when he couldn't find his brushes, George wanted to borrow one of Marion's hair brushes, and she wouldn't lend it. They had one of their fierce quarrels which swept through the apartment like a hurricane. All during it the little dog hid under the biggest chair which, no matter how the hurricane raged, was never overturned; and which offered a refuge no matter what was thrown about.

"Of course," George was now saying to the three young men, "there's no room for a big Dalmatian down here in these few rooms, but when we go up into the new place we'll have plenty of room. Then we'll have servants, too—butler and all that stuff. Now I have to mix my own cocktails."

He went away to mix the cocktails. The little dog was afraid to come from under the table, so he stayed close to one of its legs and listened to the three young men who worked for George in his brokerage office.

One said, "Well, the old man is sitting pretty all right."

"Nice place he has here."

"You ought to see the place he's buying upstairs. Eleven rooms. Sixty-five thousand."

"Why do birds like him get all the breaks?"

"Ever meet his wife?"

"What's she like?"

"One of those blonde babies who go around telling every one how they could have been in the Follies."

"Didn't she work for George—secretary or something?"

"No, but she was engaged to a fellow who used to work for George, a nice fellow, Fred Dradman. He was my boss when I first went there. She was engaged to Dradman, and a couple of times she came down to the office to meet him. That was how George met her."

"Threw over the other fellow?"

"Sure."

George came back with the cocktails. The little dog moved closer to the leg of the table.

"I don't know what's keeping Marion," said George.

"Last-minute Christmas shopping."

"My wife don't have to do her shopping at the last minute," said George. "She has an account at every store. I see to that. I told her this Christmas, I said, 'Give one thing to the men and one thing to the women, and order them by the dozen.' She's giving her women friends jade and platinum cigarette holders, and her men friends gold and platinum cigarette cases. She ordered them a month ago. She don't have to do her shopping at the last minute."

Just then Marion came home. The little dog heard her before George and was the first in the hall to greet her.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, keep out of my way," she said, and he felt the sharp, narrow heel of her pump strike smartingly against the black button of his nose.

"Say, you're late," said George angrily as he came into the hall.

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, shut up," said George under his breath, suddenly remembering the young men. "There's some boys from the office in there."

Marion became sweet. She went smiling into the living room, saying: "It's lovely of you boys to come. Christmas Eve is so dull with every one running home to the old homestead, and trimming the tree for the children, and all that. You boys are a lifesaver. I wanted to have a big party, and I couldn't find more than twenty people. Awfully sweet of you boys. I'll go shake up some cocktails."

"What about dinner?" George wanted to know.

"I don't want any," Marion told him. "There's a caterer coming, and we'll have a big supper afterward."

"But I want my dinner now."

"Isn't he a great big baby?" said Marion to the three young men.

"Well, I want my dinner, and I'm going out to get it."

George turned to the young men and asked grudgingly,

"Do you want to come with me, or will you wait and have supper afterward?"

"Oh, we'll wait," said the young men.

"All right," said George; "see you later," and he went out to buy himself a dinner.

Marion went into the kitchen, and the little dog followed her and sat up very straight and hung his paws up under his chin, begging to remind her he wanted his dinner, too. But she paid no attention to him, and while she was mixing the cocktails the hired servants arrived and took possession of the kitchen and shut the little dog out into the hall. He went back into the living room and under the table, and because George wasn't there, he felt safe in going to sleep.

But he didn't sleep long. People began to arrive, and there was a great deal of talk and laughter. George came back full of dinner and talked louder than any one. When he couldn't talk louder than the others, he began to sing. A strange lady laughed at him so hard she sat down on the floor with a bang. She sat on the floor a long time, and after a while she looked under the table and discovered the little dog.

"George, your dog has a very black nose. A very, very black nose." She coaxed the little dog out. "He has a wet black nose. Listen, George, he has a wet black nose."

"That nose comes in handy," said George. "Come over here, nuisance."

The little dog laid his ears back and crept toward George.

"We use it to put out our cigarettes," George told the lady. "Like this—"

He crushed his lighted cigarette against the black button of the little dog's nose.

The little dog leaped away, screaming with pain.

Marion said: "Oh, put him out the window. He hasn't been out since morning."

George tried to pick him up, but the little dog ran madly away.

A pair of strange hands reached for him with a lighted cigarette between the fingers, and to keep the cigarette away he caught the fingers between his teeth.

"Your blamed cur's bit me."

Some one had the little dog by the neck. The window was flung up, and he was pushed through the bars into the street.

At first, even though he had been plucked down to the fine inner hairs of his scant puppy coat, he didn't notice the cold

FOR CHRISTMAS

By Violet Alleyn Storey

AND what do I want for Christmas?
Perfumes and jewels to wear?
Nay, such were the gifts that kings bore
Who thought a King was there,
When in the darkness, on the hay,
A Babe in need of comfort lay.

THEN what do I want for Christmas?
To watch a Star with you
In wonder, still as the shepherds';
To hear songs fill the blue,
And, dreaming of that Babe asleep,
To have a child's faith, sweet and deep!

Freddie wanted to speak to the little dog, so his mother held him up to the window, and he clung to the iron bars which guarded it. "Will Santa Claus bring me a dog, Mummie? I want a dog"

because of the pain in his nose. He tried to rub the smarting place away between his paws, but he only brushed snow into it and made it worse. Then the cold came biting at him, and he ran around to find the doorman. But the doorman had also been bitten by the cold, and he was keeping snug on the other side of the door, and never looked out, although the little dog stood there a long time barking.

He ran back and barked under the window, but neither Marion nor George heard him. He kept running between the door and the window until he was worn out. Then he tried to get away from the cold by sitting down close to the wall of the house and pressing against it. No one passing by noticed him, and he might have been mistaken for a small snowdrift until he began to shiver. All four of his legs began to tremble, each a little harder than the other, and none of them keeping up with the fast shaking of his body. He looked like a mechanical toy which had been wound up in several different places and was hurriedly shaking to pieces.

If George or Marion could have seen him, they would have screamed with laughter, but they did not come to the window. He was a long time shivering himself apart, and his legs were still managing to cling to his body, when along came the shabby young man.

"Hello, Pup." He picked up the dog. "It's high time they took you inside again."

He reached through the iron bars and knocked on the window.

He had to knock again. "They sound like a rum lot."

One of the young men from George's office opened the window.

"Your dog's out here shivering to death."

George's voice called: "Tell him he can have the dog. He bites."

"You can keep him if you want him," said the man at the window. "He bites all right."

"I'll keep him," said the shabby young man, "but I'll buy him."

George came to (*Continued on page 157*)

Just a Bit of Talk

(Over the Alley Fence)

On Being Clinicked

By

Alice Hegan Rice

Author of

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

MRS. O'BRIEN, fat and fair, leans over the alley fence and talks to a neighbor:

Good marnin', Mis' Smelts, it's a sad face you're liftin' to Heaven the day! Jaunders, is it? No? Well, yer looks desave ye. The endurin' bad health of ye is a curse for sure. But you don't have to stand it, me dear, there's a blessed way out. Suicide, you say? God fergive ye, no! I'm aimin' to keep ye above ground, not below it. What ye need is wan thing only. You need to be clinicked.

Ye niver heard of it? No more had I this time last year, but 'tis the grandest notion the good Lord iver put into the heads of thim medicine men. As for me, 'twas this was the way of it. Along about Easter of last year I fell to ailin'. I was green lookin' the same as you, an' I had collapsin' spells in the middle an' at both ends at the same time, an' that nervous-like I imagined me good Dinnis was already peepin' over the rim of his eye fer some young chit to take me place.

Now none can iver cast upon me that I ain't been a dacent, industrus wife to Dinnis O'Brien, bearin' him six healthy childern, an' helpin' him lay by a tidy sum agin' the future. I'd little taste fer lettin' another woman spend it fer him. So I puts me foot in me hand, an' I crawls up to the big hospital, an' I says to 'em,

"Inspect me over an' see what ails me."

I niver intended to spend the night with 'em, but afore I could bat me eye they had me in bed, with a hind-part-before night-gown on me, an' a young fellow dressed in white settin' beside me with a pencil an' paper, astin' me questions it was niver meant for a lady to answer. Niver was a man born with more curiosity, an' if I so much as stopped to draw breath he egged me on with another question.

The nixt marnin', after they'd washed me an' stuck a themometer in me teeth an' helt me pulse a couple of times, the High-Up Doctor come smilin' into the ward like a May marnin'. I was taken with him from the start, if I do say it, the mother of six. 'Tis a man he is as well as a doctor, an' the best of both or I'm no judge.

He stepped alongside me bed (a neat stepper he is, too), an' "God save you, what's ailin' ye?" he says, or words to that effect.

"That's fer you to find out, sir," I answered back with more sass in me voice than I thought was left in it.

He looked me over a minute, thin he pulled out a flask-light an' turned it in me eye, a peerin' an' a peerin' fer all the world like he was lookin' fer a cinder.

"It ain't me eye," I explained; "it's me thigh that's troublin' me."

He paid me no mind whatsomever, but kept squintin' an' squintin' till it was plumb nervous I was.

"Is it blind I'm goin'?" I asked all in a swither.

"Your eyes are all right," he says; "it's your blood vessels I'm watchin'."

Now I lave it to ye, Mis' Smelts, did ye iver hear of blood vessels bein' annywhere save in yer arms an' legs?

Well, the High-Up One, havin' begun with me eyes, niver left off till he got to the soles of me two feet. He hammered on me knees an' elbows with a little mallet, God knows why, an' he made diagrams on me chist, an' listened at me breathe, an' tested me arms and legs to see if I was stringhalt. An' whin he had done with me, I says to him,

"Well, if ye know annything more now thin ye did before, all I kin say fer your blessed mother is that she's got a smart son!"

He cracked a joke back that I didn't catch, but it set the ward laughin', so I made bold to answer,

"I don't know yer ancistry, sir, but I'll venture wan of thim wore a shamrock in his buttonhole on St. Patrick's Day!" an' the blessed man retreated under fire as I mint he should.

Well it was that I had me bit of fun, fer no sooner had he left, God rest his soul! than in come a nurse carryin' a covered tray that I took to be me breakfast. But whin she took the towel off, lo an' beholden, there was bristlin' needles an' tubes an' rubber hoses. Thin the young doctor I was tellin' ye 'bout, up he come, an' without so much as a by-yer-leave, he tied the hose around me arm, jabbed a darnin' needle into the crotchet of me

elbow, an' dreened off 'bout half a teacup of me life blood! A sickenin' sight it was fer sure, but I had to get used to it. Endurin' the intire time I was in that hospital, that man hovered around like a mosquito bent on drawin' blood from me arm or wan of me fingers.

The nixt day was worse than the first wan. Before I'd collected me senses, a nurse brought me two slices of cold light bread an' two glasses of cold water.

"An' ye call that a breakfast?" I asked with scorn in me voice.

"It's a test meal," she says.

"Test nothin'," I says; "it's a insult. I wouldn't be caught offerin' it to me dog."

Then in come a fat doctor, with a face like a marshmallow, an' in his hand he helt what I took to be a perfumery atomizer an' some more rubber hose. Ye'd niver think, Mis' Smelts, what an important part rubber hose takes in curin' folks, till you go through a clinic. But to your dyin' day ye'd niver guess what they ast me to do with this particular piece. They wanted me to swallow it! Honest to God, if I niver draw another breath, it's the truth.

But flabbergasted as I was, I give no sign. I just give wan witherin' look at the doctor an' I says, "The consequinces be on your head," an' I begin to swallow. An' I swallowed an' I swallowed eight finger lengths if it was a inch! An' whin I was plumb full of rubber hose, that fat doctor—may I niver see his face again—says,

"Now I want you to eat this bread an' water."

"The saucer too?" I managed to ast with a look that would a' withered a less dumb man.

But I did what I was told, an' all the time I was tryin' to get the bread down, I was thinkin' how the slices was turnin' to loaves right before me eyes fer all the world like the Bible parable! An' the whilst I lay there, half chokin' to death, with me heart in me mouth to say nothin' of all the other appyratus, an' the nurse a holdin' me hand, an' the doctor holdin' fast to the other end of the tube to keep me from swallowin' it, didn't that flappery girl roll her eyes at the doctor, an' with the blarney drippin' off her tongue say,

"I bet you are some dancer!"

That marnin' was bad fer sure, but 'twas the beginnin' of worse. Third day they started on me without even givin' me bread an' water. A nigger boy come an' wheeled me out, bed and all, to a room where a red-headed girl was foolin' with somethin' I took to be a clothes washer. I didn't like the looks of her person from the start, an' whin she told me to lie stock still an' not to speak fer half an hour, I liked her less. At the end of the time she handed me another wan of thim everlastin' rubber tubes, with somethin' at the end that looked like a big set of rubber teeth.

"I'll niver swallow that," I says firmly, "not if His Riverence stands in yer shoes and bids me do it."

"You don't have to," she says cross-like. "Just put it in yer mouth, and close your lips tight round it, and breathe natural."

Well I got it in, prayin' the blessed saints that I'd be able to git it out agin. An' the whiles I had me eyes shut, didn't the redhead clap a steel clothes pin on me nose, an' start to pumpin' all the breath out of me body intirely? An' all the time she was sayin' "Breathe natural," as if a body could breathe natural with her mouth full of rubber, an' her nose pinched to, an' not enough air to feed a goldfish! Human flesh was niver mint to stand the like o' that, Mis' Smelts, an' you know it. In the nick of time, by God's blessing, just as I was passin' into another an' a better world, she took off the harness an' says:

"Sorry, but I made a mistake. We'll have to try it over again."

I will not say what followed. Heaven fergive the two of us, me fer losin' me temper, her fer provokin' it.

Once more back in the ward, breathin' *un*natural through me nose an' me throat an' givin' thanks that I'd finished the ordeal alive, I made sure they were through with me. But not at all, at all. They put me in a wheelin' chair an' rode me up an' down elevators an' through cellars till I was that mixed me head wint 'round.

At last they landed me in a room plumb full of the lame an' the halt an' the blind, rich an' poor, black an' white, all lyin' round in chairs or on stretchers, waitin' their turn, like Judgment Day.

I noticed iverybody was drinkin' what appeared to be buttermilk, so I says to a passin' nurse,

"Don't I git some of that?"

"You do fer sure!" she says, an' I mistrusted the way she laughed whin she said it.

Thin she hands me a schooner, an' after wan sip I hands it back.

"I've changed me mind," I says, "I don't believe I care fer anny."

"It's bay rum," she says. "You're to drink two glasses of it."

"Bay rum's to put on yer head, not in it," I argued. "Besides, it's not thick an' whitewashey like this stuff."

"You drink it," the nurse whispered coaxin' like. "The rich dame nixt you is payin' twenty dollars fer hers, an' you're gittin' yours fer nothin'."

'Twas a reconcilin' thought it was, but even the economy of it didn't kape me from nigh onto burstin' before I had done. An' no sooner I had than they said I was to have me picture taken.

An', Mis' Smelts, I said flat-foot I would not. I'd no notion of (*Continued on page 127*)

"Jaunders, is it? No? Well, yer looks desave ye. Go up to the hospital an' git yersilf clinicked, an' if ye don't die, you'll be cured before they git done with ye!"

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Little WHITE DOG

Illustrated by Thomas Webb

IT WAS the first day of its kind the little dog had ever known. He felt its gladness in the quick sound of people's voices and in the hurrying of their feet as they passed the window where he sat. It was a grand window on the ground floor of a huge, steel-and-concrete honeycomb swarmed by the kind of people who talked to their lesser acquaintances of how much it cost to live there, and to their more gorgeously affluent friends of how anxious they were to leave and buy an estate on Long Island.

Endless people passed the window not noticing the little dog, who looked out with his head poked under the hem of an orchid silk curtain which hung rather meekly between flanking neighbors of crimson damask. But some glanced at him, and some spoke about him.

"Look! There's one of those wire-haired foxes."

"Nice pup."

"Wouldn't he be swell if he had a brown mark around the other eye!"

"He'll get whiskers when he's older."

"He'll be swell when he gets his whiskers."

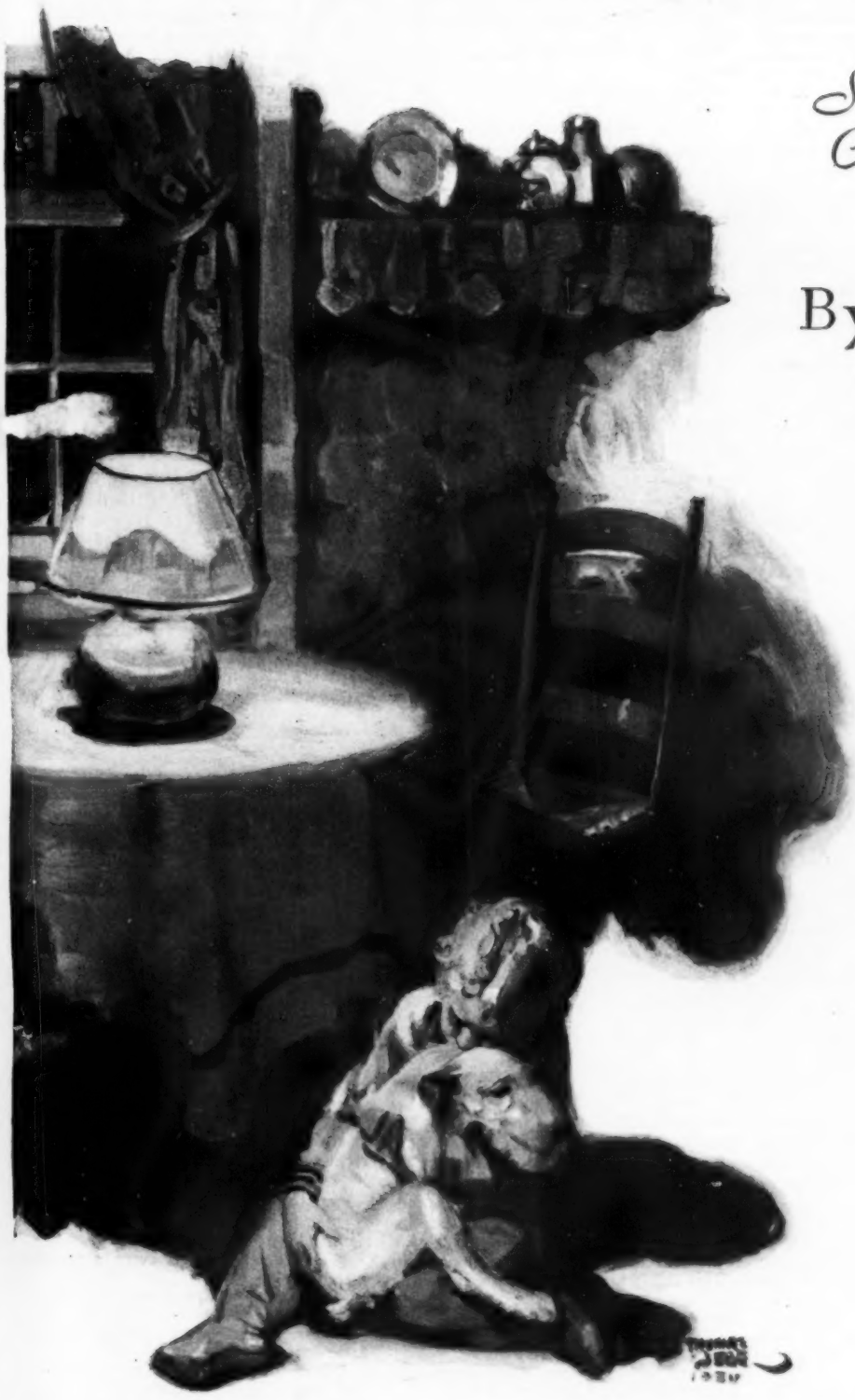
But there were three who always stopped and talked to the little dog. One was a small, round boy, and the other was his mother—a beautiful young lady—and the third was a shabby young man.

The small boy always came walking very slowly, because he was so very round and because he still found it curious to feel the world so solid under his feet. His mother always came with him, holding him by the hand. The little dog would have recognized her anywhere, even without the round, slowly-moving appendage who was her son, because she carried such a lovely light in her face. When she looked in through the window, the little dog always stood up with clumsy, heavy paws against the glass. "Woof!" he always said to make her smile and cause the light to deepen, and, when it had deepened, "Woof! Woof! Woof!" giving applause as token of great appreciation.

These two the little dog liked and admired, but he was really fond of the shabby young man. They had become friends, having met often at night when the little dog was taking his solitary airings. At about ten o'clock every night the little dog was put down through the bars of the window into the street. He was supposed to run up and down for a while, and then, when he wanted to be let in, to run around and bark at the doorman. Several times he had run away, once as far as the Park, but that was before the shabby young man had begun passing by. Now he always waited, hoping to see him come. He had discovered that the shabby young man was really a prince, and as he was a prince himself, they naturally spoke the same language fluently, with just the right princely accent, and knew all the signs and countersigns of princedom, and gave them with those friendly, royal gestures unknown to those who are not born princes. They were fond of each other—very!

On that different day the little boy and his mother came by first, early in the afternoon. It was so cold the little boy's cheeks were like glazed red fruit, red as the berries on the wreath his mother was carrying on her arm. He wanted to speak to the little dog, so his mother held him up to the window, and he clung to the iron bars which guarded it.

He rushed to the little dog, grasping him by his ears, by his neck, by his tail. Then he dropped to the floor and gathered the little dog in his arms



A Story of Christmas Eve

By Stella Ryan

"Hello!"

To show he could hear, the little dog jumped to his feet and made the orchid curtain tremble to the wagging of his tail. The little boy's cheeks were so shiny and red, the little dog put out his tongue, wanting to curl it over those sweet, rosy spheres, forgetting the glass of the window.

"I want a dog, Mummie."

"When you're older, darling."

"Santa Claus bring me a dog."

"Santa doesn't bring dogs."

"Why?"

"I'm not sure. I think it's because they bark and frighten the reindeers."

"Daddy give me a dog."

"We mustn't bother Daddy about Christmas presents."

"I want a dog, Mummie."

"We mustn't ask Daddy for anything. We must be very good and gay and happy for Daddy's sake. We mustn't want a single, solitary thing."

"I want a dog."

"We have a holly wreath, darling, a lovely holly wreath. We're going home now and hang it up, and Mummie has two beautiful red candles, and when Daddy comes home, Freddie is going to light them."

The small boy, listening hard and wondering about the red candles, stopped clinging to the bars of the window, so his mother was able to lift him down. Then she hung the holly wreath farther up her arm, and, taking the small boy by the hand, she went away with him.

It grew colder after they had gone, and people hurried by faster and faster, but they laughed more than on other days. A little snow came down, and the wind blew it into small light heaps, lying on the sidewalk like the little dog's own white hair on the floor of the shop where he had been taken to be plucked and clipped.

Just as the dusk was beginning to hide the snow, the street lights jumped out, all together, as though some one had given them a signal. The little dog was sure the lights all cried out "Boo" as they jumped, but although he always leaned his head first on one side and then on the other, listening with his ears straight in the air, he was never able to hear them.

Every evening, soon after the lights came on, he used to trot into the hall and lie with his nose at the crack of the door, waiting for his people to come home. He knew it was the thing to do, and although his rewards were various, and he waited sometimes half the night, nevertheless he was always there, waiting. Marion usually came first, from seeing a show, or playing bridge, or dancing, or shopping. George, no matter when he came, had always just left the office.

That evening George came first, bringing three young men with him. The little dog jumped to meet George, wagging his tail as was proper.

George gave him a shove with the side of his foot. "Get out of my way."

As they all went into the living room, he explained to the three young men:

"These little dogs are a nuisance. You can't see them. When we get into the new apartment upstairs, I'm going to get some real dogs. I'll get a big Dalmatian. They're something to have. They make a show anywhere."

When George spoke of Dalmatians, the little dog felt he was being threatened. He lay back his ears, lowered his body toward the floor, and crept under the table. He was afraid of George in spite of George's round, smiling face traced over the cheeks by many fine red veins which George believed made him look healthy and robust. George was always saying to Marion, usually after a bath when he was brushing his thin, light hair with two brushes:

"Well, I certainly don't look fifty. Not by a long shot."

Marion always pretended to agree with him, but the little dog knew she never said what she thought. Once, when George wasn't there, she picked up his two brushes and threw them into the laundry hamper.

"Brush, brush, brush!" she said to the little dog. "And always talking about his complexion and his figure. If I ever get rid of him, I'll never take any one else who uses two brushes."

That night, when he couldn't find his brushes, George wanted to borrow one of Marion's hair brushes, and she wouldn't lend it. They had one of their fierce quarrels which swept through the apartment like a hurricane. All during it the little dog hid under the biggest chair which, no matter how the hurricane raged, was never overturned; and which offered a refuge no matter what was thrown about.

"Of course," George was now saying to the three young men, "there's no room for a big Dalmatian down here in these few rooms, but when we go up into the new place we'll have plenty of room. Then we'll have servants, too—butler and all that stuff. Now I have to mix my own cocktails."

He went away to mix the cocktails. The little dog was afraid to come from under the table, so he stayed close to one of its legs and listened to the three young men who worked for George in his brokerage office.

One said, "Well, the old man is sitting pretty all right."

"Nice place he has here."

"You ought to see the place he's buying upstairs. Eleven rooms. Sixty-five thousand."

"Why do birds like him get all the breaks?"

"Ever meet his wife?"

"What's she like?"

"One of those blonde babies who go around telling every one how they could have been in the Follies."

"Didn't she work for George—secretary or something?"

"No, but she was engaged to a fellow who used to work for George, a nice fellow, Fred Dradman. He was my boss when I first went there. She was engaged to Dradman, and a couple of times she came down to the office to meet him. That was how George met her."

"Threw over the other fellow?"

"Sure."

George came back with the cocktails. The little dog moved closer to the leg of the table.

"I don't know what's keeping Marion," said George.

"Last-minute Christmas shopping."

"My wife don't have to do her shopping at the last minute," said George. "She has an account at every store. I see to that. I told her this Christmas, I said, 'Give one thing to the men and one thing to the women, and order them by the dozen.' She's giving her women friends jade and platinum cigarette holders, and her men friends gold and platinum cigarette cases. She ordered them a month ago. She don't have to do her shopping at the last minute."

Just then Marion came home. The little dog heard her before George and was the first in the hall to greet her.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, keep out of my way," she said, and he felt the sharp, narrow heel of her pump strike smartingly against the black button of his nose.

"Say, you're late," said George angrily as he came into the hall.

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, shut up," said George under his breath, suddenly remembering the young men. "There's some boys from the office in there."

Marion became sweet. She went smiling into the living room, saying: "It's lovely of you boys to come. Christmas Eve is so dull with every one running home to the old homestead, and trimming the tree for the children, and all that. You boys are a lifesaver. I wanted to have a big party, and I couldn't find more than twenty people. Awfully sweet of you boys. I'll go shake up some cocktails."

"What about dinner?" George wanted to know.

"I don't want any," Marion told him. "There's a caterer coming, and we'll have a big supper afterward."

"But I want my dinner now."

"Isn't he a great big baby?" said Marion to the three young men.

"Well, I want my dinner, and I'm going out to get it."

George turned to the young men and asked grudgingly,

"Do you want to come with me, or will you wait and have supper afterward?"

"Oh, we'll wait," said the young men.

"All right," said George; "see you later," and he went out to buy himself a dinner.

Marion went into the kitchen, and the little dog followed her and sat up very straight and hung his paws up under his chin, begging to remind her he wanted his dinner, too. But she paid no attention to him, and while she was mixing the cocktails the hired servants arrived and took possession of the kitchen and shut the little dog out into the hall. He went back into the living room and under the table, and because George wasn't there, he felt safe in going to sleep.

But he didn't sleep long. People began to arrive, and there was a great deal of talk and laughter. George came back full of dinner and talked louder than any one. When he couldn't talk louder than the others, he began to sing. A strange lady laughed at him so hard she sat down on the floor with a bang. She sat on the floor a long time, and after a while she looked under the table and discovered the little dog.

"George, your dog has a very black nose. A very, very black nose." She coaxed the little dog out. "He has a wet black nose. Listen, George, he has a wet black nose."

"That nose comes in handy," said George. "Come over here, nuisance."

The little dog laid his ears back and crept toward George.

"We use it to put out our cigarettes," George told the lady. "Like this—"

He crushed his lighted cigarette against the black button of the little dog's nose.

The little dog leaped away, screaming with pain.

Marion said: "Oh, put him out the window. He hasn't been out since morning."

George tried to pick him up, but the little dog ran madly away.

A pair of strange hands reached for him with a lighted cigarette between the fingers, and to keep the cigarette away he caught the fingers between his teeth.

"Your blamed cur's bit me."

Some one had the little dog by the neck. The window was flung up, and he was pushed through the bars into the street.

At first, even though he had been plucked down to the fine inner hairs of his scant puppy coat, he didn't notice the cold

FOR CHRISTMAS

By Violet Alleyn Storey

AND *what do I want for Christmas?*
Perfumes and jewels to wear?
Nay, such were the gifts that kings bore
Who thought a King was there,
When in the darkness, on the hay,
A Babe in need of comfort lay.

THEN *what do I want for Christmas?*
To watch a Star with you
In wonder, still as the shepherds';
To hear songs fill the blue,
And, dreaming of that Babe asleep,
To have a child's faith, sweet and deep!

Freddie wanted to speak to the little dog, so his mother held him up to the window, and he clung to the iron bars which guarded it. "Will Santa Claus bring me a dog, Mummie? I want a dog"

because of the pain in his nose. He tried to rub the smarting place away between his paws, but he only brushed snow into it and made it worse. Then the cold came biting at him, and he ran around to find the doorman. But the doorman had also been bitten by the cold, and he was keeping snug on the other side of the door, and never looked out, although the little dog stood there a long time barking.

He ran back and barked under the window, but neither Marion nor George heard him. He kept running between the door and the window until he was worn out. Then he tried to get away from the cold by sitting down close to the wall of the house and pressing against it. No one passing by noticed him, and he might have been mistaken for a small snowdrift until he began to shiver. All four of his legs began to tremble, each a little harder than the other, and none of them keeping up with the fast shaking of his body. He looked like a mechanical toy which had been wound up in several different places and was hurriedly shaking to pieces.

If George or Marion could have seen him, they would have screamed with laughter, but they did not come to the window. He was a long time shivering himself apart, and his legs were still managing to cling to his body, when along came the shabby young man.

"Hello, Pup." He picked up the dog. "It's high time they took you inside again."

He reached through the iron bars and knocked on the window.

He had to knock again. "They sound like a rum lot."

One of the young men from George's office opened the window.

"Your dog's out here shivering to death."

George's voice called: "Tell him he can have the dog. He bites."

"You can keep him if you want him," said the man at the window. "He bites all right."

"I'll keep him," said the shabby young man, "but I'll buy him."

George came to (*Continued on page 157*)

Just a Bit of Talk

(Over the Alley Fence)

On Being Clinicked

By

Alice Hegan Rice

Author of

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

MRS. O'BRIEN, fat and fair, leans over the alley fence and talks to a neighbor:

Good marnin', Mis' Smelts, it's a sad face you're liftin' to Heaven the day! Jaunders, is it? No? Well, yer looks desave ye. The endurin' bad health of ye is a curse for sure. But you don't have to stand it, me dear, there's a blessed way out. Suicide, you say? God fergive ye, no! I'm aimin' to keep ye above ground, not below it. What ye need is wan thing only. You need to be clinicked.

Ye niver heard of it? No more had I this time last year, but 'tis the grandest notion the good Lord iver put into the heads of thim medicine men. As for me, 'twas this was the way of it. Along about Easter of last year I fell to ailin'. I was green lookin' the same as you, an' I had collapsin' spells in the middle an' at both ends at the same time, an' that nervous-like I imagined me good Dinnis was already peepin' over the rim of his eye fer some young chit to take me place.

Now none can iver cast upon me that I ain't been a dacent, industrus wife to Dinnis O'Brien, bearin' him six healthy childern, an' helpin' him lay by a tidy sum agin' the future. I'd little taste fer lettin' another woman spend it fer him. So I puts me foot in me hand, an' I crawls up to the big hospital, an' I says to 'em,

"Inspect me over an' see what ails me."

I niver intended to spend the night with 'em, but afore I could bat me eye they had me in bed, with a hind-part-before night-gown on me, an' a young fellow dressed in white settin' beside me with a pencil an' paper, astin' me questions it was niver meant for a lady to answer. Niver was a man born with more curiosity, an' if I so much as stopped to draw breath he egged me on with another question.

The nixt marnin', after they'd washed me an' stuck a themometer in me teeth an' helt me pulse a couple of times, the High-Up Doctor come smilin' into the ward like a May marnin'. I was taken with him from the start, if I do say it, the mother of six. 'Tis a man he is as well as a doctor, an' the best of both or I'm no judge.

He stepped alongside me bed (a neat stepper he is, too), an' "God save you, what's ailin' ye?" he says, or words to that effect.

"That's fer you to find out, sir," I answered back with more sass in me voice than I thought was left in it.

He looked me over a minute, thin he pulled out a flask-light an' turned it in me eye, a peerin' an' a peerin' fer all the world like he was lookin' fer a cinder.

"It ain't me eye," I explained; "it's me thigh that's troublin' me."

He paid me no mind whatsomever, but kept squintin' an' squintin' till it was plumb nervous I was.

"Is it blind I'm goin'?" I asked all in a swither.

"Your eyes are all right," he says; "it's your blood vessels I'm watchin'."

Now I lave it to ye, Mis' Smelts, did ye iver hear of blood vessels bein' annywhere save in yer arms an' legs?

Well, the High-Up One, havin' begun with me eyes, niver left off till he got to the soles of me two feet. He hammered on me knees an' elbows with a little mallet, God knows why, an' he made diagrams on me chist, an' listened at me breathe, an' tested me arms and legs to see if I was string-halt. An' whin he had done with me, I says to him,

"Well, if ye know annything more now thin ye did before, all I kin say fer your blessed mother is that she's got a smart son!"

He cracked a joke back that I didn't catch, but it set the ward laughin', so I made bold to answer,

"I don't know yer ancistry, sir, but I'll venture wan of thim wore a shamrock in his buttonhole on St. Patrick's Day!" an' the blessed man retreated under fire as I mint he should.

Well it was that I had me bit of fun, fer no sooner had he left, God rest his soul! than in come a nurse carryin' a covered tray that I took to be me breakfast. But whin she took the towel off, lo an' beholden, there was bristlin' needles an' tubes an' rubber hoses. Thin the young doctor I was tellin' ye 'bout, up he come, an' without so much as a by-yer-leave, he tied the hose around me arm, jabbed a darnin' needle into the crotchet of me

elbow, an' dreened off 'bout half a teacup of me life blood! A sickenin' sight it was fer sure, but I had to get used to it. Endurin' the intire time I was in that hospital, that man hovered around like a mosquito bent on drawin' blood from me arm or wan of me fingers.

The nixt day was worse than the first wan. Before I'd collected me senses, a nurse brought me two slices of cold light bread an' two glasses of cold water.

"An' ye call that a breakfast?" I asked with scorn in me voice.

"It's a test meal," she says.

"Test nothin'," I says; "it's a insult. I wouldn't be caught offerin' it to me dog."

Then in come a fat doctor, with a face like a marshmallow, an' in his hand he helt what I took to be a perfumery atomizer an' some more rubber hose. Ye'd niver think, Mis' Smelts, what an important part rubber hose takes in curin' folks, till you go through a clinic. But to your dyin' day ye'd niver guess what they ast me to do with this particular piece. They wanted me to swallow it! Honest to God, if I niver draw another breath, it's the truth.

But flabbergasted as I was, I give no sign. I just give wan witherin' look at the doctor an' I says, "The consequinces be on your head," an' I begin to swallow. An' I swallowed an' I swallowed eight finger lengths if it was a inch! An' whin I was plumb full of rubber hose, that fat doctor—may I niver see his face again—says,

"Now I want you to eat this bread an' water."

"The saucer too?" I managed to ast with a look that would a' withered a less dumb man.

But I did what I was told, an' all the time I was tryin' to get the bread down, I was thinkin' how the slices was turnin' to loaves right before me eyes fer all the world like the Bible parable! An' the whilst I lay there, half chokin' to death, with me heart in me mouth to say nothin' of all the other appyratus, an' the nurse a holdin' me hand, an' the doctor holdin' fast to the other end of the tube to keep me from swallowin' it, didn't that flappery girl roll her eyes at the doctor, an' with the blarney drippin' off her tongue say,

"I bet you are some dancer!"

That marnin' was bad fer sure, but 'twas the beginnin' of worse. Third day they started on me without even givin' me bread an' water. A nigger boy come an' wheeled me out, bed and all, to a room where a red-headed girl was foolin' with somethin' I took to be a clothes washer. I didn't like the looks of her person from the start, an' whin she told me to lie stock still an' not to speak fer half an hour, I liked her less. At the end of the time she handed me another wan of thim everlastin' rubber tubes, with somethin' at the end that looked like a big set of rubber teeth.

"I'll niver swallow that," I says firmly, "not if His Riverence stands in yer shoes and bids me do it."

"You don't have to," she says crosslike. "Just put it in yer mouth, and close your lips tight round it, and breathe natural."

Well I got it in, prayin' the blessed saints that I'd be able to git it out agin. An' the whiles I had me eyes shut, didn't the redhead clap a steel clothes pin on me nose, an' start to pumpin' all the breath out of me body intirely? An' all the time she was sayin' "Breathe natural," as if a body could breathe natural with her mouth full of rubber, an' her nose pinched to, an' not enough air to feed a goldfish! Human flesh was niver mint to stand the like o' that, Mis' Smelts, an' you know it. In the nick of time, by God's blessing, just as I was passin' into another an' a better world, she took off the harness an' says:

"Sorry, but I made a mistake. We'll have to try it over again."

I will not say what followed. Heaven fergive the two of us, me fer losin' me temper, her fer provokin' it.

Once more back in the ward, breathin' *un*natural through me nose an' me throat an' givin' thanks that I'd finished the ordeal alive, I made sure they were through with me. But not at all, at all. They put me in a wheelin' chair an' rode me up an' down elevators an' through cellars till I was that mixed me head wint 'round.

At last they landed me in a room, plumb full of the lame an' the halt an' the blind, rich an' poor, black an' white, all lyin' round in chairs or on stretchers, waitin' their turn, like Judgment Day.

I noticed iverybody was drinkin' what appeared to be buttermilk, so I says to a passin' nurse,

"Don't I git some of that?"

"You do fer sure!" she says, an' I mistrusted the way she laughed whin she said it.

Thin she hands me a schooner, an' after wan sip I hands it back.

"I've changed me mind," I says, "I don't believe I care fer anny."

"It's bay rum," she says. "You're to drink two glasses of it."

"Bay rum's to put on yer head, not in it," I argued. "Besides, it's not thick an' whitewashey like this stuff."

"You drink it," the nurse whispered coaxin' like. "The rich dame nixt you is payin' twenty dollars fer hers, an' you're gittin' yours fer nothin'."

'Twas a reconcilin' thought it was, but even the economy of it didn't kape me from nigh onto burstin' before I had done. An' no sooner I had than they said I was to have me picture taken.

An', Mis' Smelts, I said flat-foot I would not. I'd no notion of (*Continued on page 127*)

"Jaunders, is it? No? Well, yer looks desave ye. Go up to the hospital an' git yersilf clinicked, an' if ye don't die, you'll be cured before they git done with ye!"

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Girls Were Like that — Like Violets —

By

Konrad Bercovici

WINTER came early to the Black Sea country the year that Gita was married. Almost without warning the Danube froze solid. The first snowstorm had caught the crickets still chirping in the beams of houses and stables, the bears still fattening on late berries; corn was unshocked in the fields and the late wheat unharvested. Widows whose grain was threshed by the peasants after their own work was done were left without flour and fodder for the winter.

Snowstorm followed snowstorm, week after week, month after month; an unending army of wild white ghosts swirled and whirled and howled as they pressed down upon the earth. It seemed that the river would stay frozen forever, that the trees would never be leafed again, and that cold and desolation had come to reign forever between the Danube and the Black Sea.

Then suddenly, without warning, the leaden clouds parted, and a warm heavy rain melted the ice and washed the snow from roofs of houses and barns and roads and fields. A few nights later the steel blue ice coat of the Danube cracked, split, and big floes began to hop merrily down to the Black Sea. Spring had come upon the land even faster than winter had descended upon it. The doors and windows of the whitewashed huts were flung open. Men and women, cattle and children, filled the road.

A week later, Easter week, there wasn't a speck of snow, even on top of the mountains, and wide-bottomed boats with red and blue sails glided and danced on the crest of the blue waves of the Danube. The fishermen threw their nets and hailed the peasants. The sun shone brightly. There wasn't a fleck of a cloud in the sky. While the red-skirted, white-bloused women drove the cattle to pasture fields, the heavy, slow-gaited men sank their plows lustily into the warm, steaming soil. It had been a hard and long winter for men, but now the soil was warm and fat. A good and plentiful year would follow.

"The snow had sat on the soil like a hen on her eggs. God is always good to grain growers after long winters."

THAT early sudden winter had caught Nae's gypsy tribe as they followed the road to winter quarters in the village of Bivolar. The very first storm had blocked the roads and hemmed in the gypsy caravan. Eighty souls were compelled to live in tents and dugouts in the snow while the

That's What They Said of

GITA

He took the whip and cut the air with its long leather lash. "If anybody wants to take Gita from me, let him try it now"

Illustrated By Dan Content

winter raged and the icy wind blew. Towards the end of the long siege of snowstorms, the youngest of the gypsy men left the jail of white walls, preferring death on the road to the lingering life indoors.

And then the sudden warm spring! The feel of green moss underfoot, and the sight of the voluptuous curves of valley and mountain roads!

Nae and his haggard and worn gypsies were the first strangers the people of Bivolar had seen that spring. The gypsies had never been received so joyously. The peasants assembled around the campfire of the tribe to listen to their tales of adventure, of how they had fought the wolves off their horses, and battled with bears which had come within the enclosure made of their wagons and tents. The peasants embraced the poor wanderers, pressed food upon them, fed the children in their huts, and mourned with them their dead. Poor gypsies! Whatever their sins had been, the Lord would forgive.

Yet the following morning the gypsies were gypsies, the peasants, peasants, as antagonistic as they had been in other years, a hundred years ago, a thousand years ago. Pitchfork in hand, the people of Bivolar stood guard over their corrals and stables, and the wives shooed off the gypsy women who offered to tell them their fortunes.

"Go back to your own camp. Don't disturb honest women at their work during Easter week. Beggars! Thieves! Liars! Cheats!"

Axes had disappeared from in front of doors. Copper pots had been unhinged from underneath fireplaces. Those gypsies! Those gypsies!

GITA was the daughter of Takia, the widow of one of Nae's men. She was about sixteen years old, and had been a quiet, easy-going girl, who had helped her mother with her work, who had driven her mother's tent wagon, had helped her weave baskets and carry on her shoulders the bolts of loom cloth bought from the peasant women by her mother to be sold in the markets of the towns and cities.

But in the spring after that terrible long winter, the sun that had broken through the clouds and burst the buds on the branches of trees, had also unfolded the wild blossom that was Gita. Her voice, which had always been timid and thin, became as ringing and sonorous as that of the meadow lark at eventide. The gypsy girl had been silent and morose and had hardly spoken a word during the whole winter. Young men who had sat with

their backs to her for months, now turned around and looked at her full in the face when she spoke, and followed her with their eyes when she moved about. Her feet danced to the reed-like swaying of her hips and the rolling of her head.

"How old is Gita now?" Nae, the chief, asked her mother, and wondered why no young man had ever paid any attention to her before. Even he, old Nae, who had known her ever since she was born, looked at her with young eyes, as though she were a beautiful stranger who had descended upon their camp.

"Is that really Gita, Takia's daughter? Look at her. She is taller than her mother. Look at her. She is as tall as the boys of her age." And they were all tall and strong in Nae's tribe.

When the wheels of her mother's wagon stuck in the mud, Gita jumped down from the driver's seat to get them out without asking assistance. She even helped other people get out when their wheels were stuck.

"Hey. Ho. Push. Jerk. Move. Good luck. Drive carefully."

What had happened? Girls were like that. Like violets, growing under your feet. Bursting through clods of soil while your back is turned for a little while.

Her black hair had grown oily and luscious, her shoulders had spread out, her throat had filled and become a beautifully chiseled column of brown marble. Strange! The gypsies had come out of that long winter haggard and emaciated. On what mysterious food had Gita fed, while the storms were raging and the wolves were howling, to emerge from the months of starvation stronger than she had been late in the fall? Her curled lips were redder. Her large eyes were darker and more sparkling. Her smooth arms were rounder. While the other girls were only beginning to thaw out she was as animated as if she had danced herself out of a grape-harvest festival. And it was early in the spring. The odor of musk and wet moss was still stronger than the odor of early field flowers and young grass.

During the night after Gita's tribe had arrived at the village of Bivolar another gypsy tribe arrived from another direction and camped beside Nae's fire. It was Petru's tribe. He and Nae were blood brothers. The gypsies threw more dry wood on the fire, the two tribes joined, and sitting in a wide circle began telling their experiences in the past and their plans for the future. The winter was over. There would be fairs and markets, horses to buy and sell, kettles to mend, horses to shoe. The winter was over. It was spring.

One of the old gypsies took out a violin; Hassan, a curly-headed young gypsy, brought out his reed pipe, and suddenly the gypsies began to sing. Gita's voice rose above those of the other women, higher, rounder, fuller. While the men and women were singing, Petru, huddled in his long wolfskin coat, stroked his gray beard, and smacked his lips as he leaned over to Nae and asked,

"Is that Takia's daughter?"

When he had last seen her, the year before, he had been sorry Takia had no sons to help her with the work. But seeing Gita now, he no longer felt sorry for the widow, but wished he himself had a daughter or a wife like her. She was worth two sons. She looked so strong and fiery. Well! There was a wife for a man . . . a real man.

The singing over, Stan, Petru's son, went to sit beside Gita.

"What a beautiful voice you have!" he said. "Who taught you to sing like that? What gypsy *chai* has taught you to sing? Show him to me."

He was a tall, swarthy boy, Stan, whose lips curled mockingly as he spoke. He was the handsomest of his tribe and had broken many a gypsy girl's heart. Petru looked sideways at his son. Well, the boy had his father's eyes.

Gita jumped to her feet. It was the first time a man had spoken to her with desire in his voice.

No woman had ever been held as dearly and loved as
which he played. His eyes had a far-away look. Gita

much by a man as that boy loved the reed pipe upon did not exist for him. She knew he wasn't playing for her

She threw her head back and answered: "The wind and the wolves have taught me to sing. Who has taught you to speak to women?"

Stan reached out for her hand, but she wrenched her wrist out of his fingers and looked at him scornfully. He rose to his feet and said,

"Show me the man I must fight before you let me take your hand."

"Fight the storms and the wolves," Gita replied, while Voda, Nae's own son, sprang to his feet.

"Fight *me* for her."

Petru and Nae looked at each other—that their sons should fight for the same woman! And that it should be Takia's daughter!

"You should have told me that Voda loves her," Petru said to his blood brother.

"I didn't know," Nae answered. "I don't believe he knew until now."

The fiddler stopped playing. Hassan put his flute aside. The young men formed a circle around the two antagonists. The women and the girls surrounded Gita and looked at her enviously. Hers would be the first wedding of the year. What mattered who would win? Both boys were handsome and were the sons of chiefs. Gita would be the first to marry in that spring after the long winter.

Voda fighting for Gita! And nobody had known anything about his caring for her. They had never been seen together. Nobody had ever heard Voda speak to her.

"Which one do you want to win?" one of the girls asked.

Gita pushed her aside. "Neither."

She looked at the two young men who now took off their heavy fur coats. Last fall both of them would have appeared like giants to her. She would never have dared even to look at Voda. He was Nae's son. The chief's son. Last fall she had been only the poor widow Takia's daughter. This spring she was Gita. Handsomer girls had followed Voda with their eyes wherever he went. And now he was fighting for her.

He and Stan had stripped, ready to fight for her—and both of them looked unworthy. Stan's arms were too long. She did not like the way his head sat on the short neck upon shoulders that were too wide. She had never realized that Voda's voice was so thin.

They had thrown their fur caps down. They sprang at each other. Their arms locked. The gypsies were urging them on, Stan's and Voda's friends shouting advice. Men, women, and children were betting as to who would win. The two young wrestlers, their arms locked over their heads, looked like two deer whose antlers had become entangled.

"Let go of his arms," one of the gypsies shouted to Voda. "Reach for his middle."

Stan freed himself and caught Voda's head under the pit of his arm. They were evenly matched. Voda got his head out, withdrew a few paces, and coiled to spring upon his antagonist. Beads of sweat were quivering like drops of muddy dew on the brown furrowed brows. Gita looked at their nude torsos. It had been a hard winter, and their bodies were lean. Though their chests were wide, their ribs showed plainly under their skins. They locked their arms again and began to tug each at the other.

A quarrel arose between two other gypsy boys, who likewise took off their coats and began to wrestle. Another quarrel followed this one, and a third, and a fourth followed. Within a quarter of an hour a dozen gypsies wrestled and fought, while the women quarreled and the men bet—staking their horses, their purses, their wagons, and even their lambskin coats.

Gita looked on. The whole world was fighting for her. The girls tugged at her, saying:

"Look, they are all fighting for you. What a night, Gita! What a proud night for you!"

She looked at them scornfully. She had eyes only for Voda and Stan. The peasants of the village, awakened by the noise, (*Continued on page 164*)

Good Housekeeping Studio of Architecture & Furnishings

Helen Koues, Director

Dwight James Baum, A.I.A.
Consultant Architect

Associate Architects

Henry Ives Cobb, Jr., A.I.A. — *New York*

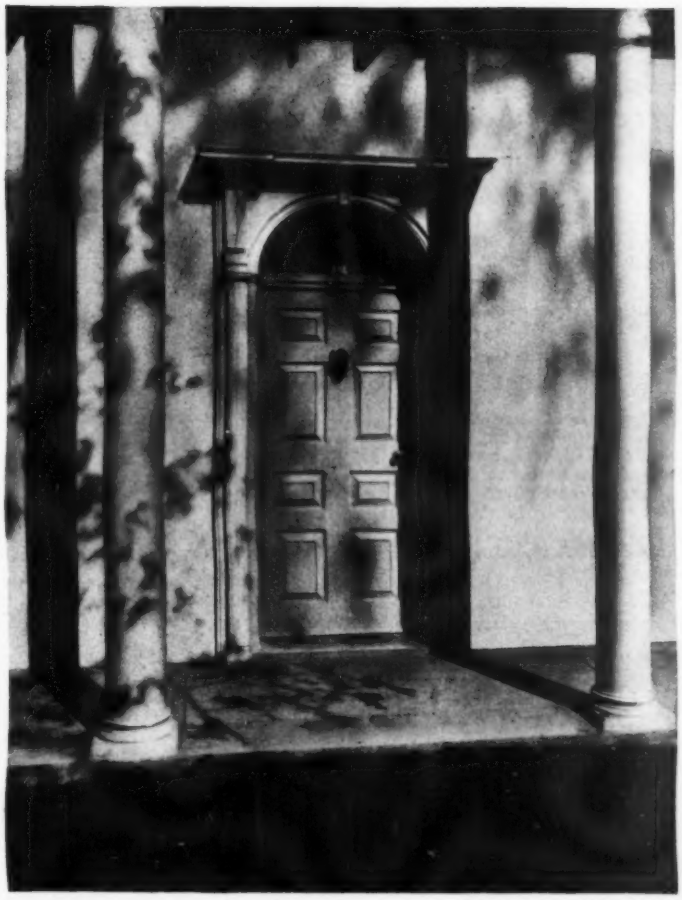
Myron Hunt, F.A.I.A. — *Los Angeles*

C. Herrick Hammond, F.A.I.A. — *Chicago*

Formality on a small scale is the distinguishing feature of this attractive, porticoed brick house which shows the influence of the Greek Revival introduced in America by Thomas Jefferson. The stucco cleverly used for the wall under the portico matches the white woodwork of pillars, shutters, and pediment. The interior combines convenience with formality. If you have architectural problems which are troubling you Good Housekeeping Studio will be glad to have the experts on its staff answer your questions. Just address the Studio.

Edgar and Verna Cook Salomonsky

Architects



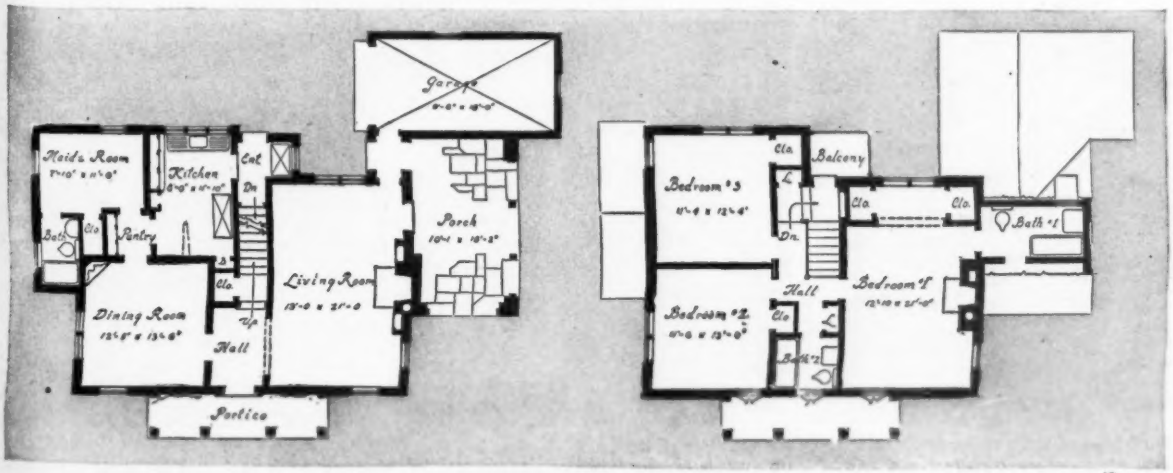
A Small House With The Dignity of A Large One

HERE is a small house with the dignity and formality of a large one. Porticoes of the "colossal" type, or colonnades rising the full height of the building, are generally associated with Southern Colonial houses, although they were not used as features of domestic architecture until the post-revolutionary period, with the coming of the Greek Revival. They also obtained some popularity in the North during a later period. In keeping with the size of the house, these porticoes were of generous and ample proportions.

Specifications

This house containing 31,000 cubic feet was built at 68c a cubic foot, a total cost of $21,080. Building materials used: Veneer of common brick on frame construction for main exterior walls; at portico and living porch, Artstone Stucco. Portico floor of cement. Living porch of flagstones. Roof, Virginia black slate. Copper leaders and gutters. White tiled wainscots in bathrooms. Fireplace, white marble facing, from Vermont Marble Co. Plumbing fixtures, J. L. Mott Iron Works. Hot water heating system with Burnham boiler, of brass, from Anaconda Co. Floors, T & G clear plane sawn white oak. Hardware, A. W. Gerstner Co. Interior walls, upstairs of wall paper; downstairs (except dining room) painted with Sipes Enamel Oil Paint, also used for woodwork. Dining room, stained pine panelling, Sipes Oil Stain. Glass, 26 oz. Alleghany crystal sheet glass. Built-in Ironing Board, Curtis Companies

In the house shown on these pages the architect's most difficult problem was to adapt the portico to a small house and at the same time maintain the air of stateliness and dignity so necessary to the proper rendering of this architectural motif. This was accomplished successfully, and incongruity of scale avoided, by reducing the members and moldings (that is, pillars, doorway, and pediment) until they harmonized with the general proportions of the house. Thus we have what is really a portico in (*Continued on page 130*)

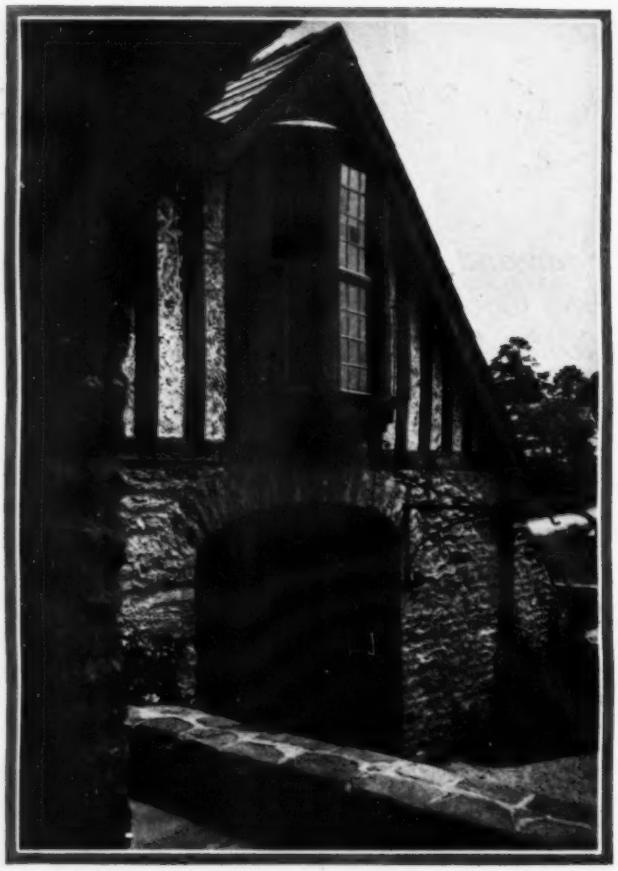


The Stuff Your House is Made of

Walls

By Matlack Price

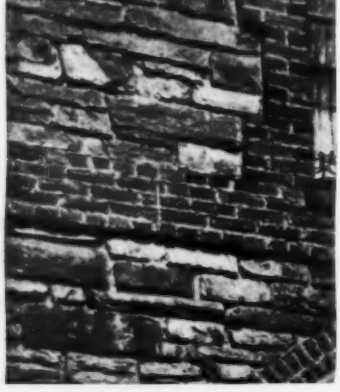
This is the first of a series of twelve or more articles on building materials of different types and their appropriate uses, dealing with walls, floors, roofs, shutters, insulation, heating, and all the other things which go to make a dwelling comfortable and attractive. These articles will be written by Matlack Price, who is known as the author of "Practical Book of Architecture" and "The ABC of Architecture"



Here half-timber and stucco (English type) textured with finger marks, with masonry of rough-split stone, is laid up with full mortar joints

Norman type: stone wall roughly troweled over with cement stucco, beneath a gable end of stained clapboards with corners of clinker brick, painted white

The more formal type of stone-masonry — random ashlar of rough-dressed stone with the joints pointed up

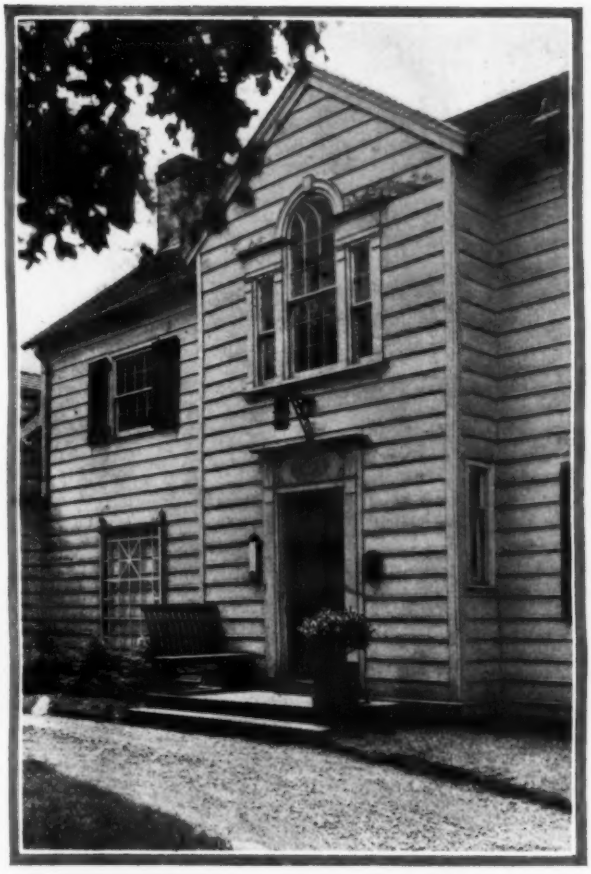


Ideal type of stone masonry combined with common brick courses and trim

An example of local rubble stone laid up with contrasting white cement joints

ACCORDING to taste and circumstances, the materials of the exterior walls of your house may depend upon the type of architecture, or the type of architecture may depend upon the materials. Certain types, or styles, are best designed in certain materials: brick, stone, or wood may be virtually dictated. Or, if a given locality abounds in an interesting local stone, or if it abounds in a local type of house, the material had better dictate the whole character of your design.

In a survey necessarily brief, this discussion concerns itself with *stone*, *brick*, *stucco*, and *wood* as materials of design and construction. *Stone* varies widely in kind and treatment. In its natural form it lends itself particularly to the picturesque type of house, and fortunate is the house builder who is to have his rooftree in a locality where the local material is ledge-stone, as in the suburbs of Philadelphia. This is a shale-like type of stone peculiarly happy for building purposes, because it



A Colonial type. Here the clap-boarding of red cedar is laid ten inches to the weather, in the authentic manner of early examples

A variety of effects, from prim to rugged, are obtainable with wooden shingles of cedar or cypress, as in the house shown at right

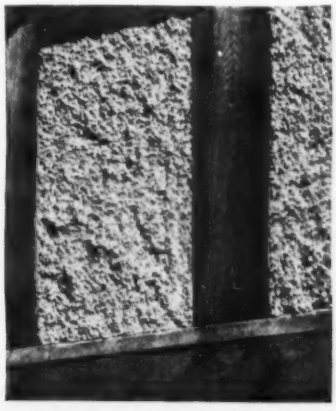
At the left is an example of common brick laid up with wide mortar joints which accentuate the bricks as units of a pattern

Painted and whitewashed brickwork may be made more effective by rubbing off a little of the whitewash to simulate age

splits to lay in flat courses and lends itself to the most interesting kind of mason work. Next in adaptability comes the stone salvaged from old barns or walls, stone roughly shaped and well weathered. The worst type of building stone, without a doubt, is the round, smooth cobblestone which many people believe to be "quaint," but which in fact always looks unnatural and highly inartistic.

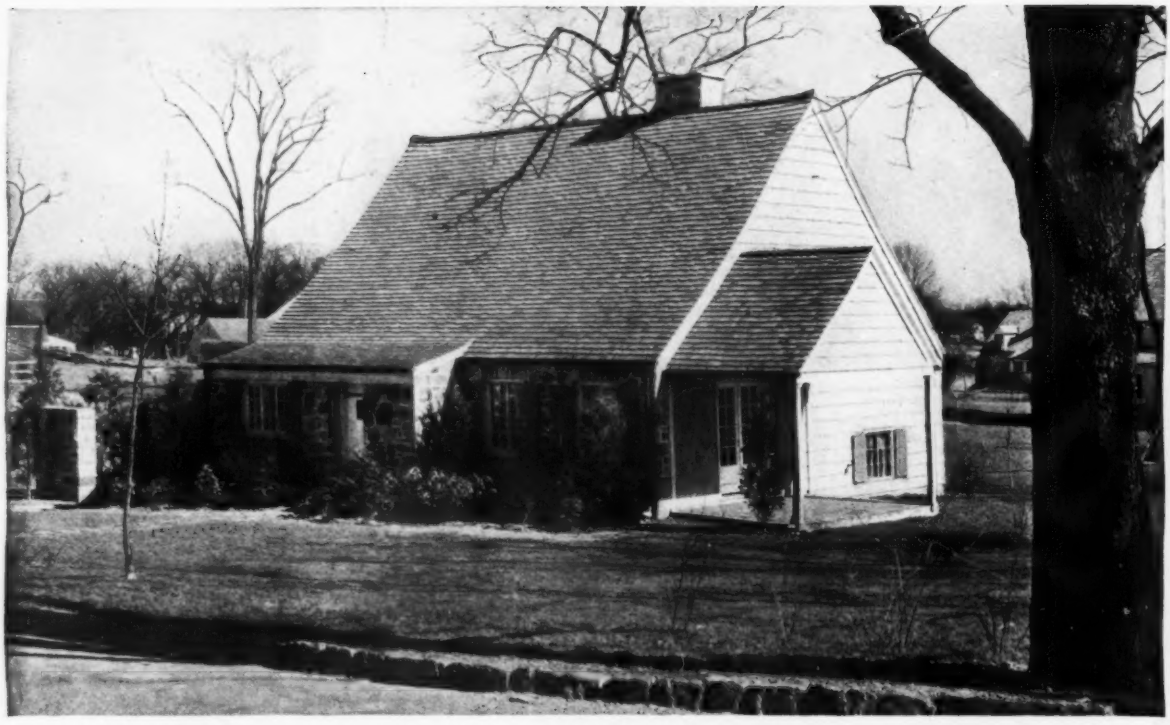
"Ashlar" is a term for masonry of cut or "dressed" stone, and ranges from rough-dressed, "random" ashlar, of various-sized stones, suitable for informal types of house, to the highly finished ashlar stone work of the formal house. Between masonry of natural stone and ashlar masonry there is the rubble wall, built of irregular stones, large and small, usually finished off at the corners, and around door and window openings, with roughly dressed stone. Like all rough stone masonry, the charm depends largely (*Continued on page 260*)

Spanish or Italian type: a medium-rough textured stucco with buff tint



A rough-cast stucco finish is combined with weather-stained half-timber above

A picturesque effect—clinker-brick with a slightly "raked" mortar joint



This house of fieldstone and shingle, containing 29,016 cubic feet, was built at 45c a cubic foot, a total cost of $13,056

Combining Attractiveness and Sturdy Building with Extremely Low Cost

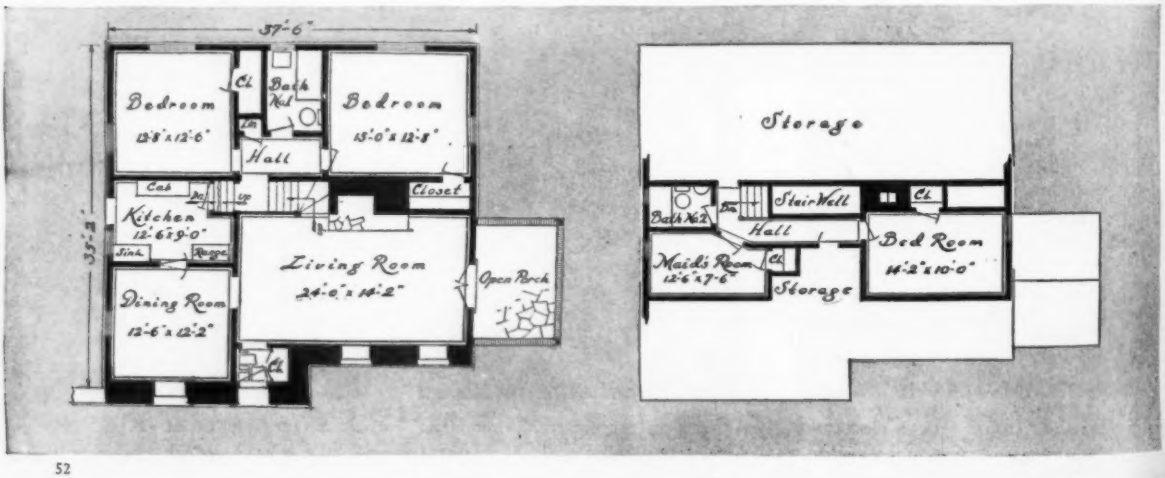
Clarence C. Merritt, Architect

TO show small houses of good design at low cost! This is the Studio's real aim. Many good architects are turning their attention to it. Clarence C. Merritt is one. He has built some most attractive Colonial houses at Greenwich, Connecticut, one of which we illustrate. In each, no matter what their size or cost, and each is different, sound architectural precepts have been combined with sound business judgment. Like so many other things, it is often not so much a matter of money as a matter of knowledge and taste that makes one house charming and of distinct type, while another, costing the same amount, has no charm, and may even be extremely ugly. One reason for this is a lack of completeness in the original plan—spending too much on one thing and neglecting another. The land, cost of house, planting and finishing should be considered as a unit, or as Mr. Merritt puts it, "Houses are the background for planting and the backbone for decorating. Without these two necessary factors the setting and atmosphere are entirely lost."

When good houses may be built for fifty cents a cubic foot (*Continued on page 132*)

Specifications

Below is a list of the various building materials which were used in constructing this charming small house: Exterior walls of fieldstone; 18" shingles on roof, 24" shingles on side walls; steel windows, Fenestra Steel Windows Co.; Anaconda brass pipe, copper leaders & gutters, American Brass Co.; wallpaper, Richard E. Thibaut, Inc.; flooring of oak; hardware, P. & F. Corbin; plumbing fixtures, Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.; heating plant, American Radiator Co.; York range, Abendroth Bros.; refrigerator, Frigidaire Co.; millwork, Curtis Companies; sheetrock, U. S. Gypsum Co.; MacDougall kitchen cabinets, Built-in Products Co.; glass, Libbey-Owens Glass Co.; linoleum, Armstrong Cork Co.; insulation, Flaxlinum Insulating Co.; tile, American Encaustic Tiling Co.; paint: inside, Devoe & Raynolds; outside, Cabot's double white



Convenience and Good Design In a Small Colonial House

Designed for Good Housekeeping by
Larson & McLaren, A.I.A.

THE Colonial house with a side entrance is much less usual than those with the familiar center entrance, and often makes possible a better arrangement of plan, in the house of modest dimensions.

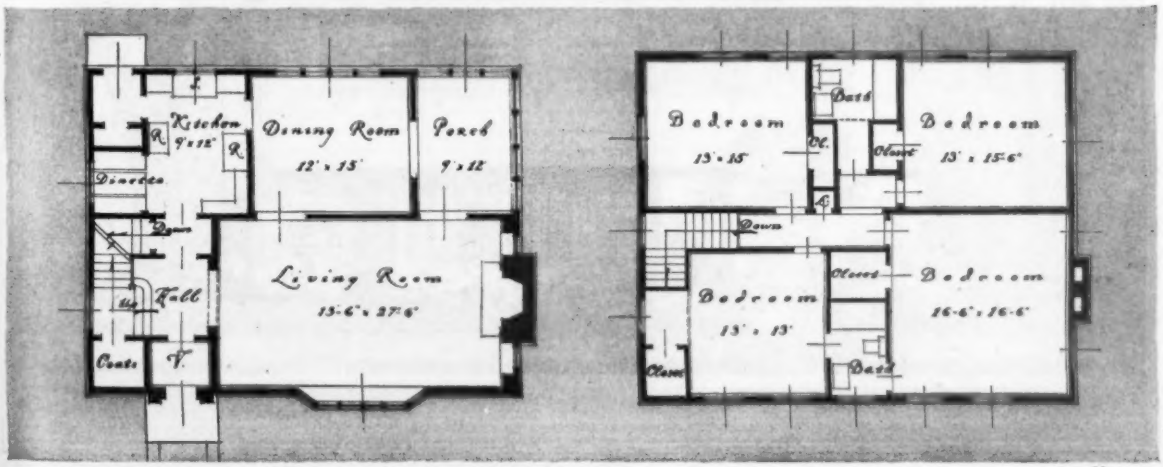
For the family without servants, or where such help is limited, the compactness of the Colonial house and the small amount of waste space make it attractive to the builder of today, where any saving in construction, or house work, is of vital importance.

This house is two stories high with an overhang on the second story in the front. The lower portion is smooth-finished stucco, and the second story is heavy shingles. The chimney, of generous dimensions, is of common brick painted white. The good effect depends on the well-proportioned details on the cornice, the entrance, and the symmetrical spacing of the windows with the shutters between. The roof, the shutters, and vines on the lattice at either side of the bay window, give a contrasting green color against the white. The builder may quite properly use gray or weathered shades for the shingles on the

Specifications

This house containing 35,600 cubic feet can be built for approximately $14,000. Building materials: Concrete foundation with Trus Con damp proofing on outside; frame walls, 23" Weatherbest shingles 10" to the weather; exterior trim, clear Western pine; interior trim, birch; roof, 16" shingles; exterior paint, Cabot's double white; interior finish, Vitralite; Toncon metal leaders and gutters, Central Alloy Steel Corp.; floors, Pratt & Lambert No. 61 Floor Varnish; insulation, Spray-O-Flake, walls 1", roof 2" thick; flooring, E. L. Bruce & Co.; plumbing, Crane Co.; water closets, T-N; heating plant, Pacific tubular boiler with American radiators; basement floor, Master Builders colormix; bathroom tile, Mosaic Tile Company; fireplace, Covert Damper; hardware, Sargent Co.; glass, double strength Libbey-Owens Glass Co.; lighting fixtures, Henkel & Best; lime putty plaster, Universal Gypsum & Lime Co.

A side view of the house illustrated in color on the following page. The walls of the first floor are smooth-finished stucco; the second story is of heavy shingles, painted white, with green shutters. Good design in the detail of doors and windows is carefully considered



Architectural Dignity and Homelike Charm in a Well Planned Small House

second story, if they are preferred.

Please consider the arrangement of the interior. It is designed especially for GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and has, we believe, some excellent points. There is a small vestibule which eliminates many drafts. The hall, though not large, has an extremely pretty stairway with a closet on the landing for coats. To the right of the hall is a living room, large for a house of this size—15′6″x27′6″—with a fireplace centering with the doorway, always an attractive arrangement.

On the front of the house is a slightly bowed window, making a delightful sunny place for a table desk. The opposite wall has two doors, symmetrically placed, one to a porch, screened in summer and enclosed in glass in winter, and the other to the dining room. This is also a well planned room, 12′x15′, with a group of four windows across the back of the house looking out on a small garden, and a double door to the porch.

In a small house of this kind the pantry has been eliminated, the swinging door opening into the kitchen. Off the kitchen to the left is a dinette. The kitchen itself has excellent cupboard space as well as a closet for a mechanical refrigerator, and a back pantry.

A white house with green shutters is the answer to many an ideal of a home! The door is one of the details which place this house above the average

The interior finish can be paint, or it can be wallpaper in the Colonial feeling and paint. A fireplace with a window on each side set in pine panels with bookcases under the windows is shown on page 132. The pine should be the mellow color of old wood. With such a treatment on this wall, the other walls of the living room may be painted a soft buff, which should be repeated in the hall.

The dining room could have a Colonial paper on the walls. The alternative is to paper the walls throughout with Colonial papers, painting the woodwork ivory or gray to suit the background of the paper.

The front hall has a stair to the second floor and a basement stair, which leads to what may be finished as an amusement room of the same size as the living room. The space occupied by the dinette may be utilized instead by a rear stair from the kitchen upstairs.

Four large bedrooms and two baths occupy the second floor, with more than the usual amount of closet space. All the bedrooms are so arranged that there is room for twin beds in each without crowding.

Good Housekeeping Studio
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Its Rooms
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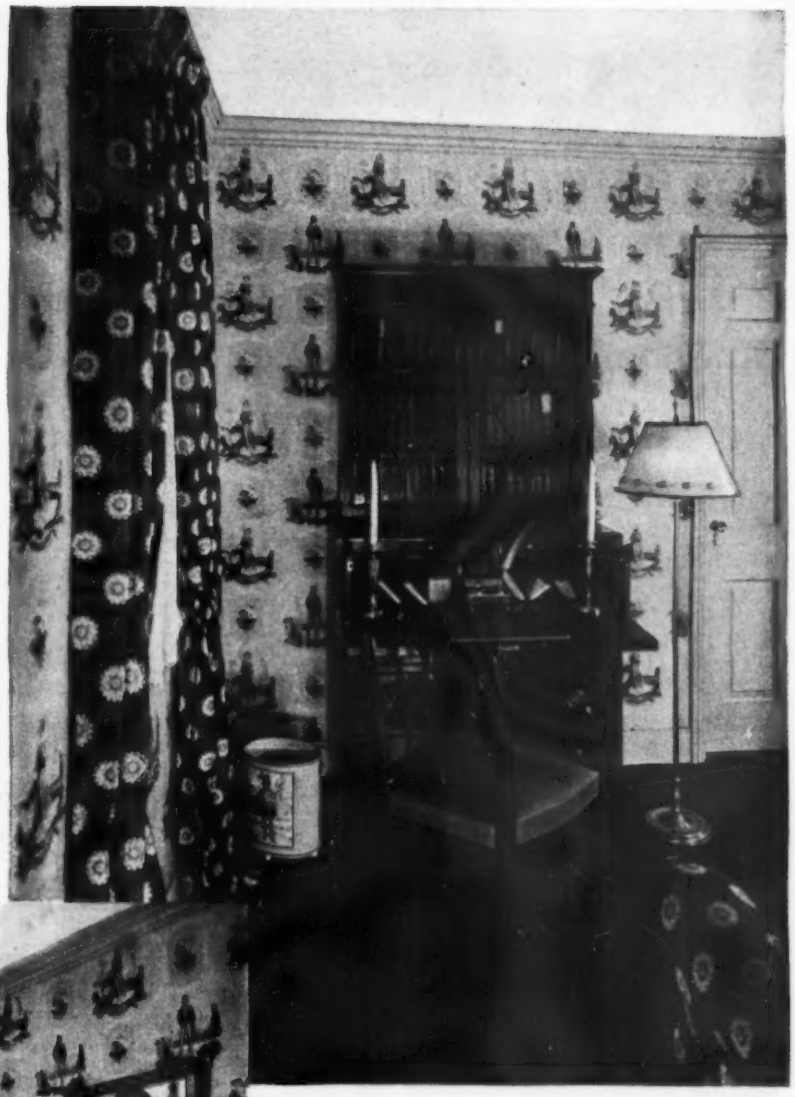
Woodwork: Curtis Companies. ***Paint:*** Valentine. ***Wallboard:*** U. S. Gypsum. ***Hardware:*** P. & F. Corbin. ***Wallpaper:*** R. Thibaut. ***Tie-Backs:*** J. A. Lehman. ***Rug:*** M. J. Whittall. ***Fabrics:*** F. Schumacher. ***Furniture:*** Charak Furn. Co., Elgin A. Simonds, Karpen Bros., Superior Furn. Co. ***Mirror:*** Baker Furn. Co. ***Accessories:*** Mary Ryan, Kanné & Bessant, F. Pavel, Kay & Ellinger, Freeman of London, Chas. R. Yandell, Adeline Carr, International Silver Co.

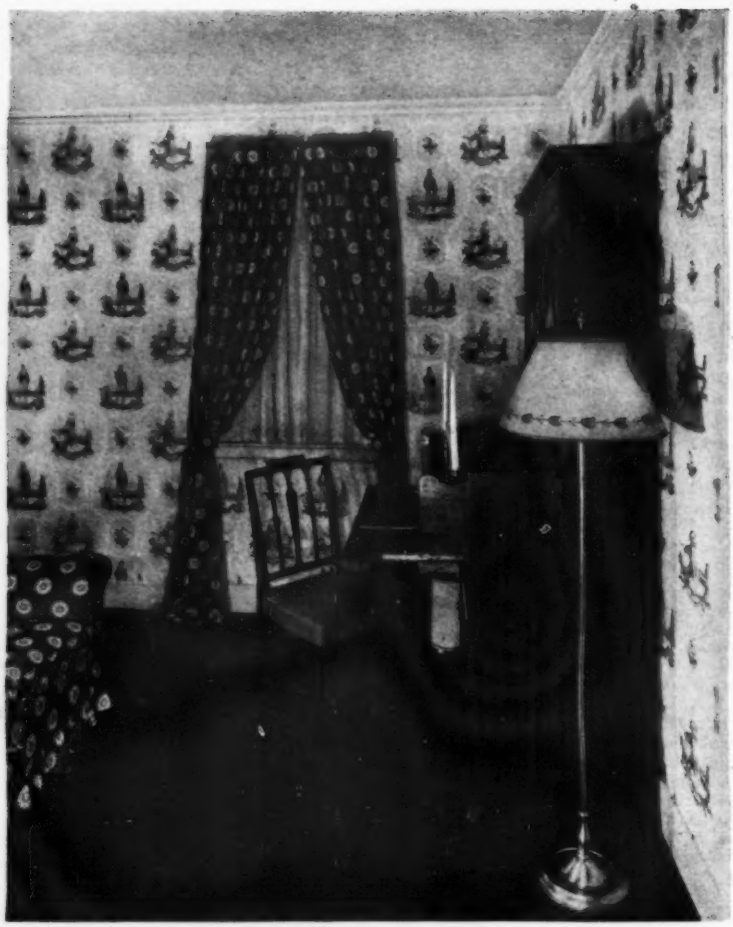


The Studio
Builds & Furnishes A Writing Room

By the Director

HOW can I utilize a very small space? This is a question often asked the Studio. So this month we are showing a small room only 8′ 9″ by 9′ 10″, furnished as a comfortable, little writing room or sitting room.

This room is furnished in the spirit of the early Nineteenth Century and is one of the series of rooms which was begun in the October issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. Such a room could be on the first floor or the second. In many a family where there are grown daughters who may have guests in the living room, it is a great delight for the parents to have a comfortable sitting room, preferably on the first floor, which they can call their own. An easy chair, a small sofa, a commodious desk, books, adequate reading lights for the evening, and a sunny window, if possible, for the daytime are the



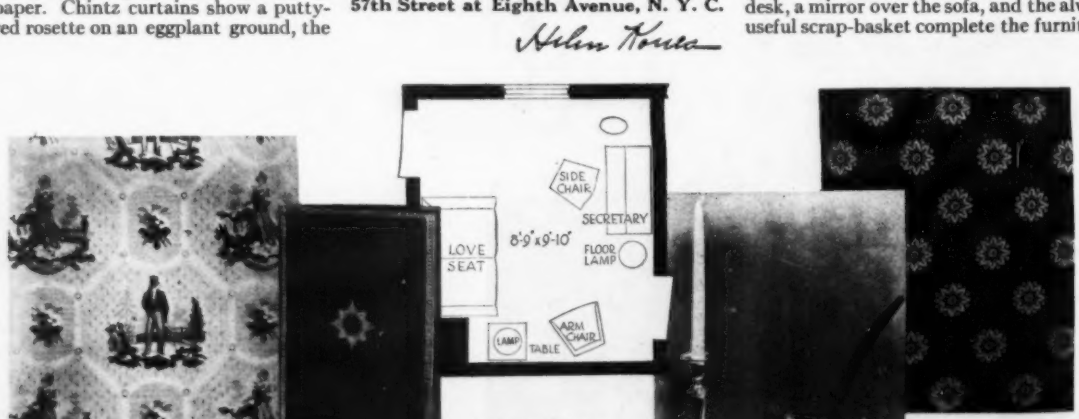
A comfortable place for a desk is between a window and a good light

essentials. In a surprisingly small space these articles of furniture, including a small table, may be placed to create the most delightful air of cosiness and comfort. This is just the atmosphere of this room. A delightful paper with a pale green ground and quaint figures of the 1830 period in an eggplant tone enlivens the walls. The woodwork around the window and door is painted the same green as the ground of the paper. Chintz curtains show a putty-colored rosette on an eggplant ground, the same chintz being repeated on the two-seated over-stuffed sofa and one small over-stuffed chair. The carpet matches the chintz in tone. The other pieces of furniture are only three—the mahogany desk with its secretary top to hold books, a Sheraton chair with the seat upholstered in green to harmonize with the walls, and a small mahogany table. A lamp on the table, and a simple standard lamp by the desk, a mirror over the sofa, and the always useful scrap-basket complete the furniture.

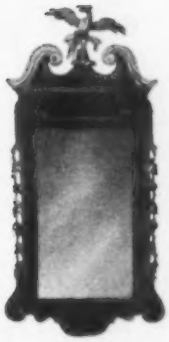
Do you know Our Folios?

These folios of ours, consisting of from eight to twelve pages of the size of the magazine, are picture books of lovely interiors with practical descriptive articles of how to make such rooms yourself. Some new ones are:
Charming 17th-Century Living Rooms . 25c
Eighteenth-Century Living Rooms 25c
Smart Lamps, Shades, and Fixtures 25c
They are 25c each, sent postpaid. Address **Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, N. Y. C.**

Helen Koues



A detail of the wall paper and the chintz, the portfolio, and the desk fittings



Cabinet Work in America

By Anne Webb Karnaghan

Of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Above is a secretary of Sheraton design. At the right is a sideboard showing the Sheraton influence in its reeded legs and rosette brasses

At the left, a pedestal-base table with brass-tipped legs is typical of Duncan Phyfe. The Sheraton card table has ornamental inlays

THE 18th century was the great period of fine cabinet work in England, dominated first by Chippendale, and then by Sheraton, Heppelwhite, and the brothers Adam.

Continuing the theme from where it was left in the November issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, we find that all the earlier furniture forms were made in new and refreshing interpretations within the limits of the style, and one new form at least was introduced—the sideboard. To William Shearer, a contemporary of Heppelwhite, is accredited the serpentine front piece with inlaid drawers. Before his time there had been the court cupboard of the seventeenth century, the sideboard table of the eighteenth century, as well as the combination of sideboard table and detached pedestals surmounted by knife boxes, introduced by Adam. But Shearer brought the three pieces together and created a new form which was adapted with many variations by Heppelwhite and Sheraton. Few heirlooms are more treasured today than sideboards built after designs originated by these two famous cabinet-makers.

The Heppelwhite sideboard usually has a bowed front, or an elliptical center portion with straight or curving parts flanking it. The top follows the sweep of the body, and the front is divided into drawers and doors, with compartments for wine bottles. The fronts of the drawers are frequently ornamented with fine bands of dark and light wood inlays surrounding decorative panels of veneer. Fan-shaped ornaments at the four corners of the doors and drawers are common, as well as drops of harebells and husks on the legs, which are square and tapering. In the most pleasing examples the spade foot usually appears and gives a feeling of balance needed to offset the heavy body. The number of legs varies from four to six or eight.

Sheraton sideboards, on the other hand, are usually plain with round, fluted legs, but their sweeping curves and perfect proportions give them an effect of grace and lightness hardly equalled by Heppelwhite in his distinguished inlaid pieces. There are many variations in the Sheraton sideboard designs, revealing the inventive and creative mind which applied itself afresh to every new problem. Both Heppelwhite and Sheraton introduced small, raised sections on the top of some of their sideboards, and knife and spoon boxes. In Heppelwhite boxes the front is fluted, the top slanting, and the keyhole escutcheon of silver or ivory. Sheraton made extensive use of the urn-shaped box, which is a marvel of cabinet work.

The brasses used by Heppelwhite were oval with embossed designs and bails. This type is frequently found on Sheraton pieces also, but the more common types are rosettes, the lion's head with a ring, and frequently a flat rosette with a ring.

A variety of charming tables were made during the period. The tops are oval, diamond, hexagonal, or square in shape, and are plain or inlaid. There are console or half-moon tables, and card tables with folding tops, Pembroke tables with two narrow drop leaves, sewing tables, and candle stands. The legs are straight, round, and fluted. Sometimes a tripod or pedestal base forms the support. Late in the century a small claw encased in brass appeared and was used on these tripod bases. Other types of legs are spider-like in their outward curves, while some curve inward after the manner of the French leg. It was a period of great variety, yet this variety is always within the bounds of delicate and graceful form.

A change was rapidly approaching with the dawn of the new century, and the restrained beauty of the Heppelwhite and Sheraton styles in their purest expressions were about to give way to the bolder and more dominating spirit of the French Empire style. A happy interlude was furnished by Duncan Phyfe, who preserved in his designs the restraint and fine proportions of his predecessors.

Phyfe made many tables, of which the most celebrated are his lyre-base types, like the one shown last month, and those with turned pedestals and curving legs terminating in small, brass-encased claws.

"LITTLE LADY DOVE," said the squirrel, "I come to bring you news of your husband." "Oh," she fluttered, "dear, dear squirrel, please run and tell him to come home at once"

Drawing by James Swinnerton

The SQUIRREL and The DOVES

Fairy Tales They Tell in Old Mexico

By
Idella Purnell
And
John M. Weatherwax

THIS is one of the stories that Grandmother Chich told Little Boy Tilim, on a morning when the light of the sun was pearly, and dew was heavy on the fields.

Little Boy Tilim had run to the big *tzo-not* to bring water for his grandmother. He had come back along the lane, under the dark green branches of the mango trees and the long green fan leaves of the banana trees. After putting the pail of water down by the door, he ran to climb into the big hammock with his grandmother Chich.

"Grandmother," he said, "a little dove was singing under the banana trees last night."

"Was it saying *Cu-uc tu tuzén, Cu-uc tu tuzén!*" asked Grandmother Chich.

"Yes," said Little Boy Tilim, "I think it was."

A warm, happy feeling came inside him, because he knew that Grandmother Chich would tell him a lovely story.

LONG ago and long ago, when the world was new, a little, gray lady dove with a blue ring around her neck lived in the green shade of the banana trees. A gentleman dove, with a blue ring around his neck, had helped her build a tiny brown nest. There she kept house for him, while he gaily went off to hunt lovely seeds and grains for dinner. When he came home to tell her where the best seeds were, she would happily follow him to the field he had found. There she would eat, while he flew back to take care of the little nest.

When she came home, he would come toward her, bowing and curtseying with gallant grace. Then they would sit together under the bright blue sky, crooning a happy song. And oh, the lovely things he would say to her!

"Your little feet, my dear, are as pink as the inside petal of a wild rose's heart!

"Your little bill, my sweet, is as yellow and lovely as honey.

"Your eyes, my love, are bright as the little jewel-berries that I pick from the dewy bushes at dawn.

"Your voice, my love, is as sweet and soft as the murmur of a summer wind in the leaves of the *mamey* tree at twilight."

The little lady dove would pretend to run away from him, her heart fluttering with happiness like a leaf in the breeze. But she never would run quite fast enough! Soon his bill would catch hers. They would turn their heads from side to side in a long, sweet kiss: That was happiness for the two little doves under the high blue sky!

Then, one day, there were two little eggs in the brown nest. The little lady dove kept them warm under the soft feathers of her breast. No longer would she fly over the green fields and among the palm and mango trees. All day long she sat on her little nest, feeling the eggs beneath her. Her heart was so full of love she could hardly sing, when she thought of the tiny baby doves that would one day peck their way out of the pearl-gray eggs.

The little gentleman dove went off in the mornings, busy and most happy. He came back as soon as he could, to take her place on the nest while she flew to eat the grains he had found for her. When she thought of him, and of how he searched everywhere for beautiful, surprising things for her, then she was so happy she couldn't sing at all, but said to herself, "*Cu-cu-cu*" in a soft, happy way.

One day, when the little gentleman dove was far from home, the chitter-chattering tree squirrel ran up the banana tree to see the little lady dove.

"Little lady dove," he said, "I come to bring you news of your husband."

"Oh," she fluttered, "tell me! Where is he?"

"He is near here, dear little lady, singing sweetly and curtseying, as though he is thinking of you."

"Oh, dear, dear squirrel, please run and tell him to come home at once!"

The squirrel ran away and then came back. "He won't come," he said. "A little lady dove with a white collar is listening to his songs. He looks as though he loves her more than he does you."

The poor little lady dove didn't know what to do. She didn't dare to leave her nest, because she was afraid the bad opossums would come and eat her eggs. But she wanted so to go to her little gentleman dove. Maybe he had forgotten her just for a minute, but she knew he loved her best of all. She would go and remind him.

"Please, dear squirrel," she cried, "will you take care of my eggs while I run to find him?"

"With much pleasure," said the squirrel.

The little gray dove flew off. Soon she found the little gentleman dove coming home to tell her of a fragrant berry patch he had found. He wasn't singing. He wasn't curtseying. There was no other little dove anywhere near him.

The two little birds hurried home to their nest. There they found the tiny eggs broken and the squirrel gone.

The wicked squirrel had eaten up their tiny eggs!

That is why, ever since, the little gray dove says: "*Cu-uc tu tuzén! Cu-uc tu tuzén!* (The squirrel deceived us! The squirrel deceived us!)"

She mourns all night and all day, and always.

GRANDMOTHER Chich rocked her hammock a minute more. "You see, dear Little Boy Tilim, you must never believe ugly stories about your friends or the people you love. If any one ever tells you one, remember the poor little dove who says '*Cu-uc tu tuzén.*' Remember what a sad thing happened to her because she believed a story that was not true."

And Grandmother Chich gave Little Boy Tilim a big hug, just as the sun smiled his golden smile through the door of their little palm-thatched house, and it was time to get up.

THE PRINCESS OF MOTUL

LITTLE Boy Tilim and Grandmother Chich went on a picnic together through the hot, green jungle in far-off Yucatan. They followed a little white trail until they came to an enormous hole in the ground, a hole big enough to put a city block into.

Once upon a time the great hole had been full of water, and people had come to it with pitchers and pails, just as Little Boy Tilim went for water to the *tzo-not* near the little palm-thatched house where Grandmother Chich and he lived so happily.

But now the water was all gone, and there was only the hole, with trees growing clear up to its great, round edge.

Grandmother Chich and Little Boy Tilim climbed over the edge and down a steep, little path, holding fast to vines and the roots of big trees to keep from slipping. When they reached the very bottom, they walked clear across to the other side.

The *mamey* trees and the *sapote* trees and the rubber trees made cool shade. It was so

(*Continued on page 114*)

"Does he belong to you?" asked Paula, a laugh in the lift of her voice. "I thought so," said Candace d_yly, "but now I don't know"

How It Began:

IT SEEMED to Scott Kennerly that he became at once an integral part of New York City. Even the dingy old laboratory of Morse, Darnley, and Black, where he had his first job since leaving college, shared in the enchantment. And the thought of Candace Pryne—back home—waiting until he would conquer the world to the extent of just enough money for them to marry on—added a certain zest to all his work and play.

Julian Clough, who shared his apartment, was madly in love with an older woman acting as hostess at Humberto's speak-easy. Scott hated even her name—Paula Spain. For some time he avoided meeting her, but one night a friend came to tell him that Julian was rapidly passing out, down in the restaurant, and that some one should go and bring him home.

Not finding Julian there, Scott ordered dinner, and while he waited he could not keep from looking at a woman in black velvet, very fair, with gray eyes that seemed to droop on mystery. Her hair, brushed back from a lovely pure forehead, was the color of tarnished copper. She rose and came toward him.

"Hello!" she said casually. "Did you come to find Julian? He's asleep on a bench in the garden."

This was Paula Spain, the woman who had captured Julian's young affections.

Scott's wrath burned hot. He tried to reproach her, but he was no match for

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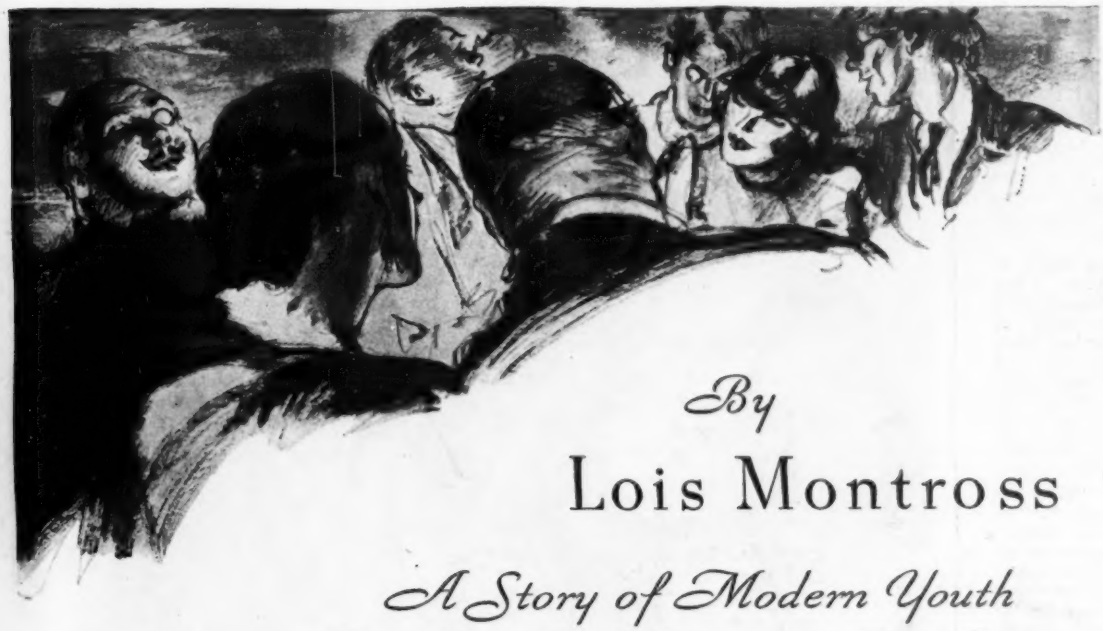


By

Lois Montross

A Story of Modern Youth Finding Its Way in a Big City

SKYWRITERS

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

her poise. Smarting from his defeat, he found Julian and took him home.

A week passed, and Scott went to a party that lasted until all hours. When he came home he had difficulty in unlocking his door and almost fell into the dark room. A woman's voice. Fresh scent of sweet peas or mignonette. Paula Spain.

"Be quiet! I've just got Jule asleep, poor baby! I brought him home in a cab. I was afraid to leave him. He talked all this nonsense about killing himself. He won't, of course . . . Still, I didn't like to leave him."

They stood motionless and taut, looking at each other. Her face was dim and pale, a single metallic glint in the copper hair.

Scott took a step forward. She gave a slight, muffled cry at the roughness of his arms and raised her mouth to his.

When she pulled herself away, he did not stir from the middle of the room.

"Good night," he said brutally.

Paula Spain did not answer. The door closed with a brisk, mocking sound as she went out.

Scott was miserable the next morning as he went to the station to meet Candace, who was coming at last to visit her aunt.

But when he saw her in the crowd he felt better. And with the touch of her soft lips on his, he felt somehow cured of all the remorse he had suffered.

Scott hoped for a great deal from Candace's visit. He took her to studio parties whenever he could detach her from the formal pomp in which her aunt lived.

Instantly Candace distrusted poor little Hero Leonid a Village waif whose flagrant wistfulness had never roused more than the most casual amusement in Scott.

In the intervals of his work Scott was always glancing at a little bottle of stimulant which he had worked out in the cellar laboratory at home, and which Candace had brought to him. He longed to analyze it, to try new variations.

For two weeks Scott did not see Paula—but one night he found himself beneath Oliver's lighted windows—Oliver had said Paula would be there.

It was midnight when he took her home. He put his arms about her, and the old magic came again.

Paula was the first to draw away from the dark, tortured ecstasy of their kisses. He went quickly out of her apartment, his hands still warm from her hands.

On the street the late October wind touched his face with cold, steadying fingers. A swift impulse seized him. He would go at once to Candace and tell her about Paula. He hailed a passing taxi.

Candace came down to the drawing room in her dressing gown, immeasurably shocked at the lateness of his call.

"Where have you been?" she asked. "There's lipstick on your collar."

Involuntarily he put one hand over the place where Paula's face had rested.

CHAPTER XI

CANDACE and Scott exchanged a miserable look, her suspicion parried by the sudden blade of his resentment. When he was a very small boy his mother had discovered that Scott responded to even a gentle catechism with the most sulky antagonism. But left alone he was naturally eager to admit his transgressions with naiveté and candor; he had a strain of asceticism which demanded mental penances.

Candace shouldn't, he thought, question him in this way, suspect him, insist upon knowing what he had first meant to confess. He smiled at her coldly.

"It's probably your own lipstick," he said. It might just have been.

"I don't wear lipstick. Oh! Why do you have to lie to me?" Her face was distorted by an effort not to cry. "I can't trust you . . . I didn't know you were like this."

"Then it's time you were finding out."

"You sound so hard, so brutal!"

"But I'm not. If I sound that way, it's because you're ragging me."

Unable to hold back the tears any longer, she rose blindly and hurried from the room, her head averted.

He was sure she had paused outside the doorway, perhaps waiting for him to call her back. But on an obstinate impulse he rushed out of the apartment, half certain that she cried "Scott!" just as he was closing the door. Down in the street he

stood irresolute, wretched at leaving in this way, but proudly desirous of showing Candace he could. His will power triumphed. He went back to the Charles Street place, feeling beaten, pommeled, sick.

He was really ill the next day. It was a dreary Sunday. The first gray chill of November had fallen over New York with a homesick desolation woven from the memories of stark, old trees, frozen roads, and barren meadows. Scott thought of the untidy grate-fire at home, the Sunday papers scattered all over the living room, the scratch of his mother's stub pen as she wrote letters at her lap-table on the faded velours couch, his father roasting the chestnuts which he loved inordinately, Mister Archie sleeping in his favorite nook—the top shelf of an old bamboo magazine rack.

Scott had taken a feverish cold, his head ached when he tried to read, and the leg wounded in the war throbbed monotonously. The room was cold, and everything looked shabby, dusty, ill-arranged. As soon as Jule appeared—cheerful and well-groomed in a gray suit with a pale green shirt—Scott pointed out the impossible features of the place, but Jule persisted in smiling blandly and begging Scott not to grouse.

"Anything you want, Ken?" he asked pleasantly before going out. The stick he carried seemed especially irritating.

"Some aspirin. And be sure it isn't M. D. & B." Scott hated everything.

Julian promised, but with his usual gentle selfishness he failed to return.

Looking at his watch every ten minutes, Scott tried not to expect Candace to telephone. He thought that somehow she ought to realize his illness and come down to see him. Unreasonably he had determined not to call her.

He was actually glad when Hero Leonid popped in, although she did nothing but hum a silly song and rearrange her curls before the mirror.

"Do you like that girl who was with you that Saturday?" she asked innocently.

"Don't be a little idiot!" he growled in his bronchially hoarse voice. "I'm going to marry her."

"I wish James Dare would marry me. But he has a wife in Europe, and she has diamonds all over her—fat, vulgar, old thing! I never had any diamonds—"

"Oh, don't start that again!"

"Why are you so mean? I wish I would meet a man once who wasn't mean to me. I don't see why everybody is so horrid to poor Hero." Tears of self-pity stood in her blue eyes. In the looking-glass she watched the effect of the large, crystal drops quivering on her fan-shaped lashes. "Look! Don't you think I'm pretty when I cry?"

Already distracted by her nonsense he put an arm over his face and turned to the wall. "Do warm up the coffee and stop talking! Maybe it will help my chest."

"What's the matter with your chest? I knew a man who got a cold in his chest like that, and he died in three days from double bronchial pneumonia."

"If you visited him," said Scott, "it wasn't the pneumonia."

Fortunately Charlie Dunn came in when Hero had grown almost unbearable. Scott had seen him only once since the night they had gone to Jamaica. "Where've you been, Dunn?" he asked, sitting up on one elbow. "This is Hero Leonid."

Charlie sat down, looking big and handsome although his eyes were somewhat blurred and he had a small bruise on his temple. "Well, there was this party at this girl's place in Pomander Walk, and she asked me to go out for some sandwiches, and when I came to, where do you suppose I was? In a town called Bellows Falls, Vermont. I don't know why they call it Bellows Falls. Maybe they don't, I don't know. Maybe they were kidding me. Anyhow it took me a long time to realize where I was."

"Lord's sake! How did you get back?"

"I got a job on the paper and worked until I could get enough money. When I telegraphed people for money, they thought I was kidding them and would just send back funny telegrams."

For the first time in her life, perhaps, Hero seemed shy. Obviously fascinated, she stared at Charlie Dunn with bright eyes. He was really splendid to look at—

Hero was leaning against James Dare's knee, softly she cried loudly. "He's the only man who believes I'm

strumming a ukulele. "I'm crazy about Scott Kennerly," romantic." She reached up and stroked Scott's hand

smooth-muscled body, lean, tigerish grace. He gave himself to the trivial with wholehearted vitality.

At last she bounced desperately into the conversation which had become a long, solemn argument about Dempsey. "You know, I'm a dancer," she confided.

"That's swell," he said amiably. "Dancing is swell."

"Yes, my mother was a wonderful Russian dancer, and she taught me the ballet, but during the war we had to flee from Russia, and she died over here just a short while ago. I took care of her until she died . . . that's why I haven't an engagement just now."

Scott listened to Hero in startled amusement.

When Charlie got up to go, she hinted boldly that she had had no dinner; he pretended to be utterly obtuse and went out alone.

Hero stood looking like a hurt child. "Oh, Scotty!" she gasped. "I think he's the most gorgeous man I ever met! How could I make him like me? D'you suppose he'd ever like me? I'd do anything, anything!" She twisted her fingers together with a helpless gesture.

"If you'd only be less brazen," said Scott. "Men don't like that."

"I'll try! I'll try!" said Hero earnestly. "I'll practice on Jimmy Dare. Oh, how could I ever have cared for him! Scott, do you understand? I'm in love. It hurts right in my heart. That's love, isn't it?"

For once Scott believed in her sincerity, and he was sorry. Seriously, painfully in love, Hero seemed like a lost, wild little creature caught in a snare.

"Don't let him know it," he cautioned her. "All women are crazy about Charlie, and he's tired of it."

She promised anxiously. "I'll act as if I'm in love with you."

He groaned. "*That* isn't necessary!"

THE telephone rang, and it really was Candace. In a stiff, scared, little voice she began to apologize, but Scott interrupted with so many loud and contrite apologies of his own that her explanations were drowned in the torrent of his words. It seemed that neither minded anything the other had done or said, that each felt himself to be the unmitigated culprit, that Love had ascended unbruised and triumphant . . . After it was over, Scott sat down heavily on the couch and wiped his damp forehead. He realized now how frightened he had been. And he loved Candace more than ever.

She was going home on Wednesday night. She said she really must get back to the experimental rats. Besides, Aunt Sophie was becoming something of a nuisance. In her passion for arranging others' affairs she had not only decided Scott's future as a rubber broker, but had chosen an uptown apartment for them and was blithely going on to christen their first children Edwina and Pryne. A masterful woman, as poor old Leslie Craighead could have mournfully testified. She even selected all his neckties.

Oliver Kirkland had invited Candace, Scott, and Julian to a party Wednesday evening. She thought it would be best to go, for, dreading the train, she hoped that a great many people, an amusing party, might help to lift her spirits. As they walked into Oliver's apartment, they saw that he had assembled an odd diversity of types.

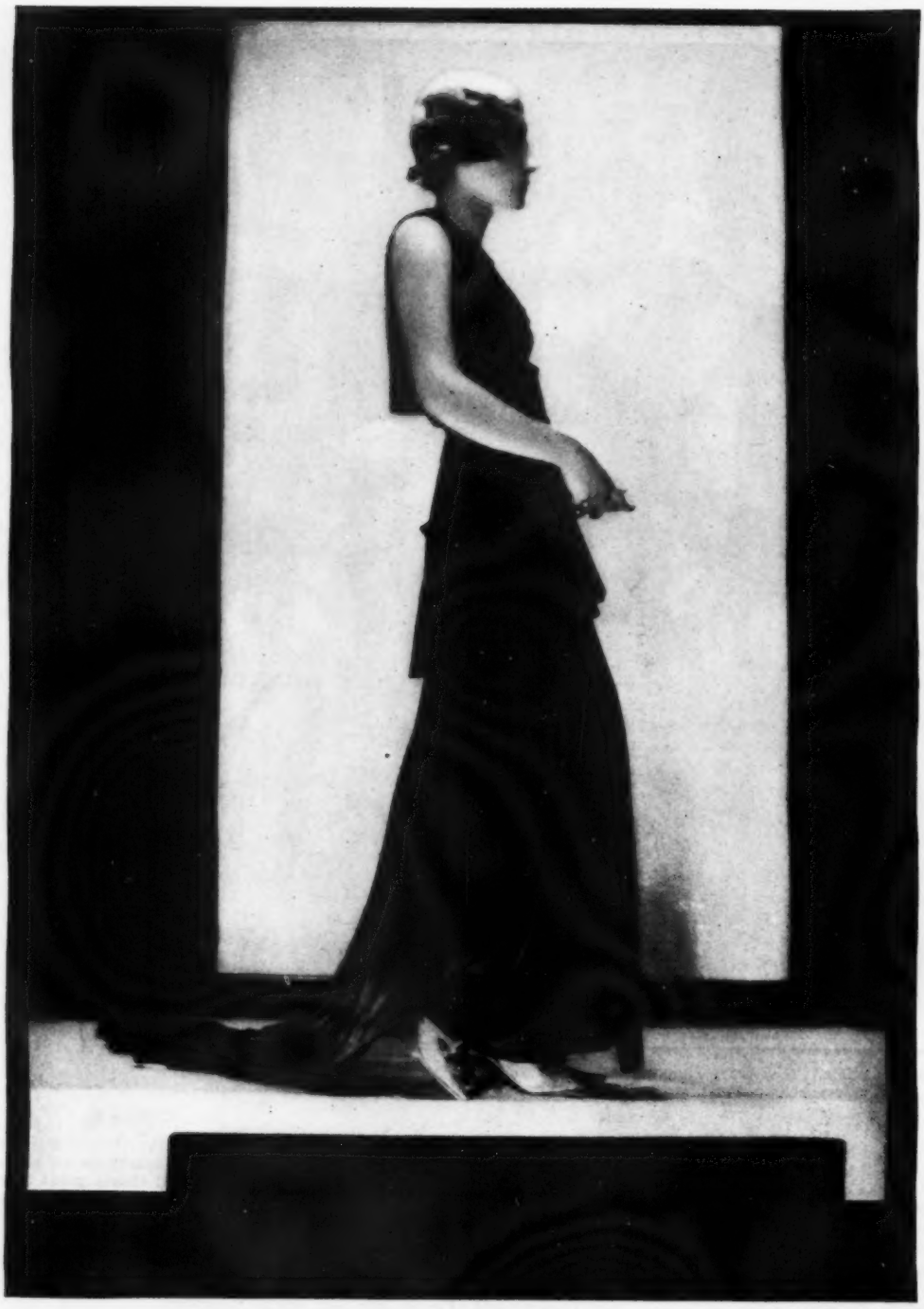
"Like assorted *hors d'œuvres*," Julian whispered.

Scott said, "But Oliver's a wonderful catalytic agent."

"Must you," asked Candace with merry reproof, "put Julian's metaphor into a test-tube?"

Her eyes were black with excited stars in them. Scott could feel her small hand holding tightly to his arm. She was so independent, so capable, and yet unabashed in her feminine clinging to him as a male—as the only man she had ever loved. Her emotions were clearest when she felt him close; when Scott was absent, she did not live fully or perceive the world to be amusing or even important.

Oliver came up to them. He was as unrestrained in (*Continued on page 226*)



LANVIN

FASHIONS

Winter's Smartest Evening Silhouette

Helen Koues, Director

All-Black, All-White Still Smart—Light Pink, Light Blue New

HOLIDAYS are here again, and it is time to buy a new evening gown. This year the mode is as romantic and picturesque as can be. Take, for instance, the three gowns illustrated here from Lanvin, Chanel, and Molyneux. Lanvin's is one of the winter's romantic gowns, in Grecian effect. Molyneux's frock of the First Empire savors of the fancy dress ball, it is so markedly a period gown. Chanel's, with its off-the-shoulder ruffle, recalls the Second Empire.

So, there, without going any further, you have three tendencies, First and Second Empire, and the Grecian. And amid all these, there are several that are frankly 1930.

But, while this is a season in which may be found something for every type, it is also a difficult season for the woman uncertain of her taste. It is well to know line and anatomy before you make your choice. Are you somewhat heavy in the shoulders? Then avoid the Second Empire, or the ruffle that falls off the shoulders will stick out too straight. Have you large hips? Then beware of the up-in-the-back motion to your skirts, for a skirt must first go in under the hips, and that is a deadly test of avoirdupois. If you have a short neck, keep away from the Grecian and First Empire lines, for these high-waisted gowns are unbecoming to any one with a short neck.

PREMET BERNARD

CHANEL
MOLYNEUX

Lanvin's 1930 silhouette, in a formal gown of black velvet, is on the opposite page. Above are Chanel's pink lace frock and Molyneux's cream satin one. Bernard's fringed frock at the left, and Régny's, in tulle, are both black. Premet's evening wrap is dull red and gold lamé bordered with blue fox

RÉGNY

Smart Essentials of The Winter Wardrobe

Felt Hats, Square Bags Shoes in Two Leathers

REBOUX

Reboux continues the hat longer on one side, and this new model has a quill. Three handbags from Guerin, below: Navy-blue bag of Russian leather. Black antelope bag with marcasite. The third is lamé

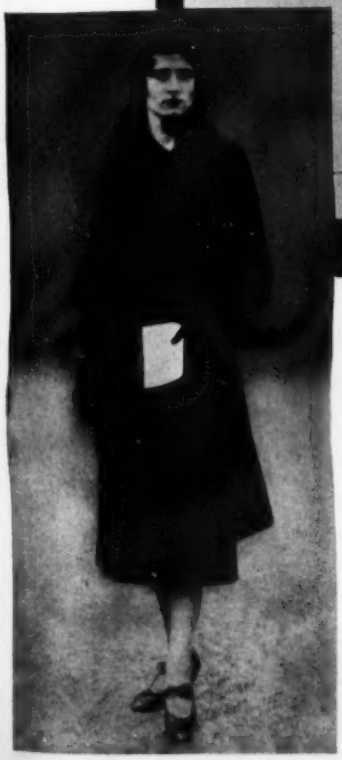
FOR MORNING walking or shopping, the short jacket suit with a long, wide coat to match, or of fur, is excellent. If you are going to stay in town all day, then a suit with three-quarter coat or long coat wrappe' tightly around the figure is a better choice. Such a one is the all-black suit trimmed with astrakhan, from Patou, shown in the photograph at the top of the opposite page, worn with a small, fur-trimmed hat. Fur on hats is a matter of great importance this year. The snapshots of the two smart women photographed in Paris prove the acceptance and the chic of this all-black costume for daytime wear. In other words, Patou presents and Paris accepts the all-black broadcloth and astrakhan suit. Gloves are black or white, with white a little smarter, and some women are wearing drop-pearl earrings. All day long, in Paris, little, cap-like hats are seen, or hats just a bit bigger, worn off the forehead in front with a tiny brim at the sides or at the back.

MARIA GUY

Maria Guy designed this black velvet hat with brim at back. Shoes below: One-strap brown calf, and the brown suède buckled pump; Sandalari. Pump of brown kid with snake; Julienne. Woven leather; Perugia

GERMAINE GUERIN

SANDALARI SANDALARI JULIENNE PERUGIA



PATOU

Astrakhan is the Fur,
Broadcloth the Fabric
For the Black Daytime
Costume Worn in Paris

Our Shopping Service Will Gladly Buy for You

Tunic School Dress: For holidays at home and to wear at school afterward, the semi-made, flat crêpe frock (1st, above) is smart and youthful. All difficult sewing is completed for you, and it comes in black, navy, or brown, with plaits back and front, patent leather belt, and silk tie, collar and cuffs; 14 to 40; $9.95

Embroidered Tunic: For bridge parties, luncheons, or teas, the smart tunic frock of flat crêpe (2nd, above), embroidered at neck and cuffs, is semi-made. The skirt is on a bodice, plaited in front, and comes in black, while the tunic may be had in bright green, royal-blue, or red; the belt in two colors; 14 to 40; $8.95

Scarf Frock of Silk: For the Christmas wardrobe, and for afternoon parties all spring, the silk scarf frock (3rd, above) is just the thing. It is semi-made and comes in black, brown, navy, or wine-red flat crêpe, the scarf faced with contrasting silk, the skirt flared at one side, the cuffs button-trimmed; 14 to 40; $7.95

Sunday Night Supper Frock: Smart New York hostesses wear these lovely, long chiffon frocks with separate jackets when entertaining at home in the evening, and this one (right) is only $29. It comes in black, brown, or turquoise chiffon with a matching silk crêpe slip, a belt, and beading on the jabot; 14 to 20; only $29

HOW TO ORDER

You shop in New York when you shop through Good Housekeeping! Yet all you have to do is sit down in your own house, write a letter telling us your size, and the color you desire, enclose your check or money-order, send to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C., and your order will be promptly filled

Lace Dance Frock: You will adore the charming lace frock (right), which is new and smart, and comes in black, red, or independence blue, with a double velvet ribbon sash in two bright colors tied in a flat bow in back. The neck is low in back, there are butterfly cape sleeves, and an attached, matching silk slip; 14 to 42; only $16.50

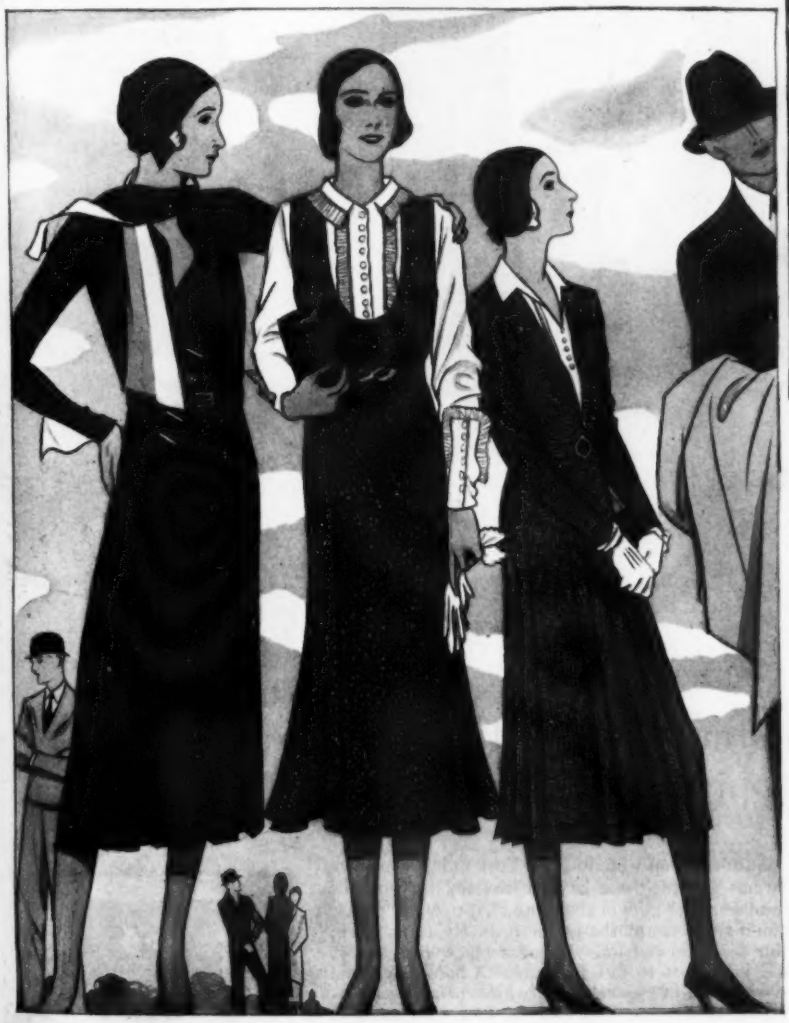
Scarf Dress of Wool: Just the right frock for the office, to take back to college, or to wear generally under a coat, this one with silk-faced scarf (1st, below), is semi-made. It has plaits in front, buttons at the waist, a leather belt, and cuff tabs; in navy, brown, green, or wine, and all difficult sewing finished; 14 to 40; $7.95

Suspender Frock: Youthful and smart is this semi-made jumper frock (2nd, below), of wool in silver-spray design, with flat crêpe blouse. All the difficult sewing is completed for you, and it comes in black, brown, navy, wine, or green, with the blouse in eggshell, French-blue, or cherry-red silk; all sizes, 14 to 40; only $8.95

Tweed Frock with Piqué Vest: To complete your Christmas wardrobe, choose this one-piece, semi-made, light-weight tweed frock (3rd, below) to wear under your coat for motoring or shopping. It is such a smart frock for only $6.95. In black, navy, green, or tan with white flecks; separate white piqué vest; front plaits; 14 to 40; $6.95

HOW TO ORDER

Do you know that you can order any of these smart and inexpensive frocks through our Shopping Service? And that anything not entirely satisfactory to you may be returned? Just send your check or money-order, together with size and color desired, to our Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave. See pp. 70 and 106 for others

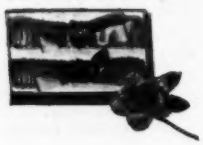


The Clothes You Will Need for the Holidays

Choose this smart, crystal necklace in squares for yourself or a friend; 16"; $1.65. The satin garters, opposite; all pastel shades; 50c. The novelty boutonnière (with garters) comes in brown-and-white or black-and-white; for only 50c

Lingerie below: Peach or flesh crêpe de Chine gown; V neck; beige lace at top and hem; ribbon belt; 15 to 17; $3.25. The hand-made nainsook slip (2nd below) has crocheted lace; in white only; 14 to 42; $1.10

Beige lace trims the top and hem of the chemise and the slip (last two, below), chemise is crêpe de Chine; flesh or peach; 32 to 38; only $1.95. The slip is crêpe satin, and comes in white or flesh; 14 to 42; $2.95



HOW TO ORDER

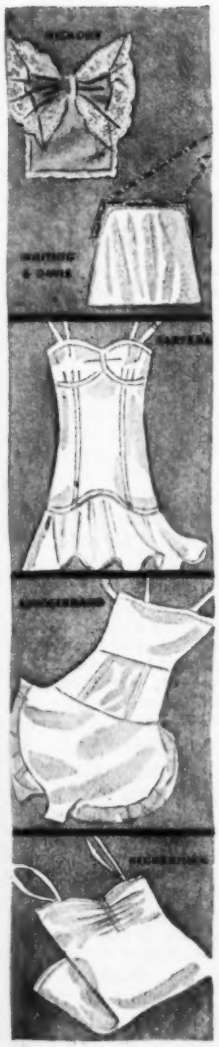
All you have to do to buy these Christmas frocks and gifts is send your check or money-order, with description of articles, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C. See p. 74

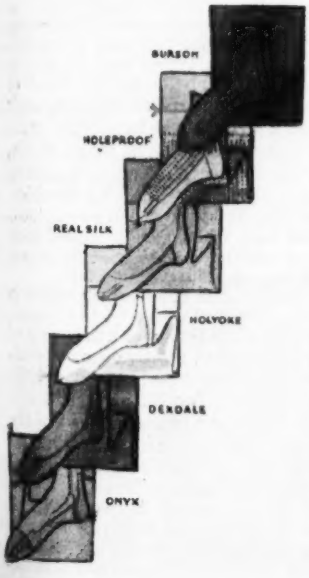
Accessories for gifts: (Below) A lizard-grain leather bag; brown or black; 8"; $2.95. The tan cotton gloves; 5½ to 7¼; $1. The cherries; 75c. Chenille crocheted beret, black, white, green, wine, brown, or navy; $1.50

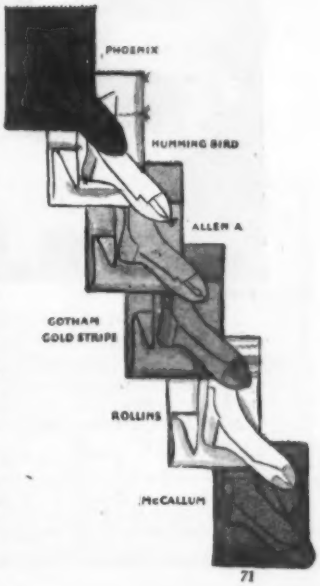
Onyx, green, or lapis ring; $2.50. Paisley bag, chain fastening, 8x5½; $5. Gardenia; 60c. Suède purse (bottom); brown or black; 8"; $2.95. Crystal necklace; 15"; $2.25. Violets; 50c

Christmas Suggestions Our Shopping Service Will Buy

JUST as though you were in New York doing your own Christmas shopping, we have discovered for you the newest and smartest gifts in the shops. At new low prices, too! You'll surely want the perfectly lovely tunic frock, above, for teas and parties. It has a black velvet skirt on a yoke, in sizes 26 to 32", for $4.95. A becoming tunic of crêpe de Chine in eggshell, red, white, beige, or aquamarine, with cowl neck, long sleeves, and a tie sash, in sizes 14 to 20, for $5.95. Buy them both for $10.90. Also for afternoon parties is the frock of Canton crêpe with bolero front, which is semi-made and comes with all difficult sewing completed. It has a beige georgette and lace vest, and comes in brown, black, navy, or wine, in all sizes from 14 to 40, to fit every one, and costs only $9.50







Attractive, Useful Gifts With a National Trade-Mark

YOU can buy these useful gifts in your own town by asking for them at your dealer's by their trade names. Hickory is a lace-edged, crêpe de Chine handkerchief and case, and Whiting and Davis, a sterling silver soldered mesh bag; Carter's Mouldette, a one-piece, four-in-one, rayon garment; and Snuggleband, an ensemble of glove silk jersey. New is the Kickernick vest with a fitted brassière effect. Gordon's glove-silk slip is cut on princess lines; the Munsingwear rayon night-gown has a circular skirt, and Mérode's Breechette of Lucerne wool and rayon is good for sports. Vanity Fair's Soutenir foundation has écru lace, while Van Raalte's Singlette features a lace-like embroidery. Kayser's two-piece pajama of milanese silk has a surplice top. The stockings are representative of the best nationally distributed trade-marks.

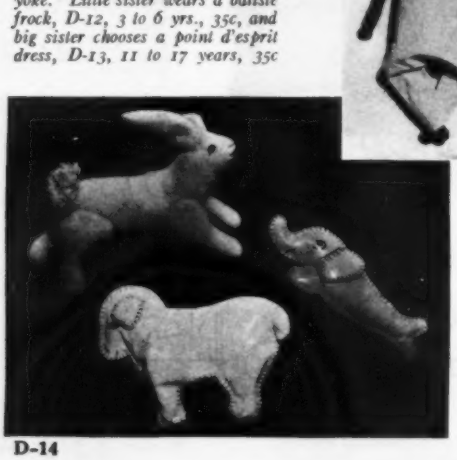
Party Frocks and Toys You Can Make

By Caroline Gray

D-11 D-12 D-13

Big and little girls are looking forward to their Christmas parties and oh, how they want new frocks! Of pale pink georgette crêpe, design D-11, 6 to 12 yrs., 35c, has a shirred yoke. Little sister wears a batiste frock, D-12, 3 to 6 yrs., 35c, and big sister chooses a point d'esprit dress, D-13, 11 to 17 years, 35c

D-15



D-14

Patterns for the appealing bunny, lamb, and sea-elephant, above, which may be made of felt or oilcloth stuffed with kapok, comes in No. D-14, 20c. The colored family, Rastus, Eliza, and Snowball, are easy to make, D-15, 35c

HOW TO ORDER

Just think how much happier your little daughter will be if she has a new frock for her Christmas parties and new toys to play with. To order patterns for the dresses and toys above, write Good Housekeeping Pattern Service

USEFUL gifts are more welcome than ever this season when it is smart to economize whether it is necessary or not. The gifts suggested on this page, while chosen to fulfill this need, have no appearance of economy and are charming for children of various ages. All are easy to make, with patterns, and will be appreciated as long as they are in use.

The appealing animals as well as Rastus, Eliza, and Snowball—the colored family—who are amusingly clad, will afford endless entertainment for the very young, while almost any girl will be delighted to find among her gifts on Christmas morning a charming new party frock for the manifold holiday festivities.

If she is in her early teens she will love the dance frock with the demure little ruffle around the neck, the tied ribbon sash, peplum, and long full skirt, which at fourteen, if she is tall, she wears to her ankles, and at twelve, three inches above. Made of point d'esprit, mousseline de soie, or taffeta in white or pastel shades, it is as sophisticated as she may wear with propriety. If she is eight years old she will be charming in the frock of shirred, pale pink georgette crêpe with a shaped yoke made of alternating rows of real lace and georgette. The tiny puffed sleeves, set in with *entre-deux*, are finished with lace and a narrow band of georgette. A flat bow of one-inch grosgrain ribbon with long ends falling to the bottom of the skirt is placed at the back of the neck. Embroidered batiste trimmed with real lace around the armholes, collar, and the bottom of the diminutive skirt makes a darling frock for tiny sister, while bows finish the dress on either shoulder.

The cunning animals at left may be made of felt or oilcloth. Felt makes soft, cuddly bedtime toys, while oilcloth stuffed with kapok floats in the bath. Many children love colored dolls and the family above is unique—Rastus, Eliza, and Snowball.

To make these dolls use a man's black stocking leg which is stitched, and rounded at the top, and filled with a wad of cotton. It is then drawn in at the neck with black thread or a tiny strip of the stocking. The body part is stretched tightly over a pound-size baking-powder can and sewed securely at the bottom; (a half-pound-size can, however, is sufficient for Snowball's body). Should a soft body be preferred, cotton can be used instead of the can. The foot of the stocking is cut lengthwise in four strips and stitched in the form of tiny tubes into which clothespins are inserted for the legs and arms. Use pearl buttons for the eyes and embroidery for the mouths. A bit of gray yarn is sewed in loops with a yarn needle for Rastus' whiskers, while Snowball's hair is made from waste scraps of the stocking cut in strips one-quarter inch wide by two inches long and braided and sewed to his head.

Christmas Gifts To Make and Buy

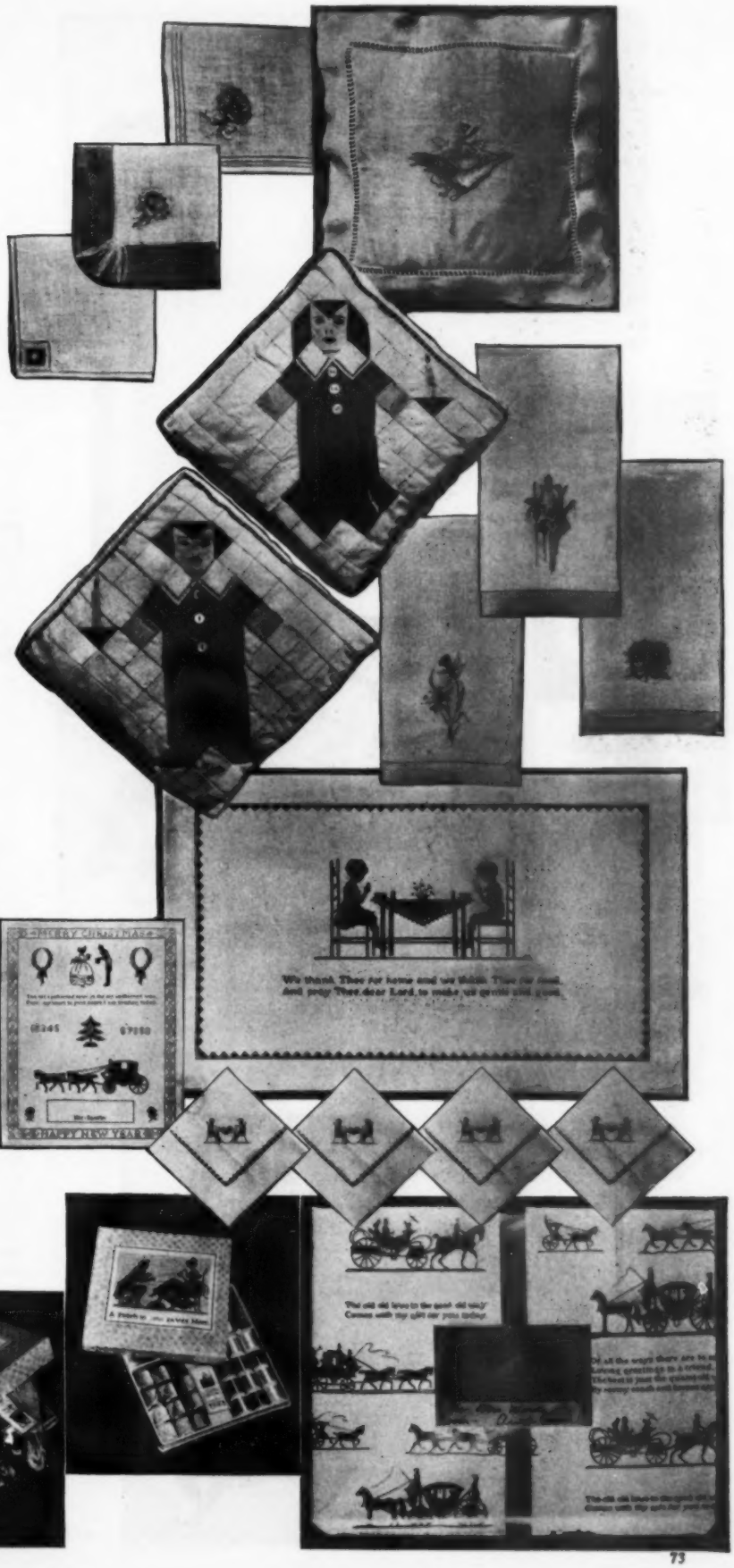
By Anne Orr

FOR Christmas this year the useful gifts on this page will be received with pleasure.

Handkerchiefs are appreciated, and those above have cross-stitched bouquets accenting their colors. The Mother Goose pillow is cross-stitched in blue, rose, and black. It is 12″ sq. with a 2″ hem. The pieced cuddle pillows with cubistic babies in pink and blue are 10″ sq. The towels have cross-stitched designs bringing out the color of the linens. These gifts are described in printed pamphlet No. A 2801, 25c, with working diagrams for all designs on linens, also cutting patterns for cuddle pillows, with directions for completing all articles in this group.

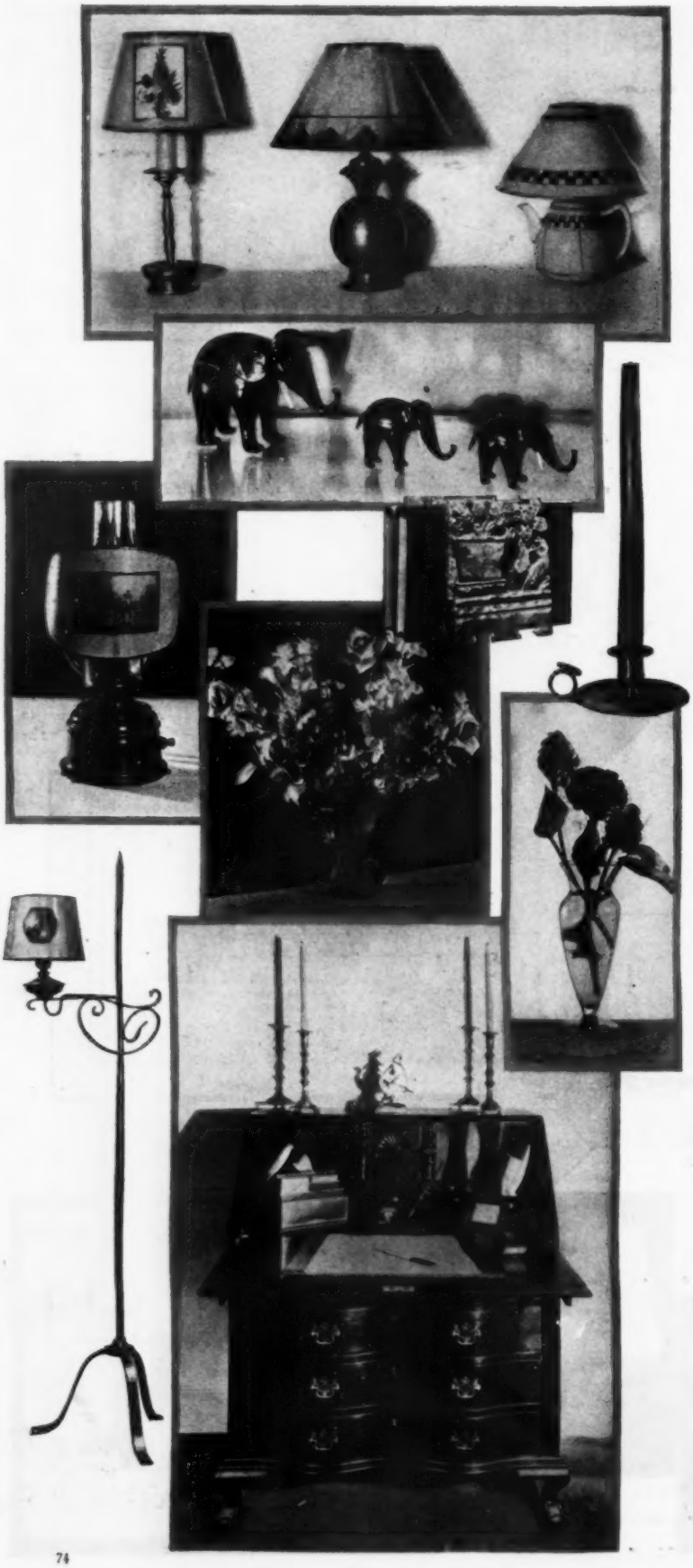
The child's printed paper set No. A 2803 has four doilies and four napkins, printed in powder blue on white, with an envelope. The set is 25c. Package No. A 2800 (below at right), price 50c, contains 5 sheets, 19″ x 30″ of white tissue with quaint designs in gold, 5 gold labels, and 10 gold strips. The hand-colored Christmas and New Year sampler card with space for the sender's name is 6″ x 7½″ with envelope. No. A 2805, 25c each.

Anne Orr's Mending Box No. A 2804, price $1.00, contains needles, silk, darning cotton, and a sewing lesson. Anne Orr's Embroidery Box, No. A 2802, price $1.50, contains 25 four-yard skeins of floss, 1 pkg. needles, and an embroidery lesson. The floss is enough to cross-stitch all designs in printed pamphlet No. A 2801 according to directions and diagrams given therein.



HOW TO ORDER

To order printed pamphlet and all the articles for Christmas shown on this page, send correct amount to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Let Good Housekeeping's Christmas Shopping Service Buy Your Gifts For You

AVOID the fatigue and keep the pleasure of Christmas giving by letting our Shopping Service mail or express to you the gifts you select from these and the following gift pages. *This service is free of charge.* All the small articles are sent prepaid. Heavy articles are sent collect by freight or express, the description of the articles specifying which.

As you go through these pages, you walk down Fifth Avenue with us, into the side streets of the smart forties and fifties, along Madison Avenue, selecting the prettiest gifts from the smart and the great New York shops, just as a New Yorker would do it.

And the prices! Just look at the prices! Values hard to beat. Were there ever prettier, newer, more useful gifts for less money? We are ready to fill your order, however large, the day it comes—as a big staff of trained workers is at your disposal, but please state clearly what you want, send the order early, and, to let us fill it satisfactorily, read these directions:

HOW TO ORDER

Enclose draft, check, or money-order drawn to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, to cover cost of list of articles you wish us to purchase for you for Christmas, and address to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, New York.

Please print your name. Give name of the articles desired, color, size, price, page number, and the month of the magazine. The Shopping Service gladly buys without any charge, but can not accept C.O.D. orders and can not charge to your account

in the New York shops. Insufficient remittances will be credited, the reader notified, and order shipped upon receipt of additional amount. To avoid delay, please send the correct amount with your order.

How We Send Orders:

Light articles are sent by insured Parcel Post; heavy articles by Express, prepaid (unless otherwise stated in caption) from the shop. To receive credit for returned or damaged goods, or incorrect orders, return articles prepaid to Good Housekeeping.

Prices include shipping charges unless otherwise stated. Anything costing less than $1.00 can not be returned

Dolphin door knocker: decorative and useful (opposite page), in brass; 4" long; only 75c

Lamps: Pewter bedroom lamp (top of opposite page); 11¼" high; $5.50; its fishskin shade with antique floral print, 8" diam., $6.70. Copper living-room lamp (in center) has parchment shade, silver border, 14" high; complete, $5.95 Teapot pottery lamp (3rd); green, yellow, or blue with black squares; 12½" high; $6.50. Black metal chimney lamp (left, center, opposite page); tan and red shield; 11" high; $8.95. Bridge lamp (bottom of same page) is wrought iron; tan parchment paper shade with print; lamp, 48" high; shade 8" diam.; lamp with shade, $5.50

Elephants: Ornamental and lucky, in dark red; largest 1¾" high; family of three for $2.50

Bookends: In green, red, or natural soapstone, hand-carved Chinese bookends (beneath the elephants, opposite); 5½" high; $2.95 for a pair.

Vases: Tall, graceful one in emerald green glass; 10"; $1.50; or the flare top; green, amber, dark blue, or amethyst glass; 9"; $1.95

Candle holder: Colonial design in French pewter (above the vase); 2½" high; only $1.25

Desk: An aristocrat among desks is this hand-craft reproduction in solid mahogany of a Governor Winthrop desk; 41¼" high, 19¾" deep, 36" wide; shipping collect; 15 days to deliver; exceptionally priced; $95.50. Seven-piece desk set (everything on the desk); red, blue, green, or tan gold-tooled leather; $12.75. Colonial brass candlesticks (on desk) 10" high; $6.85 pr. Mother Goose china figure (on desk); 6" high; $3.

Chair: Yellow, flowered-chintz bedroom chair (top of this page); hair-filled; 30" high, 26" wide; loose cushion; shipping prepaid; $24.75. Gate-leg, drop-leaf maple table, 20x23x24" (express collect); $25. Saucer lamp in green metal (on table), parchment shade; 15" high; $4.75. French pewter ash tray; $1; and the Staffordshire house (on table); $1.75. Colonial silhouettes on wall are charming in black on white; 4"; $1.95 ea.

Flashlight: Red Buddy light operates on 2 standard cells; including batteries; 4"; $1.75

Nest of tables: Lacquered green or yellow; glass tops; 14x12x22" high; (express collect) $27

Picture: Framed coaching scene called "The Start"; natural colors; 14¾x10¾"; only $4.50

Leather gifts: Traveling kit (right) of fine black leather; comb, brush, soap and shaving brush box, tooth brush box, razor space; 9x6"; $5. Genuine black morocco case (1st of 3) to hold package of cigarettes; $1. Bill fold in black English pin morocco (center of 3); pockets, memo pad, pencil; send name to be stamped in gold; 4x3¼"; $4. Black leather bill fold; 5-in-1 reminder; coupon memo pad, card space, license and registration; send initials to be stamped in gold; 3x4¼"; (last one of the three) $1.25

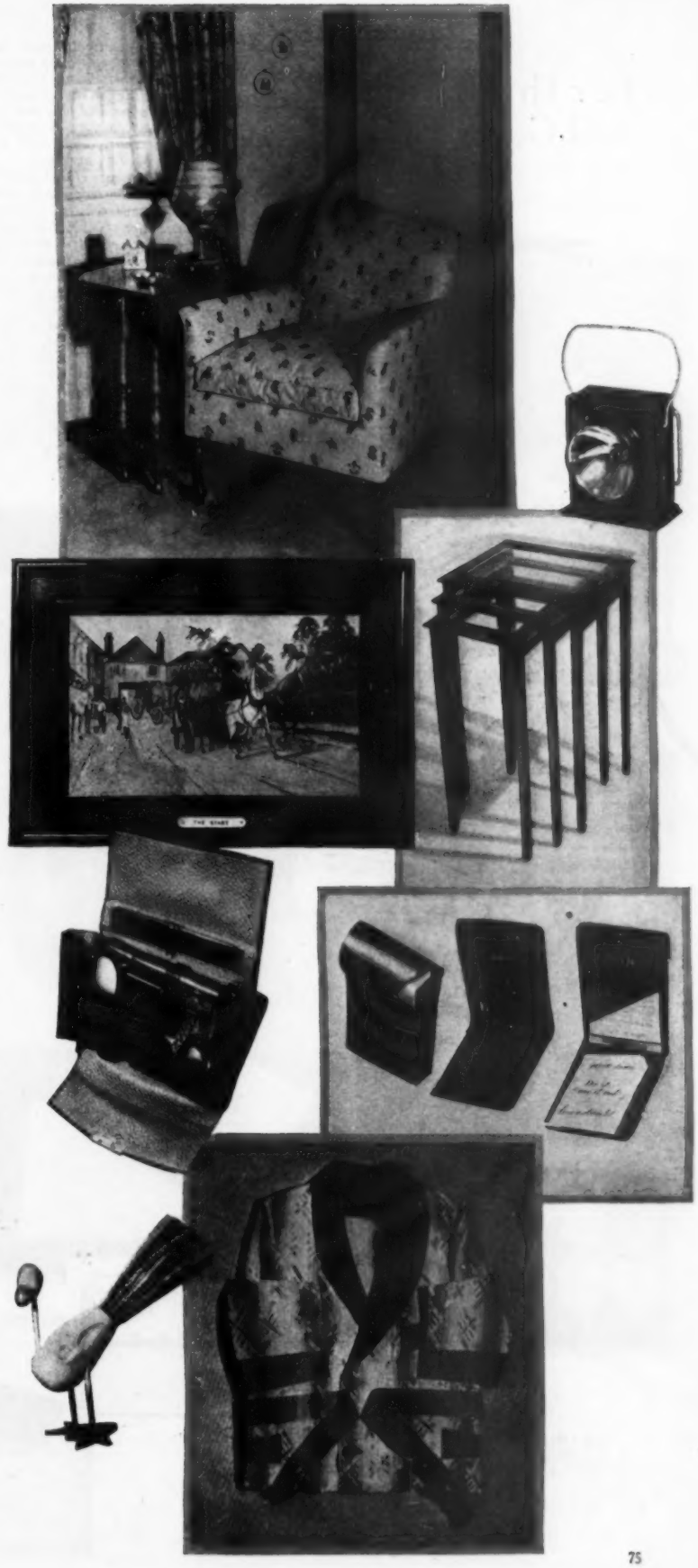
Yellow bird with pipe cleaners; 6" high; $1.

Man's robe: Figured silk and rayon in blue, green, brown, or maroon; small, medium, or large sizes; belt of satin with tassels; only $7.95

With all sorts of good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year,

Faithfully yours

Helen Koues



For the Traveler And Garden Lover

Flower scissors: All year round, the lover of flowers will find happy use for these nickel-plated garden scissors (left, top), 7" long; $1.90

Garden basket: Fitted with trowel, fork, scissors, bulb planter, cultivator, 2 stakes, string for edging beds, flower markers, and a mat to kneel on, the basket gayly painted blue and yellow, 16x9x4"; complete it is only $5.50

Flower-pot covers: A picket fence to hide your flower pot, painted in green and white, comes with saucer to match; 4x5"; the pair for $1.95

Clock: Modern and smart is the gun-metal clock, 4¼x5"; for only $4.50

Umbrella: Sure of a welcome is the silk umbrella, in blue, brown, purple, black, green, or red; crook, straight, or novelty handle; 22"; $2.95

Men's handkerchiefs: White linen, tape bordered; send initial; 6 for $3.

Travel bag: Unusual gifts for the traveler are hard to find, so send for the zipper travel kit of brown suède bag and a warm steamer rug; $10.

Purse: Capacious leather handbag, in black or brown; fitted; 9x11"; $5.

Necklace: Only $1. for the string of pearls with jade elephant; 27"; $1.

Hat stand, shoe-pads, hanger: In blue, rose, green, peach, or orchid velvet, a practical 1930 Christmas gift; stand, $1; 2 pads, $1; hanger; 50c.

Guest-room set: Towel, wash cloth, floating soap; any color; all for $1.

Sachets: Heart-shaped, embroidered, white linen; 6 for $1.50; 3 for 75c.

Handkerchief case: Embroidered white linen with flap; 7x8¾"; only 75c.

Italian embroidered écru linen bag with a silk cord, 11x9", is $1.25

Stationery: Exquisite example of the paper-maker's art is the "Mary, Queen of Scots" royal crest, water-marked stationery; in a box; $2.

The initial stationery in white, tan, ivory, or green; send initial; $1.

Brown leather travel case: Toothbrush holder, comb, brush; zipper; $3.75

TO ORDER SEE PAGE 74

TO ORDER
SEE
PAGE 74

Pirate suit: Happy will be the boy who receives this suit to wear on Christmas day; it consists of black and white shirt, red sateen pants, colored sash, leatherette leggings, black and red hat; sizes 4 to 14 yrs.; $4.50

Watch camera: Young photographers will count this Christmas a merry one if you give the nickel-plated, watch-shaped camera (top of page), the stem containing lens for taking pictures in postage-stamp size; 20 exposures on a film; extra films, 30c ea.; watch camera, including film; $5.

New game: Camelot is a new and lively game (illustrated on the board at top of page) the grown-up members of the family and your friends will enjoy, for it is fast becoming the rage; played with knights and men; only $2.

Dolls: What is Christmas without a doll for your little girl? She will adore this one with real curls, real eyelashes, and organdy dress in green, pink, blue, or maize; you may order a blonde, a brunette, or a redhead; and she speaks; 17" tall; only $4.95. Baby sister or any girl will love Baby doll with bonnet and dress in white organdy, who cries; 11" tall; $1.50

Zilotone player: Just put on a record, wind up with a key, and you will hear Yankee Doodle, Sidewalks of New York, Mocking Bird, Farmer in the Dell, Silent Night, or My Old Kentucky Home, played by the little man dressed in red, black, and white; new and amusing; 7½" wide; $2.50

Tootsie Toy: Fifteen different little metal toys—automobiles, airplanes, fire engines—(beside baby doll), in a fairy-tale box, 10x15"; $1.50

Filling station and car: For your boy, buy this new toy filling station containing operating gas pump registering gallons, and spring motor-driven car; roof is red, office is yellow, pump is red, car is gray; 14x6"; $2.50

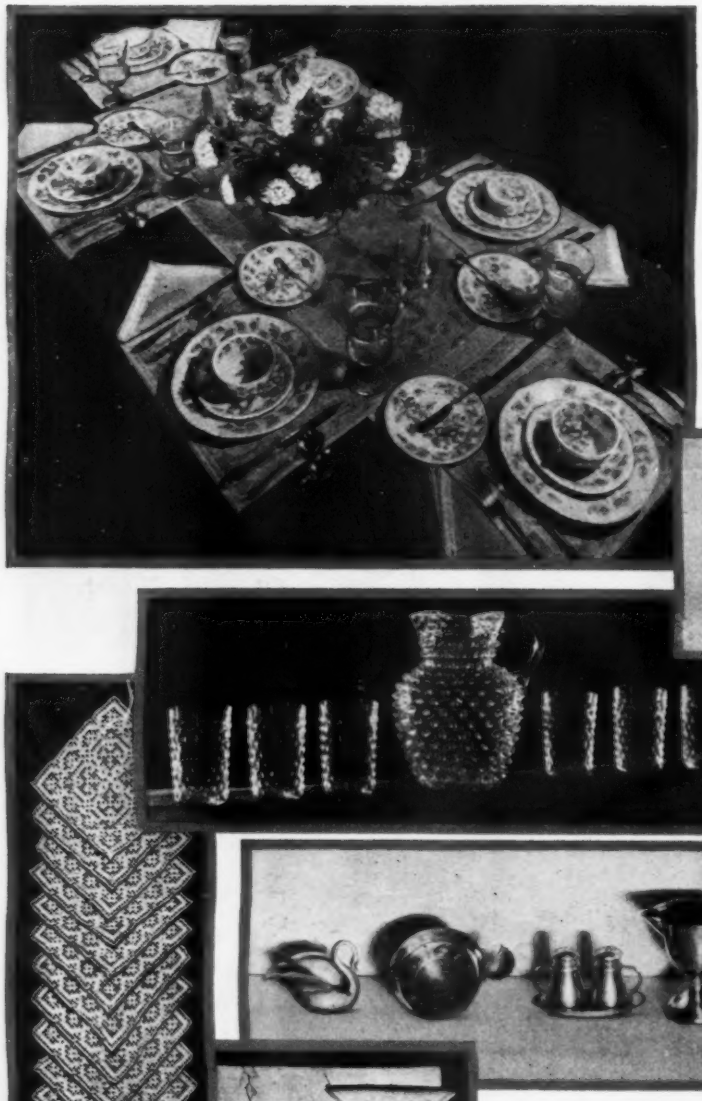
Sea scooter: Wooden boat with pilot, winds up, has imitation outboard motor mounted on stern; goes through water; red and black; 12" long; $2.50

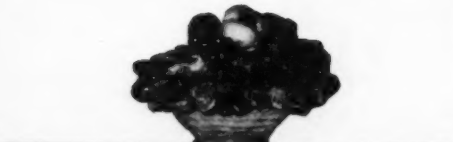
Drum: Only $1.50 for the Rainbow drum, including sticks; 9¾"; $1.50

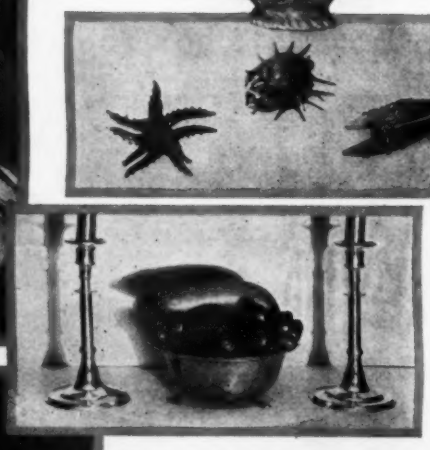
Hangar and Airplane: A Buddy-L airplane shoots out of its hangar, by a little spring; the hangar is 12" wide, 5" high; complete only $2.95

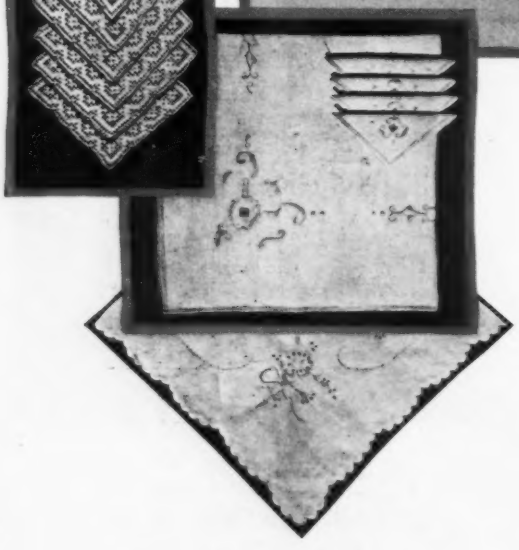
Train: Three cars of blocks and an engine, all in wood painted blue-pink-green-ivory, is a darling pull toy for small children; 22" long; $2.

Games and Toys That Amuse And Educate









TO ORDER SEE PAGE 74

For Every Hostess

Luncheon table setting: Smart hostesses looking for the new and correct will be charmed to receive the beautiful 13-piece luncheon set pictured on the table, in transparent, tan hardinger cloth with Italian design embroidered in natural cord. It consists of a 45" runner, six 11x14" doilies, and six 12x12" plain napkins; complete set for $5.50. If you wish to buy the other things on the table, just write to us for the prices.

Fruit-topped centerpiece: Decorative and useful is the Italian pottery dish (top of page) for sideboard or a table setting in any lovely house; in blue-green or yellow; the fruit in bright colors; 6" long, 5" high; $3.25

Starfish, crab, and fish: Charming is the vogue for tiny, blown-glass sea decorations for finger bowls, and the three at top of the page come in bright red, green, yellow, or blue. Place one on a green leaf in the water in each bowl, and surprise your guests; 3 for $2.25; or 75c apiece.

Candlesticks and bowl: Of French pewter, the Colonial candlesticks, 7½" high, are $1.50 each or $3 a pair; the bowl on legs, 7" diam., $3.

Pitcher and glasses: For your own house or that of a good friend, choose the smart, crystal, hobnail pitcher, 8¼" high, and 6 glasses; $3.95

Tray: Just the tray you've been looking for—it is smart, it is useful, in red, green, or black tin with antique map; 2 handles; 14x6"; $1.95

Gifts of silver and pewter: The swan holds nuts or little candies, is silver-plated, 3¾" long; $2.50. The round dish with handle is a decorative French pewter ash tray; 3" diam., $1. The salt and pepper shakers, 2" high, with handles and a tray, are copies of old ones; for $1.95. The sterling silver cream pitcher and sugar bowl are gold lined; 3½" $7.50

Filet doilies: This 1930 Christmas is a Christmas of values! Where could you duplicate the twelve mercerized filet écru doilies, pictured at left of the page (5½" sq.), for the special prices of $1.50 a dozen?

Tea or bridge set: A useful gift to please a hostess is the 5-piece Italian écru crash linen set of cloth (36" sq.) and four matching napkins (4x12"), with hand-embroidered and drawn-work borders; only $2.50

Embroidered white linen cloth: All hand-done, (left) 17x44"; only $2.

Both Feminine and Practical

Chair: Specially priced in line with 1930 values, this comfortable bedroom or living-room chair is custom made and upholstered in a glazed chintz flower pattern in eggplant, beige, peach, or yellow ground; walnut feet, 29" high, 22" wide (shipping collect); only $28.50

Table: Fine English mahogany tip-top table; inlaid center (beside chair), shipping collect; 23" high; $9.50

Vase on table: Clear, knobby glass; 5¾" tall; 75c.

Mirror on wall, with chair: Maple; 20x11¼"; $7.50

Lamp: For your bedroom; green, orchid, or rose metal with pleated silk shade (top of page); 12"; $2.50

Bonbon dish: Roses on lid; yellow-white-pink; 4"; $1.

Powder jar and perfume bottles: white china; green design; jar, 3¼" diam.; $3.50; bottles, 4¾"; $1.95 ea.

Hooked chair mat: Soft colors on black, 15"; $2.50

Boudoir or baby pillow cases: Two white embroidered linen cases, 18x12"; top one; $2.50; lower; $2.75

Dog-charm bracelet: In a gift box, enameled link bracelet; 3 enameled dog pendants; wrist size 7¼"; $2.

Child's work table: In green, peach, or blue, with tray, paste jar, water cup, flower holder; 22"; $7.75

Chaise longue: Gay flowered chintz with green, yellow, or ecru ground; 46" long; shipping collect; $33.75

Piecrust table: Mahogany, walnut, or maple finish (below) Queen Anne piecrust table; 27" high; $20.40

Lamp on table: See page 75 for full description.

Pillows on lounge: Diamond-shaped moiré; any pastel shade; 2 for $3.25; round taffeta; 12"; $6.95

Simulated pearl bag: With gold-metal frame and chain, white silk lining and mirror; 4" frame; only $2.95

Necklace: Crystal circles with crystal beads, or sapphire, amethyst, topaz, or black and white; 16"; $2.95

Bar pin: With a beautiful stone in amethyst or topaz, set in hand-made silver (2¼" across); costs only $3.50

TO ORDER SEE PAGE 74

Illustrated by Dan Content

They pulled up back of Foster's house and moved on the fur depot. The soughing of the wind would drown out sound, and the blowing snow would wipe out tracks

LONESOME

CHAPTER XVII

JUST before midnight, clouds blew up from the east, blanketing the stars. The night became one black pall, and not even the snow glimmered gray. The wind rose, blowing the dry snow in stinging sheets. A man could not see his hand before his face.

The thick night and the long groans of the wind depressed Molly, as she stood a moment by her window before going to bed. Dark forebodings haunted her—due, no doubt, to the approaching crisis in her affair with Dick. But it is an ill wind that blows no one good, and for six men, crouching about a low fire in the forest above the village, this seemed perfect weather. They could not have ordered better. The soughing of the trees would drown out sound; the blowing snow would wipe out tracks. The darkness would cover every act, and—this seemed a small matter, but it was important—the malemutes in the village would lie close tonight and would not howl at intruders.

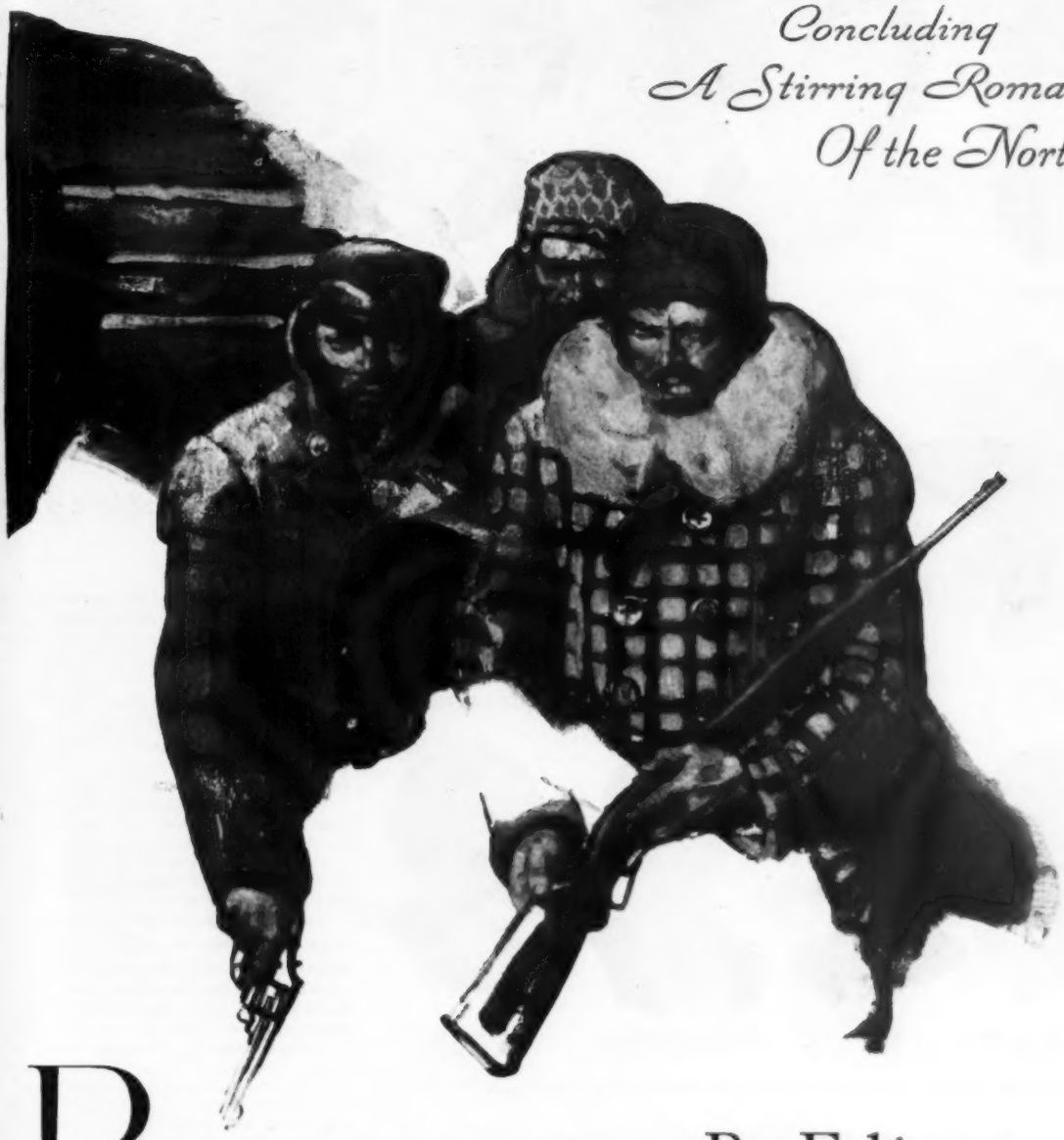
By and large, these six were white men. Two of them, however, had alien blood in their veins—Breed Paul, palpably half-native, and Black Koslof, a bewildering double-cross of Russian, Tartar, and Indian. Koslof's three cronies, Pedro, Limejuice 'Arry, and Swede, crouched at one side of the fire; looming over them, the dominant figure, a big man with odd, three-cornered, magnetic eyes.

Stephen's appearance had changed since his last talk with Molly. The avid look around his lips was more in evidence, and there was an indefinable drawing and hardening of all his lineaments. Strange to note, he was no longer handsome. The bad of his nature had triumphed definitely over the good, and the fact was published in his countenance. He could not be trusted far tonight. The poisonous ferments of rage and hate were in his blood; he meant to carry his venture through, no matter what the cost.

About midnight he passed a signal to his men. Each took a dog team and slowly drove down toward the village. The

Copyright, 1930, by Edison Marshall

Concluding
A Stirring Romance
Of the North



RIVER

By Edison Marshall

malemutes, smelling their way in the thick dark, were silent as wolves, and no husky chorus greeted them from the huts. They pulled up back of Foster's home, and, carrying big canvas bags, the invisible file moved on the fur depot.

On the little porch of the structure, sheltered by the eaves, an Indian lay wrapped in his caribou skin robe. This was the guard Foster had appointed for the night watch; but since all the available braves took turns at the duty, Stephen did not know who the man was. On this a good deal depended.

It would hardly be possible to take the man by surprise. Otherwise Swede could have disposed of him neatly, for the time necessary, with one light tap of a blackjack on top of the skull. The guard seemed to be asleep; actually he was alert as a fox. His ears were keen, and he would hear the crunch of moccasins on the hard-packed snow before Swede could get in striking distance.

Pressing back with his hand, Stephen halted the file behind him and advanced alone. He walked boldly without softening his tread; otherwise the guard would be certain to utter some challenge and waken the occupants of the house. Even so, this was one of the most critical moments of the night. Even Foster, with twenty years' experience, could never predict what any Indian would do under any given circumstance. The guard's voice might boom forth at any instant.

But white cunning prevailed, and the bold approach put the savage off guard.

When Stephen was ten feet distant, he paused and spoke in an undertone. "This is Stephen Hathaway."

"Ugh!" came the grunting answer.

"Who is it?"

"Bear Claw. What do you want?"

Stephen's racing heart thrilled at this word. Surely luck was at his right hand tonight. If he had picked the guard himself, he could not have been better satisfied. There would be no call on Swede and his blackjack. Bear Claw had been Stephen's slave (*Continued on page 134*)

PHILANTHROPIST
Martha Berry

SCULPTRESS
Harriet W. Frishmuth

POET
Edna St. Vincent Millay

CONSULTING ENGINEER
Lillian M. Gilbreth

© Harris & Ewing

AUTHOR
Mary Roberts Rinehart

AVIATRIX
Amelia Earhart

COMPOSER
Carrie Jacobs Bond

HAVE *You* NAMED

Our $5,000 *National*

THE eminent women whose pictures you see on these two pages represent twenty-two different walks of life. All of them have been proposed by our readers in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S national survey to determine who are America's twelve greatest living women.

This condensed roster of the professions gives away no secret. It is compiled without reference to the voting. We are not trying to make your own selections easy for you. We want you to think for yourselves—without benefit of front-page celebrity, which frequently means only momentary fame.

Dr. Henry van Dyke, one of our judges, discussing the meaning of greatness, says "Publicity is frequently purchased at the expense of greatness."

We may even deliberately bewilder you by stating that here are only twenty-two candidates out of an astonishing total of exactly 672 different women who have been voted for, as this is written.

There are—praise be!—many more than twenty-two vocations open to women in this enlightened day of feminine freedom, feminine initiative, and feminine ingenuity. Space limits us to this number—if the photographs are to be more than microscopic.

Likewise, sharp limitations confront us in the selection of the individuals that represent the various vocations to which we are limited. The distinguished group that is pictured here may have its counterpart in twenty-two different women engaged in the same work. That is for you and the judges to say. The present selection is necessarily arbitrary. It is offered for the purposes of arousing your association of ideas. To mention Minnie Maddern Fiske is to call up such names as Maud Adams, Julia Arthur, Ethel Barrymore, Jane Cowl, Katherine Cornell, Ruth Draper, Eva Le Gallienne, Julia Marlowe—and that particular favorite of yours whom perhaps we haven't mentioned.

Speaking of favorites, or, as one might say, "favorite daughters," if you want to enliven a dinner party with a pleasant and persistent row, simply serve the topic of America's twelve greatest women while waiting for the roast. However good a housekeeper you are, the roast itself will be no warmer than the debate. And the debate will survive the demi-tasse. To give an instance of it, we were dining

WORKER FOR BLIND
Helen Keller

JURIST
Florence E. Allen

BUSINESS WOMAN
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

PHYSICIAN
Alice Hamilton

RULES, CONDITIONS, AND PRIZES

1—Fill in the ballot with the names of the women, native-born or naturalized, whom you consider the twelve greatest American women now living. Give your first choice on the line marked 1. Your other nominees may be listed in any order.

2—The ballot must be accompanied with a letter of not more than 200 words stating the reasons for your first selection—the first selection only. Four ballots in all have been printed—in the September, October, November, and December issues, but no more than one list or letter will be considered from any one person. No lists or letters can be returned.

3—Any one, whether a regular reader of this magazine or not, without reference to age, is eligible to submit a letter and list on the official ballot.

4—The awards, consisting of 177 cash prizes totaling $5,000.00, will be made to the contestants who give the best reasons in 200 words or less for their first selection.

5—The competition, covering about four months, opened in the September number and closes Saturday, December 20, 1930, at midnight, a few days before the publication in our January issue of the first portrait. Awards will be announced as soon thereafter as the judges shall have reached a final decision.

First prize		$ 500.00
Second prize		250.00
Ten prizes of $100.00 each		1,000.00
Twenty-five prizes of $50.00 each		1,250.00
Forty prizes of $25.00 each		1,000.00
One hundred prizes of $10.00 each		1,000.00
177 prizes	Total	$5,000.00

© Harris & Ewing

WIFE and MOTHER
Grace Coolidge

HISTORIAN
Ida Tarbell

© Harris & Ewing

STATESWOMAN
Ruth Bryan Owen

SINGER
Ernestine Schumann-Heink

ANATOMIST
Florence R. Sabin

EDUCATOR
Virginia Gildersleeve

Your GREAT WOMEN ?

Survey Ends This Month

ACTRESS
Minnie Maddern Fiske

not so long ago with Governor Theodore Roosevelt in San Juan, Porto Rico. Now, Porto Rico, in terms of crow's flight, is nearer New York than Denver, yet the West Indies seem remote, and we were quite a little surprised to find that one of the guests, Mrs. J. R. Beverly, wife of the Attorney-General, was working upon a list of twelve names for our woman's hall of fame. Governor Roosevelt expressed some doubt that as many as twelve genuinely great women could be named. We countered by saying that at last report some three hundred had been nominated (little thinking that by this time the number would be nearing seven hundred)! And thereupon names popped from all sides, relative merits were weighed, champions were warmly extolled, reputations were politely swatted—and a grand time was had by all right down to the "good-nights." The evening's discussion really amounted to a most interesting inquiry into the history that American women are making for themselves today.

Only one month remains before the voting is closed. This is the last announcement, and no more ballots will be printed. On December 23rd, with the appearance of the January issue, the first of a gallery of twelve paintings in oil will be reproduced in these pages, each one full page in size and in full color. These portraits, as we have announced, will be made under special commission exclusively for this magazine by Leon Gordon, an artist whose work has attracted important critical attention here and abroad. Celebrated persons in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco have posed for Mr. Gordon in the past, but with America's twelve greatest women as his subjects he will have constructed a pictorial hall of fame that has never before been attempted. For its uniqueness and for its lasting value GOOD HOUSEKEEPING is proud to sponsor such a collection.

The gallery, growing from month to month in the magazine, will interest readers as a check on their own judgment in comparison with the final selections. We know now, of course, who will be the first of the famous women—first, that is, in order of appearance. We are not venturing the impossible task of grading greatness. The portraits will be printed each month as the sitters find it convenient to pose. (*Continued on page 225*)

PAINTER
Cecelia Beaux

ATHLETE
Helen Wills Moody

SOCIOLOGIST
Jane Addams

HOME ECONOMIST
Martha Van Rensselaer

OFFICIAL GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BALLOT NO. 4

(This is the last of the official ballots. These ballots are for your convenience; their use is not obligatory)

To the Contest Editors, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, N.Y.C. I submit below my recommendations for your gallery of the greatest living American women, and enclose a letter giving my reasons for my first choice.

1..... 7.....

2..... 8.....

3..... 9.....

4..... 10.....

5..... 11.....

6..... 12.....

Name.....

Address.....

Good Housekeeping INSTITUTE

Katharine A. Fisher, Director

Flat Silver, courtesy Gorham Co.
Silver Candlesticks, courtesy Towle Mfg. Co.
China, courtesy Copeland & Thompson, Inc.

The Institute Christmas table this year took on an unusually colorful and festive air

Linen, courtesy Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild
Libbey Crystal Goblets, courtesy R. H. Macy & Co.

Here's to
A MERRY CHRISTMAS DINNER

By Dorothy B. Marsh *Of the Institute Staff*

WE ALL know how good digestion waits upon an appetite stimulated by an attractively set table. So let the centerpiece of the Christmas dinner table strike the keynote of this joyous season of good will. Our Institute Christmas table this year took on an unusually colorful and festive air. Our damask table linen with its tree-like pattern was of a soft Christmas green, while the china carried a quaint, old-fashioned design in much the same shade. Our centerpiece was a sturdy little Christmas tree, growing in a moss-covered pot. Its branches shimmered with artificial snow. Lovely sprays of deep green spruce laden with small cones lay around the base of the tree, and at each cover we placed a tiny sprig of spruce as a Christmas nosegay. And especially for those small children who, of course, delight in these festivities, a saucy woolly dog and a china cat frisked under the tree. The silver candlesticks were low and branching, and the light from their tall, red candles made the clear, crystal goblets and lovely silver at each cover fairly gleam.

And just a suggestion here. If your Christmas family is to be a large one and you do not have enough china or glassware in any one set to complete the table setting, why not alternate, using the pieces from one pattern or color for half of the covers and those from another pattern or color for the remaining covers? At one of the loveliest luncheons the Institute ever served, we followed this plan, alternating our services of topaz and green glassware, and hostess and guests alike were delighted.

It is perhaps presumptuous to suggest anything new or different for the Christmas dinner—particularly to those who look upon turkey as the time-honored dish for this feast. Yet it is interesting to note that among the favored Christmastide delicacies mentioned by Dickens, there were at least eight different varieties of meat, poultry, and game. And most appetizing indeed is the picture which he draws of the Cratchit family eating their stuffed goose with apple sauce and mashed potatoes. Christmas is universal, so it is quite

For Your Christmas Cooking

We have a Christmas gift for you! It includes a group of special Christmas menus and recipes which will help to make your holiday festivities long remembered. Just write to Good Housekeeping Institute, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y., enclosing a two-cent stamp

permissible for the hostess to vary her Christmas feast in any way she wishes.

But whatever you select, let the feast be simple in its harmony. While not a few still think that their holiday must groan under its abundance of food, yet we are, on the whole, moving in the right direction and substituting moderation in holiday dinners as in all others. And whatever your dinner, plan it ahead.

Perhaps you have decided to serve duck this Christmas and are now planning the rest of your feast. Why not use the following Institute menu:

Caviar Fingers
Salted Nuts Celery Olives
Roast Duck Bread Stuffing
Riced Potatoes Gravy
Creamed String Beans and Onions
Cranberry and Apple Sauce
Mince Pie Coffee

A glance at this menu will show that on the day before the feast, the duck can be stuffed and trussed; likewise the cranberry and apple sauce and the mince pie can be made, using mincemeat from the grocer's shelf. For *Caviar Fingers* cut thin slices of brown bread into finger lengths and butter them. Meanwhile mix 2 ozs. of caviar with ⅛ teaspoonful lemon juice, 1 teaspoonful chopped onion, 1 chopped hard-cooked egg, ½ teaspoonful prepared mustard, and two tablespoonfuls mayonnaise. Spread on the bread fingers and serve as the first course.

For *Creamed String Beans and Onions*, prepare and cook until tender 1 pound of small white onions. Drain and combine with 1 pound of cooked, fresh string beans or 1 No. 2 can of string beans. Meanwhile prepare 1½ cupful of well-seasoned, medium-thick white sauce; add the string beans and onions, heat well, and serve. Serves 6.

For *Cranberry and Apple Sauce*, prepare 2 cupfuls of cranberries and 2 cupfuls of sliced tart apples; meanwhile combine 1½ cupfuls of sugar and 1½ cupfuls of water, bring slowly to the boiling point and simmer five minutes. Then add the cranberries and apples, cover, and simmer gently until the fruit is tender and clear. Serves 6 to 8. Turkey may be substituted for duck in this menu.

Perhaps your family has expressed a wish for a roast loin of pork for Christmas dinner. If so, the Institute suggests the menu following, as one which you may wish to serve:

GOLDEN RULE SUNDAY

International Golden Rule Sunday on December 7th comes midway between the feasts of Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, and we hope our readers will observe this day as one of simple living for the purpose of making donations to the orphaned children of the East. Good Housekeeping Institute will gladly cooperate by sending you upon request a collection of suggestive Golden Rule Sunday menus, together with the unusual recipes which are contained in them. Address us at 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City

Photographs by H. I. Williams

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Roast Loin of Pork Baked Sweet Potatoes
Savory Spinach
Celery Salad French Dressing
Cranberry and Raisin Pie
Coffee

In this menu the tomato juice cocktail, salad ingredients, and pie crust (you may use a packaged pie crust) can be prepared the day before. The spinach, too, can be made ready for cooking. For *Tomato Juice Cocktail*, combine one can condensed tomato soup or tomato sauce with 1 can of water (use can container as measure), 1 small onion sliced, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, 2 teaspoonfuls lemon juice, 3 drops tabasco sauce, 2 bay leaves, 1 piece celery bruised, 1 tablespoonful Worcestershire Sauce, 1 teaspoonful chili sauce, and 1 teaspoonful prepared horseradish. Allow to stand at least 15 minutes, then strain and serve very cold. In bruising the celery, twist it slightly to bruise some of the outside fibers. Serves 8.

For *Savory Spinach* cook 2 pounds spinach until tender. Drain thoroughly, chop fine, and serve with the following sauce poured over all: Melt ½ cupful butter or margarine in a saucepan. Add 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped green pepper, ¼ teaspoonful salt, and 2 tablespoonfuls chopped pimiento. Heat until the green pepper is tender. Serves 6.

There will be many homes in which baked spiced ham will be the chosen meat for the Christmas dinner. If so, why not round out the menu as follows:

Grapefruit Juice Cocktail
Baked Spiced Ham
Small Baked Apples
Mashed Sweet Potatoes
Creamed Cauliflower
Mustard Pickle
Plum Pudding Creamy Sauce
Nuts Coffee

In preparing this dinner, the ham can be boiled, the apples baked, and the canned grapefruit juice put to chill on the day before Christmas. Delicious plum pudding can be purchased in large or individual cans, if you do not wish to make it at home. For *Baked Spiced Ham* select a ham of 10 to 12 pounds weight. Plunge it into boiling water to cover, to which have been added one bayleaf, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of grated onion juice, and grated rind of one lemon. Boil 10 minutes, then reduce the heat, and simmer 3 hours or until the ham is tender. Allow the ham to cool in the liquor overnight. Then remove the ham and peel off all the skin. Rub the fat surface with brown sugar to which a little cinnamon and allspice have been added in the proportion of

(*Continued on page 179*)

The children, of course, should share in the festivities at the Christmas table. Even the youngest member should have his very own place at the table

FOR HOLIDAY

There Are Many Delicious Food Specialties

ONE of my favorite diversions on a shopping expedition is to look over the fascinating and ever-increasing variety of food products in cans, in jars, in packages of all sorts now available on grocers' shelves. In planning our holiday menus, and our everyday meals as well, we often forget the interesting variety of these products available for giving a new note to menus that at times may become a bit monotonous. For this reason we are bringing some of these specialties to your attention.

You are probably familiar with some of the many delicious canned soups available, and may profitably extend your use of these to new varieties. Supper on Christmas Eve is perhaps the first festal meal of the season, whether your family open their gifts then or trim the tree. The children's meal should be early so they may help with the first decorating of the tree before they go to bed. This meal should be simple because of the hearty eating which will come on the following day. Here is a menu easy to prepare:

Cream of Chicken Soup
Star Toast
Baked Apple, Graham Crackers
Cocoa

The cream of chicken soup may be made from chicken stock you have on hand, or you may use canned chicken soup and combine it with an equal quantity of milk rather than water, as may be directed on the can. With this serve toast which has been cut with a star cutter before toasting. With their dessert, give the children some of the deliciously crisp graham crackers which come in tins and which keep fresh indefinitely.

If you are planning a late Christmas Eve buffet supper, we offer the following menu:

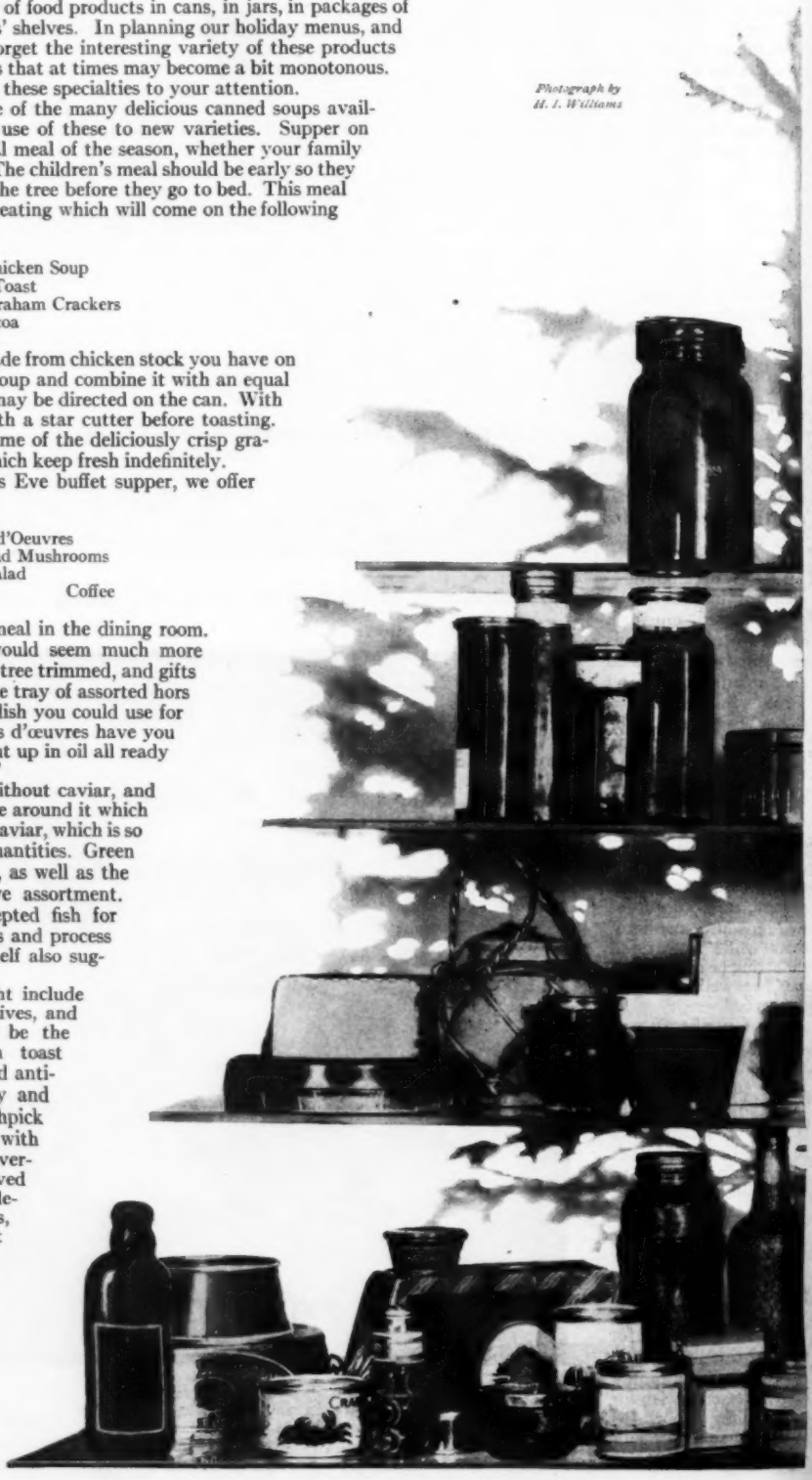
Assorted Hors d'Oeuvres
Creamed Chicken and Mushrooms
Fruit Salad
Ginger Ale Coffee

We would advise you to serve this meal in the dining room. Around the fire in the living room would seem much more cheerful, but stockings are all hung, the tree trimmed, and gifts arranged ready for the morning. A large tray of assorted hors d'œuvres will prove the most popular dish you could use for the first course. For quickly made hors d'œuvres have you used the assorted fish and vegetables put up in oil all ready to serve? These are called "antipasto."

No hors d'œuvre tray is complete without caviar, and there is a new cracker with a slight ridge around it which holds any canapé mixture, particularly caviar, which is so difficult to serve attractively in small quantities. Green olives stuffed with almonds and celery, as well as the usual pimiento, are a most attractive assortment. Anchovies, like sardines, are an accepted fish for canapés. The wide selection of cheeses and process cheeses to be found on the grocer's shelf also suggest many hors d'œuvre specialties.

On the hors d'œuvre tray one might include celery stuffed with pimiento cheese, olives, and fish of several varieties—these may be the caviar mentioned, tiny sardines on toast points, or anchovy tomato canapés, and antipasto garnished with sprigs of parsley and served on squares of toast or with a toothpick inserted so they may be easily eaten with the fingers. Cold sliced meats, such as liverwurst or salami sausage, are usually served with crackers, and there are several delicious salty wafers, or cream wafers, which would be just right with the meat or the cheeses.

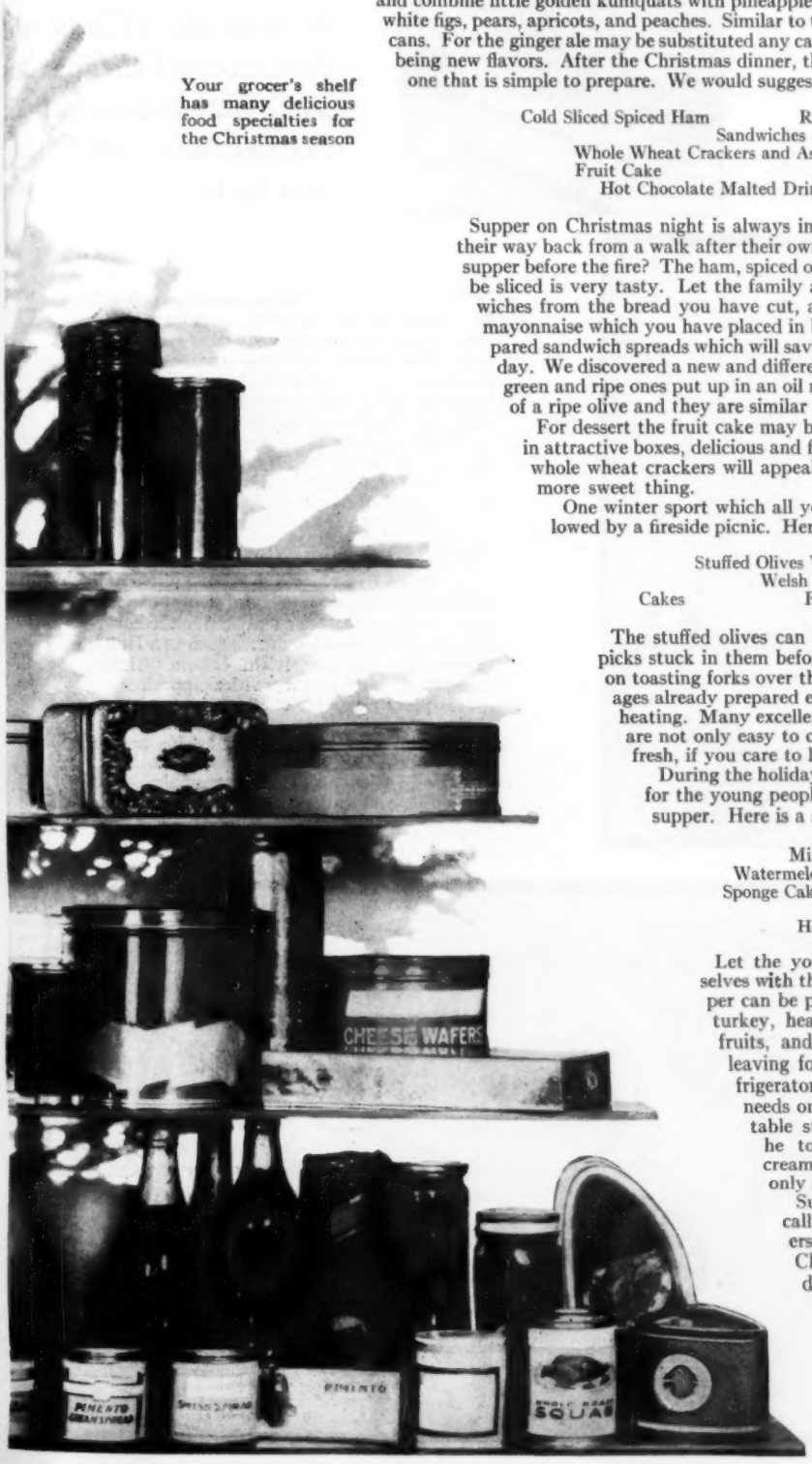
The creamed chicken and mushrooms may be prepared early that morning and set away, ready to heat at the last minute. This may be made of chicken which you have cooked, and fresh mushrooms, but it is equally good if you use some of the very excellent canned chicken and canned mushrooms. For the fruit salad we have



Photograph by H. I. Williams

ENTERTAINING

By Katherine Norris *Of the Institute Staff*



Your grocer's shelf has many delicious food specialties for the Christmas season

found, while out shopping, some quite attractive salad fruits. These are put up in glass, and combine little golden kumquats with pineapple, white grapes, red cherries, delicious white figs, pears, apricots, and peaches. Similar to these are salad mixtures put up in tin cans. For the ginger ale may be substituted any carbonated beverage—orange and lime being new flavors. After the Christmas dinner, the Christmas night supper should be one that is simple to prepare. We would suggest this menu:

Cold Sliced Spiced Ham Ripe and Green Olives
Sandwiches
Whole Wheat Crackers and Assorted Cheeses
Fruit Cake Nuts
Hot Chocolate Malted Drink or Coffee

Supper on Christmas night is always informal. Friends are dropping in on their way back from a walk after their own Christmas dinner, so why not have supper before the fire? The ham, spiced or plain, which comes in cans ready to be sliced is very tasty. Let the family and guests each make his own sandwiches from the bread you have cut, and sandwich mixtures, lettuce, and mayonnaise which you have placed in bowls. There are many types of prepared sandwich spreads which will save your making your own on this busy day. We discovered a new and different pack of olives the other day, huge green and ripe ones put up in an oil mixture. Their texture is nearer that of a ripe olive and they are similar in flavor.

For dessert the fruit cake may be home-made or one of those put up in attractive boxes, delicious and fruity. A tray of assorted cheeses and whole wheat crackers will appeal to the person who can not eat one more sweet thing.

One winter sport which all young people enjoy is a long hike followed by a fireside picnic. Here is a suggestive menu:

Stuffed Olives Wrapped in Bacon
Welsh Rarebit
Cakes Fruit Cocoa

The stuffed olives can be wrapped with bacon, and toothpicks stuck in them before leaving home, ready to be cooked on toasting forks over the fire. Welsh rarebit comes in packages already prepared except for mixing with cold milk, and heating. Many excellent cookies are now put up in tins and are not only easy to carry without crushing, but will keep fresh, if you care to leave them in your cabin.

During the holiday season there may be theatre parties for the young people to be followed by a simple theatre supper. Here is a suggestive menu:

Minced Turkey on Toast
Watermelon Pickles and Celery Hearts
Sponge Cake Squares with Candied Fruits
Whipped Cream
Hot Chocolate Coffee

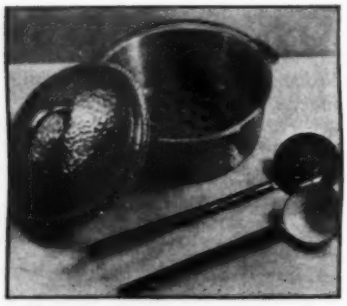
Let the young people serve this supper themselves with their guests helping. Much of the supper can be prepared ahead of time. The minced turkey, hearts of celery, chopped crystallized fruits, and cocoa can all be prepared before leaving for the theatre and tucked in the refrigerator. Upon returning, the young hostess needs only to heat the minced turkey on the table stove—while toast is being made on he toaster—to cut the cake, whip the cream, and reheat the cocoa. Coffee takes only a short time to make.

Supper after a skating party seems to call for oyster stew with plenty of crackers and assorted pickles if desired. Chocolate cake is always a popular dessert. A suitable menu follows:

Oyster Stew Plain Crackers
Assorted Pickles
Chocolate Cake Coffee

An afternoon tea party during the Christmas season offers an unusually good opportunity for (*Continued on page 211*)

GIVE THE HOUSE



A Dutch oven that has an attractive, hammered silver-like finish and two new ladles. This group has both a "Christmassy" look and a practical appeal

Christmas trees and Yule
with all their colorful
the magic of our Christmas
them the spirit and the rites
made Christmas a festival
the Institute staff in this
ings for the holiday season

Photographs by H. I. Williams

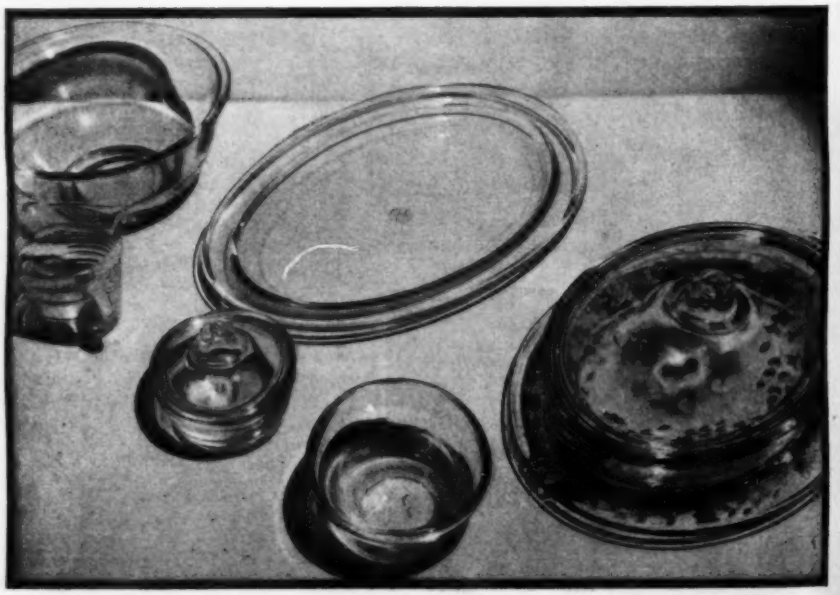
CHRISTMAS gifts are usually personal and should therefore anticipate to a nicety personal tastes and cherished desires. But there is one type of gift that must measure up to the approval of the entire household—the gift which we give to the house. And why not present the house with a Christmas box? We shall surely face more cheerfully the work of preparing holiday feasts if we have some new equipment in the kitchen that will add to the convenience and the interest of our work. Some of your own friends may also welcome such a gift for their kitchens.

As the whole family usually likes orange juice, a new fruit extractor and a covered pitcher for chilling the juice may well head the list of house gifts. Perhaps there is a real need in the household for a large cooking utensil such as a Dutch oven—shiny and new, it will have a "Christmassy" look as well as a practical appeal.

Heatproof glassware offers a wide variety of choice. A platter large enough to hold the turkey, quaint squatty dishes for baking apples, an etched casserole, custard cups—all make attractive additions to the present supply.

Utensils and cutlery of stainless steel offer

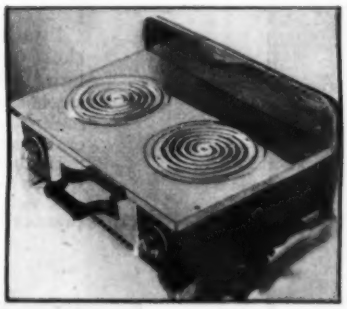
The whole family likes orange juice! There are several efficient fruit juice extractors to choose from. A covered pitcher to chill juice would be welcome also



Heatproof glassware offers a wide variety of choice, in plain or etched glass. There are platters, casseroles, custard cups, quaint dishes for baking apples, etc.

A Gift *From the Institute's Approved List*

logs, holly and mistletoe, traditions, are woven into season. They carry with of ancient Yuletides that of human friendliness. And spirit send friendly greet- to all their readers.



This new electrical appliance on the Institute's tested and approved list cooks on top of the elements and bakes or broils in a drawer-like oven beneath

another suggestion for either a large or a small purchase, the cooking utensils so easy to keep clean, a set of knives with stainless steel blades, kitchen shears, tongs for countless purposes.

Electrical table appliances always come in for their share of popularity at the holiday season. The thing to remember in giving them as gifts is that they must not be given haphazardly. A waffle iron will be most welcome if the family like waffles. Then there is the table grill or the device which makes toast or waffles and coffee at the same time. A brand-new electrical appliance on the Institute's approved list is one that cooks on top of the elements and also bakes and broils in an oven that pulls out like a drawer. One top element and the oven of this device may be operated at the same time. And there's a modern note in waffle irons, toasters, percolators, sandwich toasters, and grills in their decoration and finish, and in their automatic shut-offs and time controls.

There is such a wealth of variety in small utensils that it is difficult to know where to begin. Individual or large molds have a fascination for those who delight in serving attractive luncheons or bridge suppers. Cookie molds

There's a modern note in waffle irons, toasters, percolators, sandwich toasters, and grills, in their finish and also in their automatic shut-offs and time controls

Cooking utensils and tools of stainless steel offer other suggestions for either large or small purchases, and are extremely easy to keep clean, bright, and shining

For the family that makes a hobby of picnics there are small or large vacuum jugs, an extension fork, and "canned heat" cooking kits

are attractive, too. Those shown may be packed with the cookie dough, clamped shut, and put away in the refrigerator for chilling. When thoroughly cold, the cookies may be sliced off in perfect shapes, hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades, ready for the Christmas card party!

Prosaic as they may sound in print, cleaning cloths of all types, when gathered together and boxed attractively, make a delightful gift for any household. Supplies of this sort are used up so rapidly that a complete new set on the shelf of the cleaning cupboard will add new incentive to the daily tasks. Indeed, we have heard many women say that they would prefer a gift of this sort to a more expensive and sometimes impractical luxury. (*Continued on page 225*)

Photograph by H. I. Williams

Cleaning cloths of all types, attractively boxed, make a delightful gift for any household, and one which will be greatly appreciated

Individual or large molds, bridge cookie molds, a pastry blender or an efficient can opener, offer a wealth of variety in small utensils

KNIVES To Grind

With Tested And Approved Knife Sharpeners

By
Helen Whitson Kendall

Of the Institute Staff

On request, the Institute will send you the list of knife sharpeners tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

HOW often have you made a mental note to flag that peripatetic visitor —the knife-sharpening man with his foot-power emery stone? How many times, upon venturing forth on an excursion to town, do you hear the ringing of his bell announcing that he is somewhere in the neighborhood and may be wending his way down your street? You make mental note that you must get him next time, and then promptly forget the incident until some day in the kitchen you find there isn't a single blade in the house worthy of the name of knife.

Much can be said of this touring sharpener of knives, but certainly it is impossible to rely upon his services. Moreover, if you do take out your many and various knives to be ground, you will find that the cost of the job would have bought one of the best domestic sharpeners on the market.

If regular attention is not given to the sharpening of the kitchen knives, the bread may be haggled, the vegetables peeled too thickly, even the Christmas bird mutilated. Nothing is more ruinous to the success of the Christmas dinner than a dull knife. A knife sharpener at hand, simple and easy to use, is the answer.

There are a variety of types and kinds of household knife sharpeners available. Sharpening a knife with the old-time grindstone is an art in itself, and therefore a difficult method for the housekeeper to follow. The steel or the carborundum rod is a well-known type of sharpener, and there are those who are experienced and skillful enough in its use to make knife sharpening an easy task. There are small grinding wheels, however, so designed that even a novice can put a good edge on a knife. Some of these have two separate wheels held together by a spring. To use such a sharpener, the knife blade is held firmly between the two wheels, while at the same time the wheels are turned at uniform speed and away from the user. This sharpener must be mounted in a convenient place so that it will be held properly.

Another type of sharpener shown in the illustration has a series of hardened steel discs mounted in a frame. Some of these have handles and (*Continued on page 128*)

BULLETINS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

If you do not have a list of our Institute bulletins, send to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City, and one will be sent to you promptly. Here are a few of the bulletins which you will find most helpful in planning your holiday menus, or in making your work easier so that you will have more leisure for shopping, entertaining, or wrapping, addressing, and mailing your gifts!

Meals That Keep the Family Fit.....25c
Time and Temperature Cooking Chart—on Oilcloth.....25c
Salads and Salad Dressings.....25c
Sandwiches and Hors d'oeuvres.....25c
Easy Methods in Cleaning.....25c
Convenient Kitchens.....25c
Refrigeration the Year 'Round.....15c
Home Laundering Up-to-Date.....15c
The Etiquette of Serving Breakfast, Luncheon, and Dinner...50c

And just in case you go on a dietetic holiday because of Christmas feasts and add a few unwelcome pounds, you may lose them by using our Reducing Menus (Safe and Effective).....10c

The holly berries and leaves made of candied cherries and angelica which adorn these Christmas tea-cakes are easy to make with the aid of a sharp knife

Aristocrats of THE OVEN

Cakes, Feathery Light, and Flavorsome

By
Demetria M. Taylor
Of the Institute Staff

THERE is a certain glow of achievement that comes only when you have added the last touch of fluffy icing to a fragrant, golden-brown cake of your own making! There is satisfaction in preparing a meal, and pride in a flaky pie, but for the true joy of creation, try your hand at a cake!

Cake slips into so many places in menu-making. Layer cake for a dinner dessert, dainty cup cakes for afternoon tea, loaf cake to take on a picnic, all kinds of cake for the holiday season, and best of all, a scrumptious birthday cake without which no birthday is any fun at six or sixty.

Do you refrain from making cakes because the amount of beating necessary for both cake and frosting seems an arduous task? GOOD HOUSEKEEPING readers know that it is no longer necessary to beat by hand. There is an electric beater for every purse and purpose, from the large beating and mixing machines to the small electric beater. These various types were described in detail in an article which appeared on the Institute pages of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE for August, 1930. Upon request we shall be glad to send you a list of electric beaters which have been tested and approved by the Institute, together with a description of the work each is able to do.

There are two main types of cakes; those that contain shortening and those that do not, such as angel food and sponge cake. Space limits us to the discussion of one kind only, and for this article we have chosen the former.

Achieving a perfect cake is easy, because of tested recipes. We have spent much time at the Institute in standardizing recipes of all kinds, including recipes for cakes. Standard level measures are used, and baking is controlled by temperature. We have found that the common failures in cake making can be traced to definite causes: *incorrect measuring of ingredients, uneven blending of these, beating the batter too long, or incorrect baking time and temperature.* For example, when a cake has cracked open on top, it is due to too much flour, or too little liquid, or too hot an oven. When a cake falls, it is due to too much shortening, or too much sugar, or not enough baking powder, or too short a baking period. A "tough" cake may be caused by a lack of shortening, too much beating, or too hot an oven. Luck in cooking is a thing of the past. Follow the Institute standard recipes, and your cakes will be light, fine-grained, tender, and tempting.

Frost the top of the cake first, beginning in the center and working out lightly to the edges with a spatula. Next frost the sides, using quick, light strokes

1. Use a standard recipe like those tested and approved by the Institute in which quantities, time, and temperature are accurately given, and directions are clear.

2. Follow *exactly* the measurements given, using a standard measuring cup, measuring spoons, and *level* measurements. Send for our list of tested and approved measuring cups and spoons. Their use will make your results *sure*, since you will no longer be dependent on "luck" in your cake-making.

3. Follow the directions for mixing exactly as they are given. You will find that the method is usually the same.

4. Be sure that the oven temperature is right. If there is no heat control, use an oven thermometer to guide you. *This is of the utmost importance.*

5. Bake the cake for the length of time mentioned in the recipe and then check with a test for "doneness." If the cake is done, it will have shrunk from the sides of the pan; and if a cake tester is inserted, it will come out clean with no batter clinging to it.

6. Invert the pan on a cake rack and leave for five minutes. Loosen cake with spatula if necessary and remove from the pan. Turn cake on the rack so that it will finish cooling right

side up. A rack allows free circulation of air around the cake, thus preventing sogginess.

And behold! A perfect cake!

Almost every cake is a variation of one foundation or "standard" recipe. With this recipe mastered, then, you will find it possible to make an almost infinite variety of delicious cakes which will be perfect every time. By using this standard recipe constantly, you will learn to know correct proportions, and to detect errors of proportion in other recipes. You will even be able to invent variations yourself! Here is the foundation, or basic, recipe. Directions are given here for both hand beating and electrical beating.

When using an electric beater, add the eggs *whole*, one at a time, beating well after each addition

Standard Cake

½ cupful shortening
1 cupful granulated sugar
2 eggs, separated
½ teaspoonful vanilla
1¾ cupfuls pastry flour
2½ teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ teaspoonful salt
½ cupful milk

In the use of milk you have the choice of bottled milk, evaporated milk (half evaporated milk and half water), or powdered whole milk (4 tablespoonfuls to one cupful of water = 1 cupful of milk).

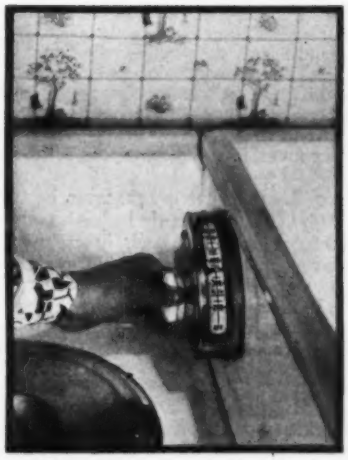
Cream the shortening by mashing and beating it until it is like thick cream. Add the sugar a little at a time, beating after each addition until the mixture is light and fluffy. Beating, not stirring, should be the method used throughout; that is, lifting the mixture over and over so that the batter underneath is continually lifted to the surface. Break egg yolks and egg whites into separate bowls. Beat yolks until thick and lemon-colored. (Do not beat whites until ready to add.) Add beaten yolks to shortening and sugar and blend thoroughly. Sift the flour and measure it, piling it lightly into the cup, never packing it. Add salt and baking powder to measured flour and sift again. Add a little of this mixture to the shortening, sugar and egg yolk mixture; then add a little of the milk. Continue adding first flour, then milk, until all of each is added. Add vanilla. Now beat the egg whites until they are stiff enough to form peaks, but not dry. *Fold* them carefully into the cake batter by cutting down through the mixture and folding it up over the egg whites. (If you wish, you need not separate yolks and whites, but beat them together until very light and add to the creamed shortening and sugar, beating thoroughly.)

If you are using an electrical beater, be sure that the shortening is soft enough to cream easily. Cream shortening at medium speed, add sugar gradually and beat thoroughly. Add eggs whole, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Cut down the speed while adding the dry ingredients and milk and above all *do not beat too long*. It usually requires about ten minutes to make the Standard Cake, from the time the beater is started until the batter is ready to pour into the pan.

Pour batter into a well-greased loaf pan, or one that is lined with heavy waxed paper. Cut through the batter to break any large air bubbles, and be sure that the corners of the pan are filled. For a loaf cake, bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for 45 minutes. A layer cake is baked at 375° F. for 20 minutes, and cup cakes at 375° F. for 30 minutes.

If you wish to make *Chocolate Standard Cake*, melt two squares of cooking chocolate over hot water, cool, and add to the shortening, sugar, and egg-yolk mixture. Continue

Fold egg whites into hand-mixed cake batter by cutting down through the mixture, folding it up over egg whites



Be sure that the oven temperature is right when baking a cake. If there is no heat control such as the one illustrated, use an oven thermometer instead

and bake as for Standard Cake, using ¼ cupful more milk. Spread with *All-Round Icing*.

For *Marble Cake*, make the batter for Standard Cake, beating the eggs whole, as suggested in the directions. Divide batter in halves, and to one-half add one square of chocolate, melted, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Drop spoonfuls of light and dark batter alternately into the greased pan. Bake as for Standard Cake. Spread with *Fudge Frosting*.

Maple Nut Cake is delicious. To make it, substitute light brown sugar for the granulated sugar in the recipe for Standard Cake. Chop one-cupful walnut or pecan meats, flour them lightly and add just before folding in the egg whites. Bake as for Standard Cake. Spread with *Maple Icing*.

For a fragrant *Spice Cake* sift the following spices with the dry ingredients; 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful each of allspice and nutmeg and ½ teaspoonful powdered cloves. Mix and bake as for Standard Cake. Spread with *Mocha Icing*.

For *Spanish Cake*, sift 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon with the dry ingredients and proceed as for Standard Cake.

There are certain cakes that differ slightly from the standard recipe. For example, in *Silver Cake*, three egg whites are used, and no egg yolks. For this reason the amount of baking powder is decreased to 2 teaspoonfuls because of the leavening power of the (*Continued on page 223*)

If you have a friend who watches the curious patchwork of life with interest, "Angel Pavement," by J. B. Priestley, is the book to give him

The Perfect Christmas Gift is

Just the Right BOOK

And

Emily Newell Blair

Suggests Dozens

BOOKS for Christmas gifts! But what books? For as there is no gift which brings more satisfaction to the recipient than the right book, there is none that can be more disappointing than the wrong one. For in nothing do tastes differ more than in books. Imagine the chagrin, for instance, of the serious literary student at receiving "The Duel of the Queens" by E. Barrington, charming as it is (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00), when he has been longing for Edith Sitwell's thorough study, "Alexander Pope" (Cosmopolitan, $4.00); or the disappointment of a woman devoted to the graceful love stories of Grace S. Richmond when, instead of her new book "High Fences" (Doubleday, Doran, $1.00), she receives "Daniel Webster" by Claude M. Fuess (2 vols. Little, Brown, $10.00) a comprehensive biography which would delight a professional man.

Shall one, then, for fear of making a mistake, eschew books as gifts and have recourse to handkerchiefs or neckties for their men friends, and knick-knacks for their women friends? Certainly not! Only a coward would do that. For the gift of the right book not only insures the receiver pleasure—and every donor wishes his gift to do that—but indicates that the giver gave time and thought to the selection of his gift—and surely every donor should wish his gift to convey that. More, a book expresses ever so subtly that the donor thinks enough of the recipient to study his tastes, and desires to satisfy them. And nothing can convey this better than the right choice of a book.

Nor is the right choice so difficult as it may seem. For there is an infallible guide. One may not know the literary tastes of his friend. He may never have heard him express his critical standards. He may not know whether he prefers realism or romance; is a humanist or a classicist. But he could hardly know him well enough to make a gift without having some idea of his interests. For these no man or woman hides under a bushel. An hour's conversation will usually reveal them. And even if his conversation does not, his activities do.

Does he take a trip whenever he can afford it? Then assuredly he has an interest in travel, in strange lands, in new sights. Perhaps he has just returned from such a trip. Then, unless he is unlike most trippers, he is avid for books about the places he has just seen; wants to read up on their history; see if he got all he could out of it, and fix in his mind what he saw or understand better its implications. It is strange, but true, that travelers are more interested in reading books about places after, rather than before, they have visited them.

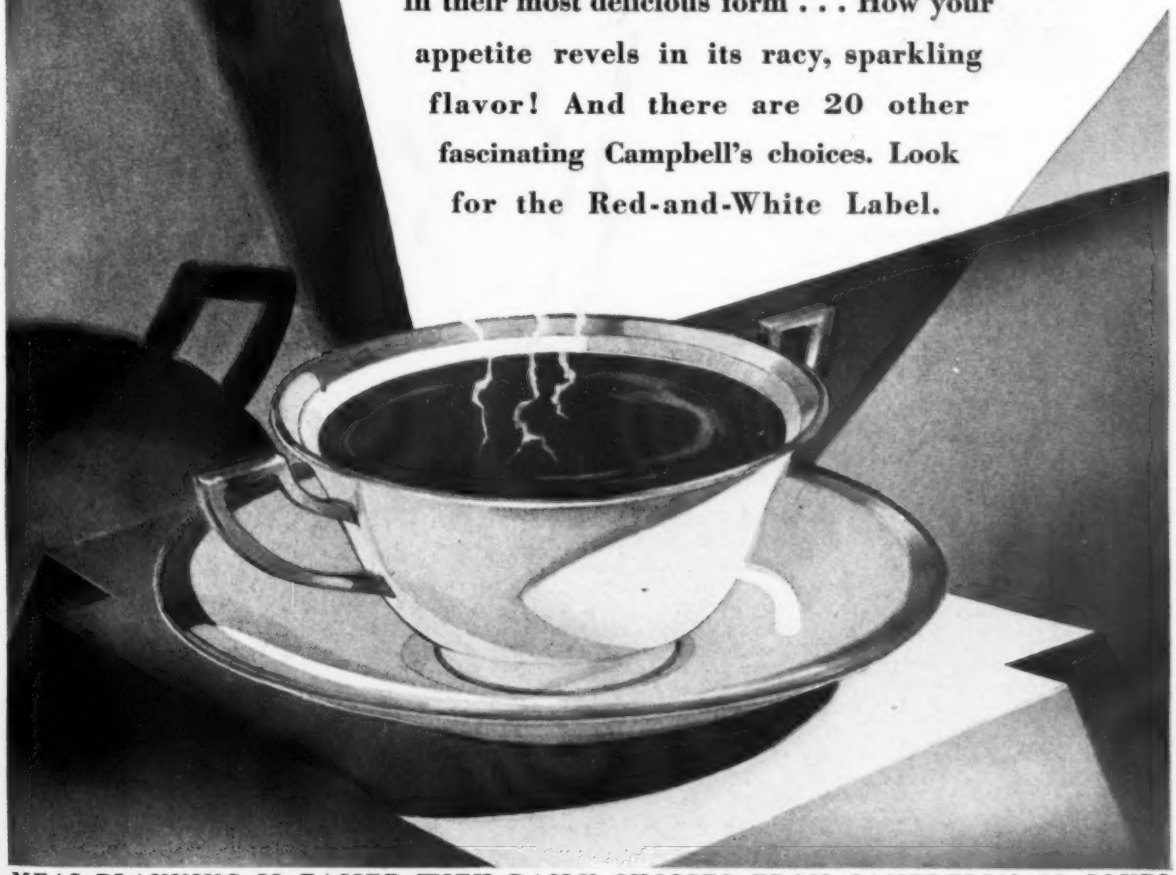
I know that this is so because of the requests that come to me from these travelers. Recently, for instance, a friend who had just taken a motor trip through our own Southwest begged me for books about it. Fortunately I had just read "The Santa Fe Trail" by R. L. Duffus (Longmans, Green, $5.00), a delightful book, and "Grand Canyon Country" by M. R. Tillotson and Frank J. Taylor (Stanford University Press, $2.00). To these I added "Mesa, Canon and Pueblo" by Charles F. Lummis (Century, $5.00), "Through Our Unknown Southwest" by Agnes C. Laut (McBride, $3.00), "Our Hispanic Southwest" by Ernest Peixotto (Scribners, $3.50), and, of course, Mary Austin's "Land of Journeys' Ending" (Century, $4.00), one of the best books ever written about the Amerind.

Any one of these books would make a gorgeous Christmas gift. Wherever your friend may have gone this year, there are available books about the place. Nor need the gift of such books be limited to those who have visited the lands they describe. There are many stay-at-homes who long to travel. They reveal it in the interest they take in the travels of others. They plan on paper trips they never take. Their pleasure in travel books may be less than that of the returned travelers, but since they can not know that from experience, books about the places they fain would go make an ideal gift for them.

Is a friend in politics, even in a small way? Or does he, or she, get excited over elections? Or repeat occasionally gossip about the world (*Continued on page 180*)

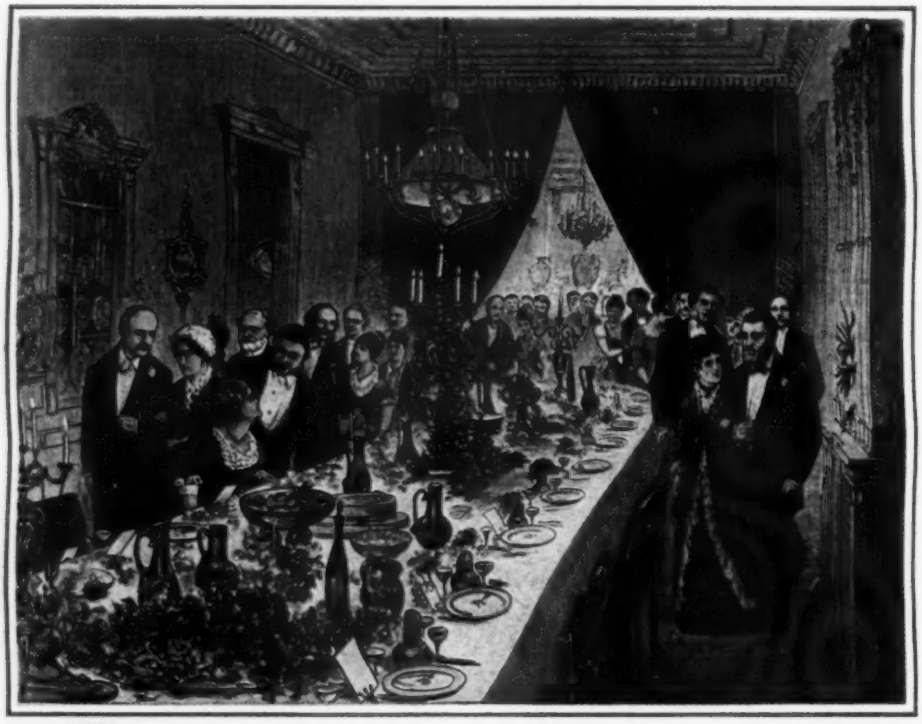
In the light of modern knowledge—

Ours is an epoch remarkable in the world's history for attempting to teach all the people what and how to eat—the correct diet. And as this knowledge spreads and grows, the popularity and use of Campbell's Tomato Soup increases at an astonishing rate. Modern science has found that tomatoes possess extraordinary health-giving qualities. In Campbell's Tomato Soup, they are enjoyed in their most delicious form . . . How your appetite revels in its racy, sparkling flavor! And there are 20 other fascinating Campbell's choices. Look for the Red-and-White Label.



MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Their coffees, like their crinoline skirts and their Victorian manners, have given way to the tastes of a newer century!



THE reception to General Grant in Philadelphia, 1880—after a drawing in Harper's Weekly of the same year. How coffees have changed since then. And fastest of all, in the last few years!

But how about the coffee on your table today — does it bring you *all* the better flavor this 20th century owes you?

Serve DEL MONTE Coffee tonight —and enjoy a coffee that only modern resources and modern skill could have brought to your table!

True—DEL MONTE *is* a brand new coffee. It is *not* a coffee that older days made famous.

But think what that means to you!

DEL MONTE Coffee was created for today—under the finest conditions the world has ever known for growing, selecting and roasting a better coffee!

We didn't have to take an older blend and improve it to keep pace with modern opportunities—and modern tastes. We had no established prejudices for any one type of coffee, no old equipment, no older type of package.

We were able to start clean and fresh—to take advantage of every modern improvement—to combine them all in creating a new and finer coffee flavor.

This coffee is now on your grocer's shelf—marked with the familiar red and green DEL MONTE label you know so well. A coffee fully up to the best flavor-traditions of DEL MONTE. A coffee expressly created to bring you the finest coffee enjoyment the world can produce.

If you love good coffee, don't fail to try it. Here at last is the coffee the 20th century owes you—the coffee you'd expect DEL MONTE to bring to your table—truly a contribution to the art of modern living.

Time stops when this modern can is sealed

DEL MONTE Coffee comes to you only in the modern vacuum tin—quite a different package from any old style container. It is not cardboard. It is not a tin can with a loose lid top. It is not paper sealed. Its lid is "spun on" in a vacuum chamber—it can be opened only by cutting the tinned-steel can itself with the convenient key you find on every package. Air-tight, air-proof. You hear the rush of air as the seal is broken.

In this modern, hermetically-sealed container, DEL MONTE Coffee retains all the volatile oils that give it so much of its new distinction and better flavor. When you lift the lid, you are welcomed by all the rich aroma of a finer coffee—at its best. Not a *week* fresh, not a *few days* fresh, but coffee as fresh as it came from the roaster.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

Always fresh
IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

DEL MONTE COFFEE

A MODERN COFFEE - FOR MODERN TASTES

©C.P.C. 1930

Photograph by Whiting-Saloman

HEALTH And BEAUTY

In a Christmas Package

By Ruth Murrin

ARE you looking for an inviting little gift for another girl, searching for something different that will make grandmother's eyes sparkle with interest, shopping for a busy man who is helpless when it comes to choosing gifts for women?

Are you perhaps wondering how to squander your own Christmas check in a joyously extravagant and thoroughly satisfying way?

If you are, take yourself to the nicest perfume and cosmetic department in town, and look for some of the things I am going to describe on this page.

My first suggestion for the small gift is a compact. No woman ever has too many, and this year there are some lovely ones. Most of them come in a silver case, but a famous perfume house evidently prefers the more glittering metal. This house offers a single compact in a gold and green case, round and flat, and perfumed with a sweet, woodsy fragrance. Its triple companion is a good-looking oblong in the same colors.

Another one I like immensely is square, silver and green, perfumed with lavender, and with lipstick handily nesting alongside it. A convenient feature is that the daytime lipstick can be lifted out and the more brilliant evening shade substituted.

Dark blue and silver, with a medallion in light blue and white, is the scheme chosen for the handsome triple compact one beauty specialist offers. Another, nice for the ever useful black costume, is black with a silver border. It has cream rouge instead of lipstick, a variation which will certainly endear it to many women.

The cleverest lipstick I have seen is one bearing the name of a French perfume house. The color goes on smoothly and is as lasting as one could wish, but the feature that appeals to my absent-minded self is that the rouge stick automatically comes into position when you open the case, and slides back into place as you close it. No danger whatever of forgetting to screw the rouge down and making a messy ruin of your lipstick when you put on the cap.

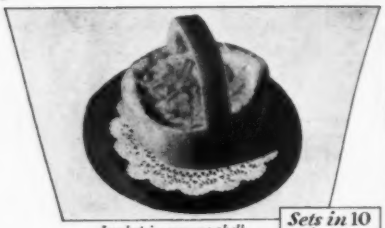
THE December "Powder-Puff" will solve some of your knottiest gift problems. It describes the loveliest new aids to charm. Ask Ruth Murrin for it, sending a stamped envelope—a long one, please.

And don't forget that there is a brand-new edition of "The Primer of Personal Loveliness"—36 pages of up-to-the-minute information about beauty. Send 25 cents to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Avenue, New York City

A loose-powder case that really works and does not spill powder all over one's purse is a joy to any woman. The loveliest I have seen recently is one from a Fifth Avenue beauty specialist. The construction is simple—a shallow well for the powder with a cover that fits tightly—and the case is beautifully designed in black and silver. Simpler, smaller, less expensive, but quite irresistible is a little square affair in red and silver (I told you they all run to silver this year). It is also of the well type. As a gift either of these is mistake-proof.

Bath luxuries, because they seem to the average woman too extravagant to include in the every-day budget, are especially nice Christmas gifts. One that takes my fancy particularly is a bath oil, completely soluble, that softens the water and gives it a refreshing spicy odor. Then there are a number of dusting powders—one perfumed with red roses, another with jasmine, another with lavender, and one that is deodorant. All come in festive boxes.

Perfume, of course, from time immemorial, has been the royal princess among presents. Mindful of the difficulties of choosing it for others, I have after much thoughtful smelling and comparing decided on half a dozen fragrances so delightful and so universal in (*Continued on page 240*)



Junket in orange shell topped with cocoanut

Sets in 10 minutes

New DESSERT IDEAS

by Mary Mason

Junket is the perfect finish to holiday meals. Nutritious without being heavy. Light . . . tasty . . . made-in-a-minute. Requires no eggs . . . *no cooking.*

Cream junket is luscious!

Sets in 10 minutes

Junket (any flavor) made with equal parts milk and light cream, is extra tempting . . . doubly delicious. Served plain or with toppings, its custard-creaminess delights the entire family. Healthful for children and adults, due to the enzyme* in Junket.

*The ENZYME in Junket is the means provided by Nature for the perfect digestion of milk.

★ **Junket**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

makes Milk into

DELICIOUS DESSERTS

Holiday Note: FREE Recipe Book contains simple, easy recipe for Junket *Plum Pudding.*

Make junket with either:

Junket Tablets, not sweetened or flavored; or flavored Junket, easier and quicker to use, in six tempting pure flavors:

Vanilla Chocolate Lemon
Orange Raspberry Coffee

The Junket Folks, Dept 112, Little Falls, N. Y. (In Canada address The Junket Folks, Toronto, Ont.)
Please send me:
( ) FREE Recipe Book of Delicious Desserts and Ice Creams.
( ) Trial package of flavored Junket and Party and Painting Book, for which I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to cover postage and packing. (If preferred, ask for Junket Tablets.)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
My grocer.....
His address.....
Does he sell flavored Junket?...

A Christmas Animal Party for Children

By Elaine

Invitation:

The Christmas animals all declare
They won't stay on the Christmas tree,
So they intend to give a fair
With lots of fun and jollity.

Dress like a monkey at the zoo,
An elephant or a polar bear,
A leopard or a kangaroo,
And come and join us there.

December 24th — Billy Brown Bear
Four o'clock — 910 Henderson St.

THIS is the invitation to send for this original and fun-making Christmas party. The idea is that the toy animals on the tree are having a Christmas party, and each child who attends takes the part of his favorite animal.

Making animal costumes is simple. A white woolly sleeping garment with a hood to which pink-lined ears are sewed makes a perfect bunny dress. A bear can be made in the same way by sewing strips of fringed crêpe paper on a sleeping garment, and a zebra could be made by sewing bands of black on a white suit. A monkey suit with a red jacket, long tail, and cap, is easy to make; and such costumes as bees, birds, and butterflies can be made with a little imagination and ingenuity, from crêpe paper. Little girls would like these.

The setting must be as much like a jungle as possible, and this effect can be secured by small evergreen trees and growing plants. Realistic moss and vines can be made from crêpe paper. Cut-out figures of bright-colored birds and butterflies fastened to the tree branches will add a pretty touch to the room.

Table Decorations: For the center of the table use a small Christmas tree decorated with tinsel and colored lights. Hang toy animals, one for each child, on the tree to be given later as favors. Small bowls of red flowers are placed on either side of the tree.

The menu is suggestive of the jungle: Tiger meat and rabbit food (chicken salad on lettuce). Monkey food (salted nuts). Oats (oatmeal cookies). Fruit (crystallized). Creek water, (punch or lemonade, or a hot drink).

Entertainment: A suitable song for this party is "Old Man Johnson Had a Farm," and this gives the children a chance to imitate the animal sounds, a new one for each stanza.

Small shoebox cages, in which are placed the following articles, will provide an amusing guessing game for which a prize can be given.

Animals To Guess:

1. Several links of a small chain? Ans. Lynx.
2. Can of lye and letters O, N? Ans. Lion.
3. A small candle? Ans. Tapir.
4. Letter G and picture of a raft? Ans. Giraffe.
5. Letter M placed on a key? Ans. Monkey.
6. A manicuring buffer and Lo? Ans. Buffalo.
7. An empty box? Ans. Bear.
8. A Red Cross seal? Ans. Seal.
9. A piece of chamois? Ans. Chamois.
10. The letter L, E, a fan, and T? Ans. Elephant.
11. A slice of salt pork, the letter U, a sprig of pine? Ans. Porcupine.

OUR new folio for Christmas is called "New Games and Contests," and is a collection that will be found useful by every hostess. There are lively games for the young and guessing contests for the more sedate who like quiet games.

Entertainment Folios

New Games and Contests—Lively Games and Guessing Contests.....10¢
Jingle Bells Party for Christmas and New Year.....10¢
A Family Thanksgiving Party with Games.....10¢
Halloween Stunt Party for School and Initiation.....10¢
Halloween Party With a Gruesome Tale for the dark room.....10¢
New Kid Party for Grown-ups, turns time backward.....10¢
Pirate and Captive Party with a treasure hunt and bunco game.....10¢
Circle of Months Party with twelve absorbing games.....10¢
Horoscope Party for Stars with twelve horoscopes.....10¢
School Banquet and College Dance with special features.....10¢
Circus Carnival and Progressive Luncheon for raising money.....10¢
Rules In Rhyme Bridge Party, rules easy to remember.....10¢
Bright Bowknots Booklet with six party suggestions.....20¢
Mottoes and Mascots Birthday Party, one for every month.....10¢

For all party suggestions and folios write to Elaine, Entertainment Editor for Good Housekeeping Magazine, 57th Street and 8th Ave., N. Y.

. . . and what is that one on the end for?

THAT big package is easy to guess. It's a pair of slippers for Grandpa. Hope they're big enough. And that next gift is a collar-box for Dad. Maybe he'll be able to find a clean collar now without the help of the whole family. Then there are silk stockings for Sally. And a book for Cousin Clara.

But that bar of Fels-Naptha. Of all things! Standing there with those other gifts as though it belonged with them. Surely you're not giving that to Mother? . . . No, I didn't think so. She deserves something expensive, sort of luxurious.

But you say that this bar of Fels-Naptha is really a gift? For whom? . . . Oh, ye-es. Say, that's cute. And thoughtful, too. Giving the family clothes a Christmas present! That's splendid!

The clothes have done their best—they've looked as well as they could under the circumstances. But watch them now! With the good soap and plentiful naptha in Fels-Naptha working together to loosen the dirt and wash it away—the family wardrobe is in for a sure-enough happy New Year!

Mother will be pleased, too, with Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. Clothes clean and white and sweet—without hard rubbing. Dad's shirts will last longer now. Junior'll get more mileage from his rompers.. Fels-Naptha, move right up to the head of the line! You *are* a gift — even if you're not a Christmas gift!

• • •

Seriously, we hope this coming year you'll give *your* clothes the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha's generous bar. You'll get a lovely wash without hard rubbing—whether you use washing machine or tub; whether you soak or boil the clothes; whether you use hot, lukewarm or cool water. And Fels-Naptha will help keep your hands nice! And now . . .

FELS-NAPTHA HAS A GIFT FOR *YOU!*

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Send only four cents in stamps to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Write to-day! © 1930, FELS & CO.

G. H.—12-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose 4 cents in stamps to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In using advertisements see page 6

Coughs *And* Colds

A Service For Mothers of Young Babies

Photograph by Ruth Alexander Nichols

By Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M.D.

Director of the Health and Happiness Club

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

In spite of all the studies that have been made to determine the cause of common colds, they still remain one of the enigmas of medicine. Also they seem to develop more frequently when groups of children play together. When deciding whether to send your child to a nursery school or kindergarten, this point must be considered.

Does the possibility of repeated colds bring with it enough of potential harm to a child to overbalance the real gain from the companionship and social advantages of the group? We usually decide *for* the group activities unless there is some special factor in the child's condition which makes sneezing, colds, and a cough dangerous. Often, however, children develop colds when they have not been in contact with other children, so there is no certain way of insuring against them. In the nursery schools the children pass a throat inspection each day. Parents are urged to keep a child at home if they see any signs of infection.

If a child has repeated colds or a continuous nasal discharge, a determined effort should be made to find the cause and cure it. The big factors which seem to help in increasing the resistance against these conditions are:

(1) The everyday choice of the proper foods, with emphasis upon green leafy vegetables, much fruit, especially of the citrous variety, milk from three-quarters to one quart daily, and whole-grain breads and cereals. In fact, just the sort of diet advised in our last letter (GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, November, 1930), which, while orginally worked out for gum and tooth conditions, was found to protect people against colds.

(2) Cod-liver oil, Viosterol, or combinations of the two, throughout summer as well as winter.

(3) Judicious use of the sun on the skin. It has been found that those children whose skin has been allowed to brown to a deep bronze during the summer have no more resistance than if they had not been outdoors so much; while children whose skin has been covered when the first pink flush appears, and then exposed again and again, but never allowed to brown deeply, *do* seem to contract fewer colds the following winter.

(4) Avoidance of sinus infections. This is not easy nor always possible to accomplish, for children develop trouble in sinuses just as adults do, though their bony cavities are smaller in size. There is a theory that every cold is complicated by infection of the ethmoid cells at the bridge of the nose, even though the other sinuses may escape. The constant dropping in the back of the throat produces a cough, and various habits of clearing the throat, as well as disturbed sleep. And often this secretion may be the starting point of a fresh cold and fever when the body tone is lowered by other factors.

(5) When anemic, adults and children seem especially liable to take cold, and the effort should then be to increase the quality of the blood, especially its hemoglobin content, by high-iron foods and tonics as needed.

(6) Sufficient sleep in a well-ventilated room, with a-continuation of the rest period after the noon meal, is another advised health measure.

Many a "running nose" has persisted in spite of everything until an allergy was suspected. Tests have then shown such children to be susceptible to pollens, dust, animals, wool, feathers, or combinations of these, and certain foods. When the suspected substances are removed from the surroundings and the diet is changed, the cold clears up like magic.

When a child has fever with signs of a cold, he should be looked over by a physician, who will examine in detail his nose, throat, ears, chest, and urine. When the cold progresses to the coughing stage, the chest needs special attention. A cough may indicate the irritation of any part of the respiratory tract from the larynx to the trachea, bronchii, and lungs. Or it may herald the onset of whooping cough or the other common diseases of childhood, or it may be asthma. It may come from an irritation of a foreign body swallowed and aspirated by mistake into the series of tubes leading into the lungs. Glands at the root of the lungs, or trouble starting in the lung substance itself, may produce a cough. Then there is such a thing as a "habit" cough, a left-over of an acute condition, or something used to draw attention to oneself, or to bring father or mother running to the bedside with exclamations and drinks of water! Be careful about considering a cough as of this latter type until all the other causes have been ruled out. (*Continued on page 250*)

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." Layette patterns included

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, *57th St. at 8th Ave., New York*

The Loveliest Women in the World... follow Pond's 4 steps to Beauty

TRAVEL round the world and you will find this to be true: The loveliest women follow Pond's 4 steps to beauty . . . It is the four delightful preparations that keep their skin always flower-like, radiant . . . The Duchess of Marlborough says: "Pond's keeps my complexion exquisite" . . . The Marquise de Polignac exclaims: "I have got the Pond's habit!" . . . Charming Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. is "devoted to the marvelous Two Creams, the exquisite Tissues, the invigorating Tonic" . . . Lady Buchanan-Jardine finds Pond's Method "easy, satisfactory, complete" . . . Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II says: "Just the four steps faithfully followed every day will keep one's skin fresh and clear" . . . Your own experience will prove this . . . Swift, simple, scientific, Pond's Method assures the pore-deep cleansing, the gentle bracing and toning, the exquisite protection from wind and weather . . . that are essential to preserve the youth and beauty of your skin.

POND'S METHOD: 1. For pore-deep cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day, always after exposure; pat in with upward, outward strokes. **2.** Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, super-absorbent—they come in the new Parisian peach color as well as white. **3.** Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to banish oiliness, tighten, tone. **4.** Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection.

Send 10¢ for Samples of Pond's Four Delightful Preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M
109 Hudson Street . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1930, Pond's Extract Company

In using advertisements see page 6

X-ray photographs show softening in baby's bones when mother's diet, *during pregnancy*, lacked sufficient vitamin D. Many cases of bow legs start that way.

Bow Legs

. . . traced to lack of one element in Mother's diet before Baby's Birth!

Mothers-to-be eat vitamin D in Fleischmann's Yeast.

Before baby is born, will you do one thing to help save him from bow legs . . . from soft bones and crowded teeth?

That is to eat plenty of "sunshine" vitamin D.

Nearly all food is deficient in vitamin D. But one food now contains it in abundance . . . Fleischmann's Yeast! Every cake is "irradiated" by ultra-violet rays to give it this remarkable vitamin.

You know how baby, before birth, draws certain elements from your system. Chief of these are lime and phosphorus, the minerals that form hard bones and teeth.

Vitamin D helps you assimilate lime and phosphorus from your food. Your own teeth are hardened against decay. Baby's bones and teeth start growing strong and sound!

Fleischmann's Yeast is also rich in vitamins B and G, you know—so necessary when nursing, to enrich your milk and help baby grow.

Just eat 3 cakes a day, plain or in water or milk, or any way you like. It corrects constipation, too—and helps digestion.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Now . . . richest Vitamin D Food!

Standard Brands Incorporated
595 Madison Ave., New York N-B-8

Please send me booklet, "Newly Discovered Importance of Vitamins in the Diet of Expectant Mothers."

Name _____

Address _____

©1930 Standard Brands Incorporated

DR. EDDY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered only if stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Walter H. Eddy, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City, New York

The Value of Waterless Cookers

We have recently purchased some culinary utensils for waterless cooking. The agent says that they preserve the minerals of vegetables and foods, making better cooking, as the minerals in food are lost by cooking in water. Please advise me if this is so. *Mrs. H. B. S., N. D.*

When meats and vegetables are boiled in a considerable quantity of water, those parts of the food that are soluble naturally leach out into the water. If the cooking water is not consumed, there will be, obviously, loss of some food value from this method of cooking. Thick-walled cooking vessels permit the cooking of vegetables with a smaller amount of water and hence less of this leaching. To that extent they conserve food values. If the foodstuff, however, is low in water content, such a method of cooking introduces the danger of *burning*. For that reason certain foods require the presence of a small amount of water. The advantage of waterless cooking will then be directly proportionate to the danger of loss of food values by water solution.

How To Treat Eczema

Will you please tell me if there is any cure for eczema? What is the cause and diet for cure? My case is two years old, and although I eat plenty of fruits and vegetables and no meat, I can not control it. Can you help me?
Mrs. W. O., N. Y.

Many letters have been received from readers asking the above question. Experience suggests that many of these eczemas are of dietary origin, and that certain foodstuffs produce the skin reaction in susceptible individuals. The dietary origin is sufficiently common to justify this conclusion. I suggest that you make a list of the foodstuffs that you are eating. Omit one of them for a period and see if improvement results. If not, try omitting another kind. In this way you will gradually determine the responsible item, if your eczema is of dietary origin. The doctor would have to do this before he could determine the point, and you might save time and expense by carrying out this elimination procedure yourself. Pay especial attention to the proteins in the diet, as they are usually the offenders.

Inquiries About Aluminum

A short time ago I read an article which stated that the use of aluminum ware as cooking utensils was causing cancer. Please give me your real opinion of the matter.
M. J., Ind.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has published several articles regarding the use of aluminum ware. You may be able to get from the files of your public library the issues in which the articles were published, if you are interested in going deeper into the subject.

"The Truth About Aluminum," by Dr. Allerton S. Cushman, with foreword by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. September, 1929

"The Metals in Our Foods," by Dr. Walter H. Eddy. October, 1929

"Aluminum Baking Powders," by Dr. Walter H. Eddy. March, 1930

We reiterate, there is no evidence of danger to the user of aluminum ware.

Fruit And Vegetable Juices Produce an Alkaline Reaction in The Blood

I would appreciate any advice you can give me on acidosis. *Miss M. S., N. Y.*

Acidosis is a term applied by physicians to a condition of the system in which there is a diminished alkalinity of the tissues and an increased quantity of acid in the urine. The diet should be changed so as to provide for a digestive residue of an alkaline character. To this end, the amount of cereals, meats, and egg should be reduced and the quantity of fruits and vegetables increased. It is well also to eliminate tea and coffee from the diet. Acidosis is really a disease caused by an abnormal production of acids in the body and their faulty elimination.

The most important thing you can do is to determine what is the cause of your condition, as the cause determines the way in which foods, or anything else, should be used to correct it. This you should try to discover by consultation with your physician.

No Danger of Hair Growing on Your Face

I should like to ask if the best cleansing creams and lotions for a dry skin are likely to superinduce the growth of hair upon the face? *Mrs. C. R. I., Wash.*

It has always been a mystery to me why some cosmetic manufacturers take such pains to explain that their particular cream will not grow hair. If anybody could find a preparation that would grow hair, he could make a fortune overnight.

Another thing that we always object to is the statement that such products will "nourish" the skin. Nourishment which produces new skin or skin repair, or the growth of hair, must come to that skin through the blood. There is no way of feeding it through the outside. You can soften skin, make it more supple, you can massage the muscles and firm the contours, in which process the cosmetic may aid when used under the fingers, but there is no known way of feeding skin or hair roots by external applications.

The Tester's Method

Will you kindly advise me if there is any way of ascertaining if canned foods are tainted?
Mrs. A. E. K., Penna.

If you rap sharply down on a hard surface the top of any canned goods and then examine the end with your thumbs to determine whether it has moved, you will have used the method commonly employed for the detection of "springers," or improperly processed canned foods. The contents of such cans may be at the time fit to eat, but would indicate that a proper vacuum was not drawn and that there is danger that the contents will spoil. When the can is actually bulged, it means that failure to process it properly has permitted fermentation to go to a dangerous point. Contents of bulged cans should never be eaten, and a "springer" should not be used. It is potentially dangerous.

There Are Many Good Food Sources of Iron

May I ask you for a list of foods most suitable for people who need more iron? The one I have in mind is a boy of fifteen who has somewhat outgrown his strength. I have always given him food which I have thought wholesome, and he eats everything. Plenty of vegetables, milk, meat, also candy after meals. Does milk contain iron? Does liver contain iron? *Mrs. F. H., N. J.*

You will find in Sherman's "Chemistry of Food and Nutrition," published by Macmillan, the report of the analyses of the iron content of all common foods. Liver, whole cereal, meats, spinach, dried fruits, and green vegetables are all good sources of iron. Milk is not rich in iron and can not be called upon to supply the iron necessary for growing children. This, of course, does not mean that it is not a splendid food, but simply that we must go to other sources for the iron necessary to prevent anemia.

Thanks to 2 famous ingredients..

red, chapped hands *smooth and white for evening. . . .*

THE TWO MOST effective ingredients known to science for softening and whitening the skin—combined in one marvelous preparation!

A wonderful healing power, instantly soothing to a skin that is the least bit chapped. That is what you find in Jergens Lotion.

No one need *ever* have rough, even slightly reddened hands!

At the first feeling of discomfort or dryness, smooth Jergens Lotion into the palms and over the backs of the hands.

You have an *instant* sensation of relief as the parched tissues relax. As the skin drinks up this fragrant liquid, its smooth, cool softness returns as if by magic. After the very first applications, the hands lose some of their redness, look whiter, more even in color.

JERGENS LOTION has been so skilfully compounded that it is absorbed instantly without a trace of stickiness! You may smooth it on when you dress for the evening. Have it handy, in fact, to smooth into your skin every time you take your hands out of water.

Because of its marvelous whitening quality, many women use Jergens Lotion regularly on their necks and shoulders to keep the skin appealingly white. And they say, because of the way it smooths the skin, it's wonderful as a powder base.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today and see how it keeps your hands adorably soft and white all winter! Relieves them instantly from chapping! Jergens Lotion is fifty cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Economical size, $1.

FREE . . . *a new trial bottle!*

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3223 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. *In Canada,* address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 3223 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Smooth Jergens Lotion on when you dress for the evening . . . It makes your hands adorably soft and white.

Gift Box for Men

For Husbands . . . Brothers . . . Fathers! **Protection against chapping—this gift package of shaving luxuries. Woodbury's Shaving Cream, Talc and Soap (guest size) and a bottle of soothing Jergens Lotion to smooth on the face after shaving. Or the box may be obtained with Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion instead. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters, $1.**

Jergens ★ Lotion

LEAVES NO STICKINESS

In using advertisements see page 6

Games and Toys

Baseball Game and Horse Racing Game: All the speed and excitement of real baseball will be had by all the family in the electrical baseball game (left); in box, 12x17"; $5. Derby Day (below) has six colored horses and hurdles; a wonderful game for parties; board, 19x26"; $5.

Lampshade Craft: For your youngster on a rainy day, this includes all material for hand coloring, 4 parchment shades, and their metal frames, and directions; $2.

Bunny "Toidey" Steps: (4th, left). Sturdy, solidly constructed steps will not tip and will enable child to reach washbowl, shelves, etc.; in ivory, pink, green, or blue enamel; indispensable; 20" high; $6.

Grocery Store: With six labeled bins, assorted groceries, and scales, the white enameled grocery set, 15" high, is only $5. Knitting set: With assorted worsted, frame, and direction book; box 4x12"; $2.

Trunk: Containing four boxes of puzzles, the child's trunk pasted with labels; $2.50. Globe: For grown-ups as well as the children, the globe of the world whirls on a metal stand; 7" high; is only 95c.

Bathtub Toys: A celluloid boat, a fish, and 4 ducks; from 4 to 6" long; set for $1.25 Pottery Nut Dishes: (At bottom of page). On pedestals, they are 2" high, gayly colored in Italian pottery, for gifts; 95c ea.

Jumbo Crayons: (Top of page, right). 12 crayons and box of designs to be filled in; $1. Bean Pot and Tees: Only $1 for a brown pot with red and yellow tees; 3" high; $1.

Soapstone Ashtray: Hand-carved soapstone; red, green, or white; various sizes; 45c. "Winnie the Pooh": In a case, 3 large pencils, 4 large crayons, 2" purse, scissors, and a bear eraser; gay colors; $1.

Guestroom Set: In rose, blue, yellow, or orchid, 3 tubes bath salts, 2 cakes soap, and two powder puffs; charming for 75c

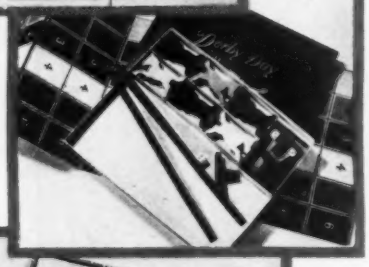
Ritz Doll: In red, blue, green, or gold, the doll is made up of a dishcloth, mop, pot holder, and dust cloth; in box; $1.

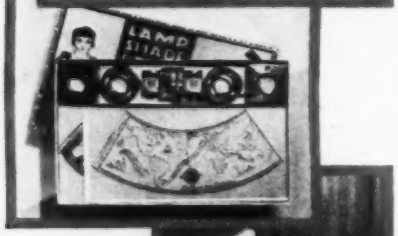
Guest Towels: Two fine linen towels with appliqué (both 15x22"); lower one in the upper picture, green with white; 70c; the upper one, white with gray and blue; $1. In the lower picture, both are tan crash linen, hand-embroidered; (both 15x22") the top one 75c, the bottom one only 65c

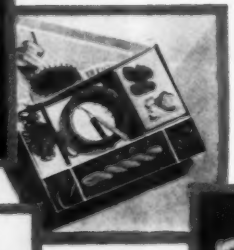
Weaving Loom: For making small rugs, pads, and blankets, wool and directions included, the loom is 10" long; complete $2.50 "My Stamp Book of Wild Flowers": 31 pages; colored stamps to paste in; $1.

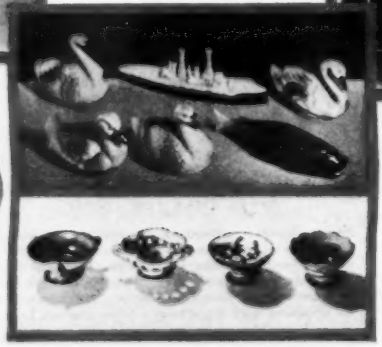
Candlestand: Electric candle light; orchid, cream, green, pink, or blue; with handle and extra battery; 5¾" high; $1.

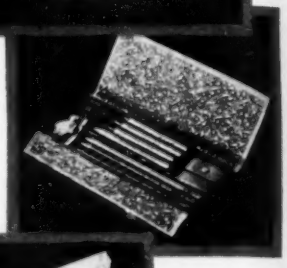
For Your Family











HOW TO ORDER

Just send your check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C. See page 74

Reduces mouth germs 98%— heals tissue

Your mouth is the open door to infection, the breeding place for millions of disease germs, the battle ground for the forces of health and disease.

Surely you realize the importance of using a safe antiseptic to maintain its cleanliness. Surely you welcome a pleasant germicide to aid in the prevention and attack of diseases that develop there. Listerine is both an antiseptic and germicide.

Under ordinary conditions of health, the usual morning and night gargle with full strength Listerine is deemed sufficient to assist nature in keeping dangerous disease microorganisms under control.

Gargle every 2 hours

But when infection has actually started as is the case when you have a cold, influenza, grippe, or irritated throat, more frequent gargling is necessary. Once every two hours, authorities urge.

For in ill health body resistance is low. Nature alone can no longer cope with multiplying bacteria. Full strength Listerine with its swift germicidal action then becomes an extra attacking force.

Kills germs in 15 seconds

Exhaustive laboratory tests show that this safe, non-poisonous antiseptic destroys even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds.

Less resistant but no less dangerous pathogens such as the Streptococcus Hemolyticus (the germ associated with sore throat and cold), the Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Micrococcus Catarrhalis (catarrh) are destroyed in much larger numbers.

Reduces mouth germs 98%

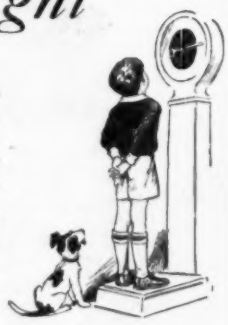
And in the mouth, further tests show that full strength Listerine reduces the bacterial count of saliva 98%. Think of it! In order to maintain a continuous reduction of bacteria, frequent gargling is absolutely necessary. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

In using advertisements see page 6

1930 is the 150th anniversary of Walter Baker & Company

From the kitchen cupboard came an old family friend *to boost Bobbie's weight*



BOBBIE'S family lived in an old New England cottage which had been built in the days of Bunker Hill. Almost since then, Baker's Cocoa had stood in the cupboard.

Great, great, great grandmother had thought cocoa about the best drink in the world for a child's health and had served it regularly to her youngsters. So had great, great grandmother — and, in turn, many who had come since. And now, Bobbie's mother, finding him five pounds underweight, was following the up-to-date advice of the young family doctor—so once again Baker's Cocoa came forth from the kitchen cupboard.

Then Bobbie's weight started to climb. Soon it had reached the healthy side of normal.

Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk is a unique food drink with benefits needed by *every* child, by *your* child. This fact seems quite understandable when you learn its ingredients—all the food value of milk, plus the added nourishment of Baker's Cocoa itself. Each wonderfully flavored cupful contains a whole host of nutritious benefactors for the growing child—not only carbohydrates and proteins, but calcium, phosphorus —as well as vitamin A and vitamin B.

In a recent survey, 77% of the dietitians, professional nurses, editors of women's magazines said "Baker's Cocoa is best." It is roasted from the choicest cocoa beans that cargo ships bring across the ocean from the West Indies. Its blending is guided by matchless skill and knowledge which have taken 150 years to accumulate. That is why Baker's Cocoa is so delightfully rich in flavor. That is why its mellow, chocolaty goodness is just as much of a treat for grown-ups as for children.

Write for 60-page illustrated Cocoa and Chocolate recipe book: Walter Baker & Co., Dept. E-12, Dorchester, Mass. If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.

BAKER'S COCOA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Product of General Foods Corporation

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

Our Shopping Service Will Buy these for You

To Order

Send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C. See p. 68

Smart jersey suits for sister and brother; two tones of blue, green, or brown; girls, 2 to 6 yrs.; boys, 2 to 5; $1.95 ea.

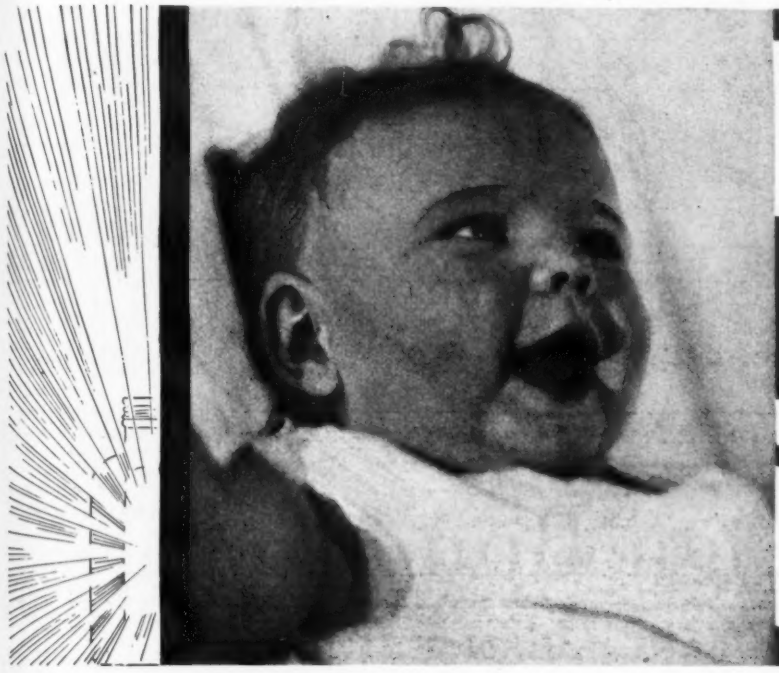
Quilted satin robe, lined with mull; silk cord; pockets; copen-blue, rose, or pansy; small, medium, or large; $9.75

Semi-made is the tunic frock (1st below) in navy, black, gold, brown, green, or Burgundy flat crêpe; just sew up seams and hem; 14 to 40; $9.95

Only $5.95 for the jersey dress (2nd below) with plaited white voile; bow at belt; black, brown, green, red, or royal-blue; 14 to 42; $5.95

Warm is this raincoat in elephant-hide finish; cotton-flannel lined; black, blue, or red; 14 to 40; coat, $5.95; beret, 80c

An inner sunbath for your baby every day of the year — with Bottled Sunshine . . . .



Squibb Cod-Liver Oil is wonderfully rich in two health-giving vitamins. In every teaspoonful there are 2000 Vitamin A units and 80 Vitamin D units.

SQUIBB

COD LIVER OIL

PLAIN or MINT-FLAVORED

For mother, father, and the older children—Squibb Mint-Flavored Cod-Liver Oil. It helps build up resistance against colds and mean winter germs. Pleasant, refreshing, easy to take.

Sunshine! From its life-giving rays come health and beauty for your baby.

A well-shaped head, a fine, full chest, well-developed jaws and chin, straight legs . . . Sound teeth that come in evenly spaced and uncrowded; that do not decay easily . . .

These are the things which sunshine brings. They are built by one certain factor in sunshine. This important factor is Vitamin D.

For this reason your own doctor will tell you that your baby needs plenty of sunshine regularly *every day*, just as he needs his milk and orange juice.

But, except for a few days in the year, sunbaths on the bare skin are impossible. Smoke, clouds, fog, clothing, shut out the sunshine rays—the "Vitamin D" rays. Ordinary window glass filters them out.

So science has found a way to give your baby an inner sunbath every day—with *Bottled Sunshine*—good cod-liver oil. This is the surer way for you to provide your baby with the Vitamin D he needs.

But always give him a *good* cod-liver oil! There's such a difference in the richness of cod-liver oils, you know.

Good cod-liver oil, like Squibb's, is wonderfully rich in Vitamin D, the bone-and-tooth building factor. It also supplies an abundance of another important factor—Vitamin A.

Vitamin A helps your baby to grow and thrive, and helps to keep him free from colds.

In Squibb Cod-Liver Oil, both of these factors—Vitamins A and D—are *guaranteed*.

Squibb *protects* the rich vitamin content of their oil by an exclusive process of bottling which prevents harmful exposure to air and moisture.

That is why so many physicians recommend Squibb's. That is why so many mothers prefer *Squibb* Cod-Liver Oil to any other kind for baby's inner sunbath. That is why you, too, will want Squibb's for your baby.

Now—Cod-Liver Oil enriched in Vitamin D!

A leader always in the cod-liver oil field, Squibb now offers a remarkable new oil enriched in Vitamin D. *Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol 10 D!* It is *ten times* richer in Vitamin D than standard cod-liver oil. Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol 10 D is for those who need Vitamin A in abundance, and who also need more Vitamin D than regular cod-liver oil supplies. It comes both plain and mint-flavored.

FREE—"Bottled Sunshine" booklet for mothers. *Just fill in name and address and send to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Dept. GHD, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

Name _____

Street _____

Address _____

In using advertisements see page 6

Drawing by Stuart Hay

What About Foreign Bonds?

By Ruth Boyle

"I OBSERVE that German bonds are selling at prices that give an extremely high yield," writes a minister who wants to know how best to invest a modest legacy. "What do you think of these and of other foreign bonds? Would you put any money into foreign securities at this time?"

This letter is typical of many coming to this department now from people who are attracted by the high yields of foreign securities. At the same time other readers who own bonds of this kind are making worried inquiries about their safety. They read newspaper reports of political disturbances and of economic troubles in countries in which they have invested. They see the market value of their bonds sliding downward at a time when good domestic issues are steadily rising, and they ask whether there are conditions that threaten the safety of interest and principal in the case of their foreign holdings, or whether the present unpopularity of foreign bonds is a temporary matter.

Some of these questions I asked Dr. Marcus Nadler, Associate Professor of Finance at New York University. Dr. Nadler and Dean John T. Madden of New York University are the authors of "Foreign Securities," which is considered by bankers and economists one of the most authoritative books in this field.

Dr. Nadler emphasized first of all the broad principles which have always been applied to the choice of foreign investments and which are just as important and as applicable now as they ever were.

"Countries with a record for the scrupulous payment of their debts, with thriving, well-diversified industries, and with stable government and no political entanglements, are naturally the ones that attract the conservative investor. Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Great Britain, and Switzerland immediately come to mind as belonging to this class. You will notice that the yields on their bonds are moderate—five to six percent, averaging one to two percent higher than high-grade domestic issues. Since the war we have heard a great deal about the difficulties England has had to face—unemployment, high taxes, depressed trade and industry—but United Kingdom 5½s continue to sell well above par. People have confidence that England will in time surmount her difficulties and that no matter how depressed economic conditions may be, or what party may be at the helm, principal and interest will be paid promptly.

"It is my opinion that people whose savings are small or who are dependent upon their investments for their income should invest only in the highest grade, Triple A, domestic or foreign bonds. But there are people who can afford to take a certain amount of risk with part of their funds and are justified in buying the most promising lower grade securities. In buying such bonds the investor should be fully aware that as a rule the higher the yield the greater is the risk."

Asked what factors should be studied in choosing a foreign bond, Dr. Nadler said:

"Just now we are in the midst of a world-wide business depression which has, of course, affected some countries more seriously than others. In some sections this situation has led to political instability, a popular demand for a new party or a new government. When people are out of work and hungry, they are apt to blame their plight on their political leaders and to demand a change. In the case of stable, well-balanced nations this political unsettlement does no particular harm. England elected a Socialist government, but nothing radically different happened. The new party in power acted much as its predecessors had done, and the country went on as before.

"Recent events in Germany show that the less conservative element is gaining in political power there. With business bad, taxes oppressive, and unemployment high, the people are in a mood to listen to criticism of the government. In the cities the ranks of the Communist and in the rural districts the Fascist parties have increased. I am convinced that no matter what party comes into power, the debts of the country will never be repudiated, but in spite of my personal feeling, I can not recommend these bonds as a conservative investment to persons of limited means. Germany, in order to protect her trade, must keep her credit unimpaired, and I believe that her leaders, regardless of their political views, will see that her obligations contracted abroad are paid. Her business outlook is better than that of most other European countries. Her factories are well organized, up-to-date, and ready to produce very economically as soon as the demand turns upward. Under these conditions Germany can not help but get a substantial share of the world's business when the (*Continued on page 128*)

Free Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. Don't send your securities

"It's a General Electric!"

Why hesitate to suggest to your husband the gift you long for most? It is true economy to own the Refrigerator with the money-saving Monitor Top.

THE refrigerator with the Monitor Top—as distinguished in its modern beauty as in its splendid record of economical performance—what a glorious gift for *any* woman to receive! And how very easy now—with our convenient time payment plan—for any man to give.

The refrigerator with the Monitor Top—so dependable, so extraordinarily efficient, that it operates at a cost of but a few cents a day—that is the kind of *economical* present that a man's good judgment tells him he can well afford.

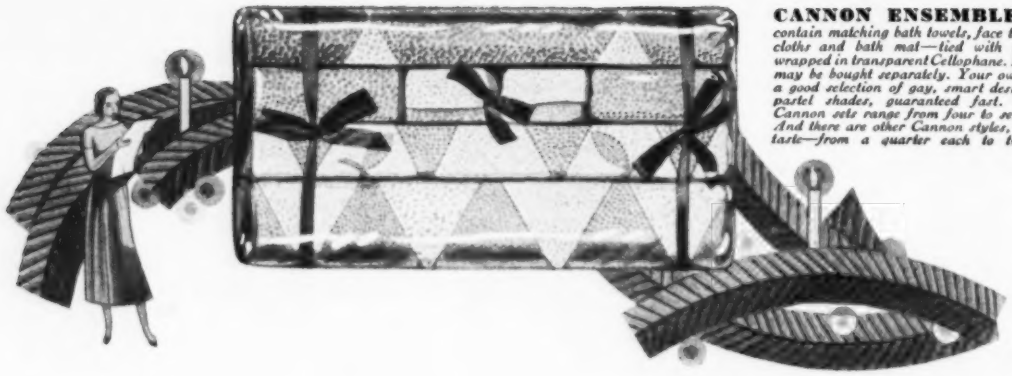
Three hundred and sixty-five days a year this gleaming white refrigerator will keep your food fresh, safe and wholesome—eliminating spoilage and waste—saving you steps—and time—and money. What more welcome gift, what more useful gift—what more *economical* gift could you suggest this Christmas than the General Electric Refrigerator—the refrigerator with the money-saving Monitor Top!

Easy time payment plan—General Electric Refrigerators can be purchased on our convenient installment plan. Drop around at the nearest showroom, or write for illustrated booklet, terms and prices. Address Section G-12, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Bldg., 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

REFRIGERATOR

"SILENT AS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"



CANNON ENSEMBLE SETS *contain matching bath towels, face towels, wash cloths and bath mat—tied with ribbon and wrapped in transparent Cellophane. Extra pieces may be bought separately. Your own store has a good selection of gay, smart designs in soft pastel shades, guaranteed fast. Prices for Cannon sets range from four to seven dollars. And there are other Cannon styles, to suit any taste—from a quarter each to two dollars.*

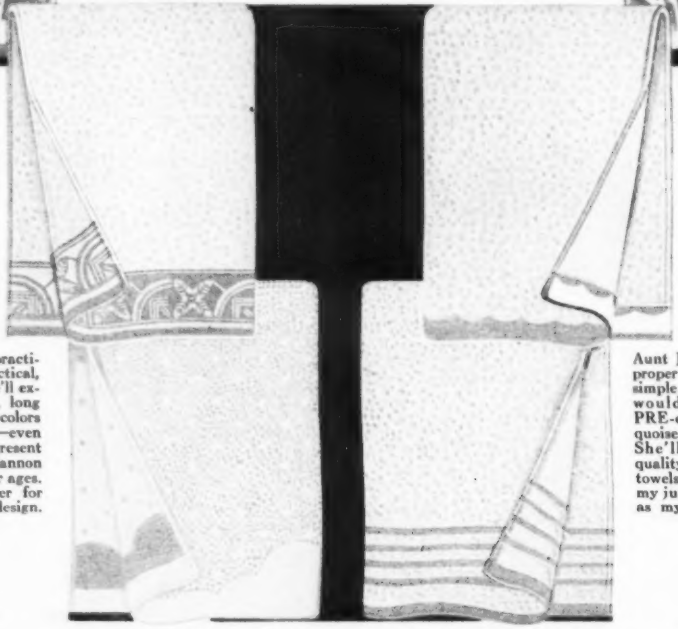
Be kind to them all this Christmas!

Give CANNON TOWELS in sets

WHAT makes your gift a success? Just that it perfectly suits the person, and the purpose—with a dash of chic for good measure. . . . In the new Cannon ensemble sets are packed *all* the virtues *all* your friends look for in towels and wash cloths and bath mats. . . . You get credit for *all kinds of cleverness*. And you get the most for your money—anything that wears the Cannon label is the world's best value in its class. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St., N. Y. City.

How about this fascinating three-tone set for Irene? She's the smartest girl in the world! Always looks like a Paris fashion sheet—correct, from toe to top-knot. This brand-new idea is just her style, and these are exactly the colors she likes.

Let's see . . . Helen has only one interest nowadays—that precious boy-baby of hers. So here's what *she* gets. A set of towels and wash cloths and so on, in the wooden-soldier pattern—and in jade to match the new nursery bathroom.



Now, Dot is *so* practical . . . too practical, sometimes. She'll expect efficiency, long service, fast colors and all that—even in Christmas-present towels. Well, Cannon towels wear for ages. Let's mark her for this neat floral design.

Aunt Jane is such a proper person. This simple scallop border would suit her—PRE-cisely. In turquoise, of course. She'll notice the quality of Cannon towels—remark on my judgment as well as my taste. Done!

Frances is easy. She's a color fan. Any of these clever reversible styles would give her a thrill. Maybe the cloud and dot design is the boldest and brightest. I want some like it myself. . . . Oh, *perfect*, in that soft, lovely shade of rose!

Now for Cousin Lucy. . . . Never hear from her except at Christmas—but still she deserves something nice. Why not this pretty, smaller set? So soft and snowy-white—and the orchid borders lend a touch of real swank. That's *that!*

CHRISTMAS!

The Institute Offers Timely Suggestions For the Holiday Season

Photograph by H. I. Williams

Be sure that the decorative Christmas equipment which you buy is approved by the Underwriters Laboratories

Safety First! Christmas Lights

THE beautiful custom of illumination at Christmas time is now a safe one since it has become possible to light the tree and the house with electricity. This eliminates the hazard that was always present before such lights came into general use. The day-after-Christmas lists of fatalities and fires have become almost a thing of the past. Even the delightful old custom of having lighted candles in the windows can be followed with safety when the "flame" of each candle is a tiny electric light!

It is natural for all of us to feel absolutely safe with electrical equipment, and this feeling is well founded. However, there are on the market inferior brands of decorative Christmas equipment; and it is well from the standpoint of safety to be sure that the equipment which you purchase has the approval of the Underwriters Laboratories. This approval means that the equipment has been tested from a fire hazard standpoint and found satisfactory.

Some communities have entered into the spirit of outdoor Christmas lighting with most attractive results. Almost every front lawn boasts a tree or a clump of shrubbery decorated with many colored lights. If you are planning to have outdoor lights, be sure that the equipment which you use is particularly designed for this use; that is, the sockets and wire should be weatherproof. Indoor lighting equipment can not be used satisfactorily outdoors, as snow, sleet, or rain will damage the sockets and wire and cause a short circuit. The outdoor sets can be had with higher candle power lamps, wired in such a way that if one lamp burns out, none of the rest will be affected. *Never change bulbs in a set or adjust the connection while the current is on, for standing on the damp ground you might receive a shock.*

Whether or not your home is equipped with electric lighting, it is possible to have your Christmas tree decorated with strings of electric lights. These sets are made not only for connection to the ordinary lighting service, but for use with dry batteries or storage batteries. These sets are not interchangeable, however, and it is well to remember this when making your purchase.

A Gift for That "Difficult" Person!

On your Christmas gift list are there one or two persons who "just have everything," or who are difficult to please for other reasons? A dear old lady, for example, whose needs are few because she seldom leaves her home. Or a college boy or girl with up-to-the-minute preferences—a bit beyond your ability to keep up with the times. Or a new neighbor about whose taste you know very little. Perhaps there is a relative who has ideas on everything which are diametrically opposed to your own! With the rarest of exceptions there is a type of gift which will please them all. Food!

Don't despair just because you have neither the time nor the ability to prepare unusual and delectable foods. Manufacturers and packers have anticipated your every need, as a trip to market will soon convince you. You will find delightful preserves in new and interesting forms, one of which may please that dear old lady. A Christmas basket bursting with fruit, a can of plum pudding, candied ginger, or fruit peel, a glass of jelly, and an assortment of salted nuts, would surely delight the new neighbor or the relative. Even the most sophisticated "collegiate" likes to have material on hand from which to prepare a midnight snack. How about a box of assorted jams and jellies, in small jars? Or a small fruit cake that will keep "forever" in its gay tin box?

Be sure to dress up your gifts of foods in the gayest of wrappings. Colored, transparent, moistureproof paper adds an inimitable touch and keeps food fresh as well. Holly sprigs, evergreen, bright ribbon or cord, and amusing wrapping paper help you to make your packages express your own individuality and add to the delight of the recipient.

Prohibition Punches for Christmas

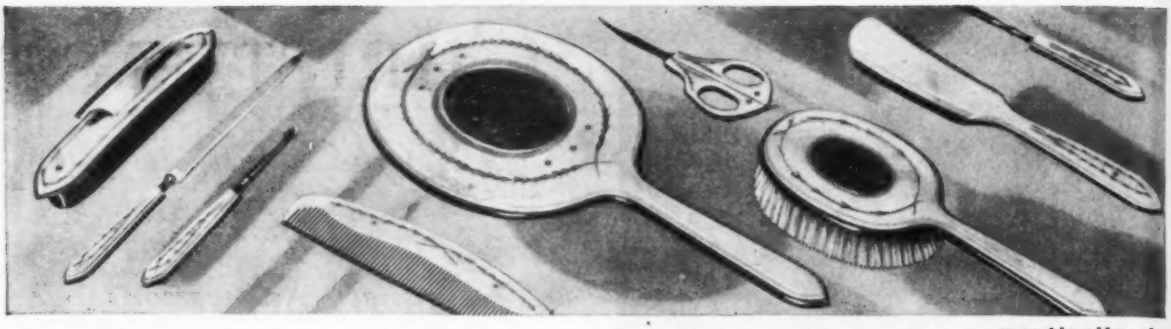
Roxana A. Doran, the wife of Dr. James M. Doran, former U. S. Commissioner of Prohibition, has compiled an interesting little book on beverages which are both legal and delicious, called "Prohibition Punches." It is published by Dorrance and Company, Philadelphia.

The late Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, formerly Director of Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, says in his preface to the book, "The 18th Amendment is a permanent part of our Constitution. Why not recognize this fact and turn our attention to finding something to fill our national goblet legitimately? Mrs. Doran has pointed the way for a new line of thought in this direction which will make for a more contented mental attitude than American society has known since the chaos of the World War."

Particularly at this gay season you will be delighted with the suggestions for sparkling beverages which will add an envied touch to your menus for breakfasts, luncheons, bridge parties, afternoon teas, dinners, and evening affairs. And there are recipes especially for the children, too.

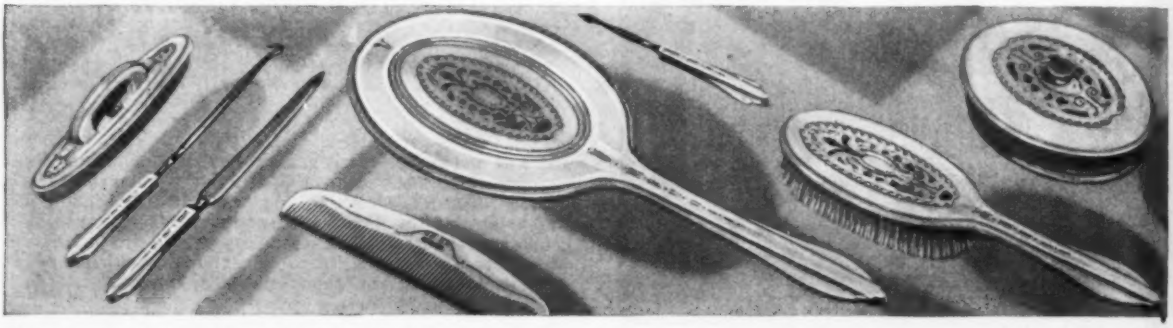
Correction—See October Forum

We wish to correct a typographical error which appeared in the Forum for October, 1930. In the review of the booklet on cake decoration the final statement should read, "Ateco Simplified Cake Decorating," published by August Thomsen & Co.—price 50c.



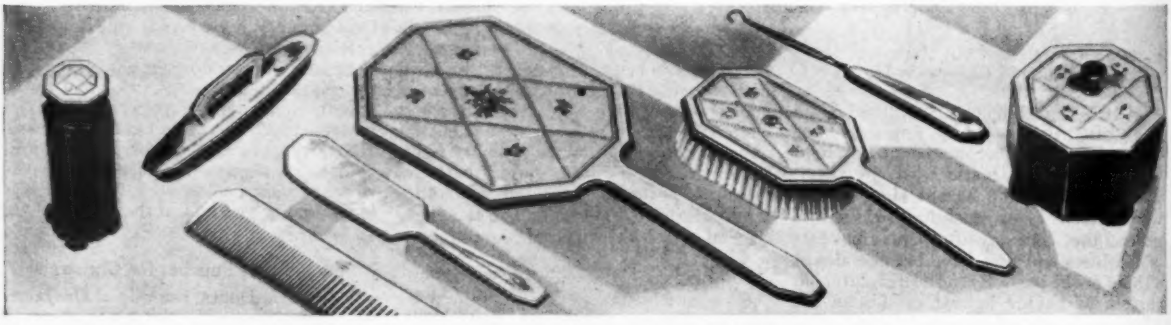
BECAUSE EVERY WOMAN TREASURES THE HOURS SHE SPENDS AT HER DRESSING TABLE . . .

monticello—In Continental Blue, Buff and Gold, or Colonial Rose and Silver effects. $15.00 to $30.00 (depending on number of articles selected).



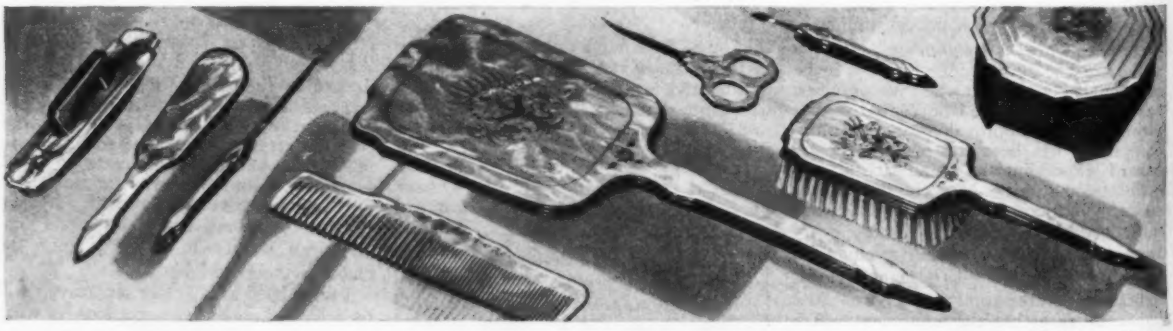
BECAUSE EVERY WOMAN WANTS HER DRESSING TABLE TO BE SMARTLY LUXURIOUS . . . BUT PRACTICAL, TOO . . .

trianon—In Spring time Green or in Peach Antoinette. $16.00 to $33.50 (depending on number of articles selected).



BECAUSE DU PONT ASKED NOTED ARTISTS TO DESIGN CORRECT ACCESSORIES FOR EVERY STYLE OF BOUDOIR . . .

sonya — Pearl-on-Amber Pyralin in Jade, Rose, Maize or White. $12.50 to $25.00 (depending on number of articles selected).



AND BECAUSE THEY ARE PRICED SO REASONABLY DESPITE THEIR PERFECT CRAFTSMANSHIP AND AUTHENTIC STYLE . . .

madelon — Obtainable in Jade, Rose, Maize or White Pearl-on-Amber Pyralin. $10.00 to $20.00 (depending on number of articles selected).

MAKE SOMEONE

(how about yourself)

VERY HAPPY WITH ONE

OF THESE MODERN

Ensembles

WE have a very clear picture in our mind of who that "someone" might be.

She is a woman of taste. She knows the leading fashion trends. She realizes the importance of the ensemble idea both in her dress and in her home. For her boudoir, famous artists, such as Verna Cook Salomonsky, Ethel Parsons, and Robert Leonard, have designed new du Pont ensembles. They are as smart as if they had come straight from an Exposition des Arts in Paris. Their colors and motifs are most skillfully planned to harmonize with every important scheme of interior decoration.

The prices, as you will see, are most reasonable and every pattern is obtainable in ensembles of whatever size meets your needs. Every genuine piece is identified by the famous du Pont oval trade-mark, your guarantee of perfect craftsmanship and authentic style. The collections shown here—and many others, too—are on display now in all the leading department, jewelry and drug stores.

DU PONT VISCOLOID CO., INC., 330 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

DU PONT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

When buying a fitted traveling case, too, ask for toilet accessories by du Pont

DU PONT ACCESSORIES FOR THE BOUDOIR

Lucite . . . Pyralin . . . Arlton

. . . for her whose boudoir suggests the Early American period, MONTICELLO, named after Jefferson's home in Virginia, is the ideal pattern.

. . . an admirer of the Louis Quatorze period will prize the TRIANON ensemble, with its delicate scroll of bell flowers, so beloved by Marie Antoinette.

. . . the woman whose boudoir is furnished in the contemporary manner will perhaps prefer SONYA, so modern in shape and so classically chaste in design.

. . . the girl who wishes to add a touch of brilliance to her room will appreciate MADELON in flashing pearl-on-amber, with four beautiful pastel shades from which to choose.

In using advertisements see page 6

Joy
for their eyes
.... and HEALTH *for their bodies*

DRUMS and dolls and soldiers and swords. That's Christmas morning. Tops to spin and trains to run. Little eyes popping with pleasure. So excited there's hardly a moment for breakfast.

But a moment will do—for there are bananas! Quick, simple and one of the most nourishing breakfasts a child can have on Christmas or any other morning—*a builder of vitality.*

And your children's new building blocks spell a health message for modern mothers . . . Vitamin A, Vitamin B, Vitamin C. These are health-building vitamins that each mellow banana holds within its golden, brown-flecked skin. Minerals, too, that do their part in making the children of today into sturdy men and women of tomorrow . . . By all means give your little ones bananas. Don't force them to coax you. Remember, ripe bananas are a standing diet order of today's leading child specialists.

Our new booklet shows many beneficial and delightful ways to feed bananas to children, and to use them in your own meal plan. Helpful suggestions, recipes and entire menus. Send no money. "Bananas in the Modern Manner" is free.

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET

GH-12-30
BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION
17 Battery Place, New York City
Canadian Office:
1171 St. James Street West, Montreal, Canada
Please send new recipe and menu booklet, "Bananas in the Modern Manner."

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

BANANA
GROWERS ASSOCIATION

The Princess of Motul

(Continued from page 59)

lovely down there and peaceful under the big leaves! Long vines grew up into the trees, vines with clusters of flowers of every color. Everything smelled so sweet! And there were butterflies, some that were tiny and others that were as big as the large leaves of the trees, all of them fluttering or floating in and out of the sunlight and shade.

On the other side of the big well a white cliff rose up straight and tall, and at the bottom of the cliff a ledge hung over, making a beautiful cave, a cave like a cool, sweet room. The roots of trees and vines grew down over the cool, sweet room and made a curtain between it and the trees outside. And in one corner of the cool cave was a tiny trickle of water, all that was left of the big *tzo-not*, as big as a city block, where people once came to fill their jars! Little swallows and doves flew in through the curtain of vines and made their homes up in the roof of the cool, sweet room. And Grandmother Chich and Little Boy Tilim came into the cool room, and sat down on the mossy rocks, and had their picnic there.

Grandmother Chich had made a big *tamale* of corn-meal and yellow saffron, with chicken cooked inside it. She had wrapped it up in a long, green banana leaf and cooked it in a little oven underneath the ground, with hot stones on top of it. How good it tasted, and how lovely it looked, with its clear yellow color! She had brought some sweet corn *tortillas*, toasted and crisp, that were like the best sort of cookies. And there were some coconuts to drink the sweet milk from, and then to eat, with their lovely, white meat so tender and juicy.

Grandmother Chich had promised Little Boy Tilim a story after lunch. So, when Little Boy Tilim was so full of the good food that he didn't feel like running or playing, Grandmother Chich took him in her arms and told him the story of the Princess of Motul.

LONG ago and long ago, when there were many strange things in Yucatan, there used to be a little town called Motul.

At Motul there was a *tzo-not* of clear water, surrounded by many pleasant trees that made green shade; and there was a big, white palace where the king lived; and in all the pleasant trees there were many birds that made the sky bright with their gay wings.

The King of Motul was a wizard, and he was always planning trouble for people with the witches and wizards of Yucatan. He *liked* to go to war, and he *liked* to burn up whole towns.

When the good spirits knew that he was going to have a little daughter, they felt sorry for the poor little girl. They gathered together and planned what they could do to help her. After a while she was born, and even when she was a baby she was lovelier than any other baby had ever been. The good spirits came and whispered into her little pink baby ears:

"We shall give you three gifts: beauty of face, strength of spirit, and love in your heart. These will be your shields to protect you against the evils that surround you in this wizard's palace. But you must guard your gifts, little girl, for you live among evil spirits."

The people who were standing about the baby, watching her, wondered why she reached out her little hands and smiled.

When she was fifteen years old, the good spirits came to her again, and said:

"You have three shields we have given you to protect you from evils, but now we shall give you a weapon that you may *fight* these evils."

And they gave her a little transparent stone called a *saastún*.

"As long as you keep a brave heart," they told her, "and never let your tears fall down, this stone will be your weapon. Whenever evil threatens, take this stone and go into the forest, to the place where the morning-glory vines climb over the *mamey* trees. This flower

A drowsy old Louisiana plantation and a very alert small boy

ALFRED OLIVIER HERO, Jr.

● The mellow old plantation bell rings out, and a little boy comes running. Alfred Olivier Hero, Junior—in whose veins runs the proud French blood of Jean Baptiste Olivier of old New Orleans.

Week days Alfred spends in New Orleans, a decorous six-year-old going to school. But week-ends! Then he roams over Stella Plantation.

So much to see! From his front gate, ocean liners, sweeping down the Channel where once the polished and piratical brothers Lafitte plied their trade. At the back, the old slave quarters of bygone days, standing under great live oaks.

Young Alfred's black lashed violet eyes miss nothing. His tanned legs are sturdy. He has the endurance befitting a small descendant of many famous soldiers.

His charming young mother gives her personal supervision to everything concerning the little boy. She watches particularly the matter of a hot cooked cereal in his diet. Alfred eats Cream of Wheat as part of his regular routine.

"Alfred has had Cream of Wheat since he was six months old," says Mrs. Hero, "All the finest child specialists recommend it, don't they?"

They do! In a recent investigation—made in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto—two hundred and twenty-one leading specialists were asked their opinion about a cereal for children. One and all, they approve Cream of Wheat.

They rely upon its marvelous ease of assimilation. In Cream of Wheat no harsh part of the grain is retained. They value its rich supply of energy. They know that it is an economical food, *with forty generous servings to a package.*

For these reasons mothers choose Cream of Wheat for their children. If Cream of Wheat is not on the morning program in *your* household, start now.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

TUNE IN on the Cream of Wheat Radio Program every weekday morning at 7:45. Stations WJZ, WBZ-A, KDKA, WHAM, WLW, WJR, WLS, KSTP, WREN, KFAB, KWK.

© 1930 The C. of W. Corp.

FREE—this wonderful game

All children love the H. C. B. Club, with a secret meaning, a badge to wear, and different degrees of membership. It makes them eager to eat their morning cereal. All the wonder-working material is free—badges, gold stars, and big new colored posters with stirring scenes of Roland and Oliver, Joan of Arc, Richard the Lion Hearted. Mail this coupon to Dept. C-55, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Child's name .....

Address .....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat check here ☐

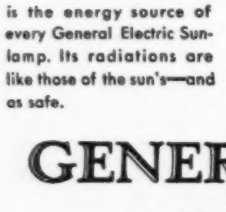
In using advertisements see page 6

FOR BETTER BABIES

"Indoor SUNSHINE"

$69.50

[*This advertisement accepted by The American Medical Association.*]



THIS BULB

(G-E Type S-1)

is the energy source of every General Electric Sunlamp. Its radiations are like those of the sun's—and as safe.

HOW babies do thrive in *summer* sunshine! Rosy little bodies absorb new vitality from ultra-violet—the sun rays of health.

These vital rays flooding your baby's skin develop the potency of Vitamin D . . . which combines with bone-building minerals from the diet to promote health and growth.

But *winter's* bleaker sunlight contains only about *a twentieth as much ultra-violet* as June sunshine!

Your baby need not want for the summer sun's benefits—even in winter!

Science offers you "indoor sunshine" through the General Electric Sunlamp, whose warm beam is rich in ultra-violet.

You can use the General Electric Sunlamp anywhere in the house for a few cents an hour.

There are two styles for your choice, finished in ivory or bronze. Responsible dealers have them.

We will be glad to tell you more about "indoor sunshine" —for children, for expectant and nursing mothers, for the well-being of everyone—as reflected in the pleasing glow of a healthy skin . . . Just write Section L-4112, Merchandise Dept., General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC SUNLAMP

Merchandise Department • General Electric Company • Bridgeport, Connecticut

The Princess of Motul

knows the secrets of the future, and if you never let your tears fall down, you can ask it what you will, and when you look at it through the *saastún*, the flower will answer you with its color. It may turn red, the color of blood; it may turn white, the color of peace; it may turn blue, the color of love; it may wither and fade, and that would mean death. And always, after it answers you, it will be wilted and tired."

The little Princess kept the *saastún* hidden carefully, because she could not know when she might need it.

One day Hahtzáb, whose name means Sword, was walking by the palace. He saw the princess, and his heart went out to her. He went at once in search of her father, the old wizard.

When Hahtzáb found the Wizard King of Motul, to ask him to let him marry the lovely princess, neither of them knew that the princess herself was right in the next room. She heard every word through the *henequen* curtains that were dyed green and red and blue. She knew it was naughty of her, but she liked Hahtzáb's voice so much! When she peeked out and saw him, her little heart went out to him, and she loved him.

Hahtzáb was so lovely to see that any little princess would have loved him, especially the little princess of Motul, who had had loving thoughts all her life long. He was straight as a sword and as shining, and as clean as a sword and as true.

But the Wizard King was angry. "What!" he cried. "You, a common warrior, fighting in my armies, want to marry my daughter? Of course you can't have her—unless you become a general!"

Poor Hahtzáb! But he went away, leaving a sad little princess behind him. He went to become a general, and he worked so hard and so well that in two years he came back again to the Wizard King.

It just happened that the little princess heard what they said this time, too.

"What!" cried the Wizard King. "You say you are a general! But I won't marry my daughter to any one except to the wisest man in my kingdom. You must become wise."

Poor Hahtzáb! He went away and studied and studied. In two years he came back again. He asked the old King to call all the wise men together to ask questions, and he would answer them all.

The old King pretended to be glad. "Well, well," he said. "Wait till tomorrow, and we shall see."

THE little princess took her *saastún* and slipped out to ask the morning-glories what was in the future. Always before this they had turned white and turned blue, and she had known peace and love; but this time the morning-glories turned the color of blood, and then they withered and faded, and she knew that meant death! The little princess wondered what she must do. She thought and thought, and finally she slipped away in the night and ran to find Hahtzáb.

"Dear love," she said, "you are the wisest man in the kingdom, and I am only a little princess who loves you; but I beg you not to appear tomorrow before my father, because if you do he will kill you!"

Hahtzáb knew that a loving heart is sometimes wiser than the wisest mind in a kingdom can be. He kissed the little princess and told her that he would be careful. Then he called an old and wise owl who was his friend, and he asked the old owl what he knew.

The owl croaked: "The princess is right! You must hide yourself where the Wizard King can never find you! You must go without fear to the *tzo-not* of Motul and ask the waters to conceal you."

Hahtzáb went softly in the night, then, under the window of the little princess, and he whispered to her what he was going to do. Then he went to the great *tzo-not* at Motul, and he spoke to the waters gently.

The Princess of Motul

"Here am I," he said. "Rise, O waters of Motul, to conceal me, for I am hunted by the Wizard King."

The old owl who was watching in the dark saw the lovely, clear waters of the great pool stirring. They began to rise—in a ripple, then in a wave, and then into a great shell. The brave and wise Hahtzáb stepped into the shell, and the waters at the top of it came over and down like a curtain in front, and little by little the shell turned back into a wave, then into a ripple—and then the pool was still and quiet, and Hahtzáb was gone.

The next day every one searched for him. The little princess knew in her heart that Hahtzáb was safe, but for the first time in her life she wept, because she was lonely without him. Her tears fell down for hours and hours. Then she ran out to the *mamey* trees to ask the morning-glory blossoms what was coming next—but her *saastún* stone was cloudy, and the morning-glories remained unchanged. She remembered what the good spirits had said,

"If you never let your tears fall down, this stone will be your weapon."

But now her weapon was useless, because she had wept.

She ran back to the house, and she cried again for hours and hours. Her hideous old nurse shook her and scolded her, but still she cried. The Wizard King was worried.

At last the little princess said to her nurse, "I want to go to the spring of Motul, to the great *tzo-not*."

"Let the child have what she wants," said the Wizard King.

The hideous old nurse took her to the *tzo-not*.

The little princess reached out her arms. "I am unhappy, Hahtzáb; come to me!" she said.

And the Wizard King and the nurse saw the waters move and turn into ripples, and the ripples gather into a wave, and the wave become a great shell, with Hahtzáb standing in its center! The little princess stepped into the shell beside him, and the waters closed gently over them, and sank down into a wave that became a ripple—and there was nothing there but the clear waters of the spring of Motul!

The hideous old nurse didn't know what to do! She rubbed her eyes, and she looked all around, and she hunted among the bushes, but sure enough, the little princess was gone!

Oh, how angry the Wizard King was! He ran all around the *tzo-not*, and he shook his fists and yelled: "Hahtzáb! Hahtzáb! I am coming to get my daughter!" and he dived into the water.

But he had no good spirits watching over him, and all the little water spirits seized him with their cold hands and held him under the water. So he swallowed a great deal of water, and got it in his eyes and hair, and nearly drowned! But he got out again, the wettest, maddest wizard you ever saw!

But far below the surface of the water lived Hahtzáb and the princess in a kingdom of their own, served by the little water-spirits and the other good spirits that had befriended them. And sometimes, in bright weather, if you look into the clear waters of the great *tzo-not* of Motul, which is there to this day, you can almost see Hahtzáb and the princess.

"SO YOU see, dear Little Boy Tilim," said Grandmother Chich, standing up and brushing the moss from her flowery skirt, "that if you have a kind heart and a strong spirit, you must always take care of such good gifts, because some day you may be able to use them to help somebody you love. You see how important it is to be brave and never let your tears fall down, because every time you weep you cloud the magic *saastún* stone you have in your heart, that helps you face the future without fear."

And away in far-off Yucatan, Grandmother Chich smiled at Little Boy Tilim, seeing him bright and brave through the magic *saastún* stone of her own loving heart.

(To be continued)

The Giant and the Pygmy

© 1930 M. L. I. CO.

EITHER from your own personal experience or from observation you know how miserable one can feel when suffering from a cold.

Of course you know some of the causes—chilling drafts, wet feet, over-fatigue, balky digestion, or an invading germ. You know it is harder to fight a cold when you are run-down. Keep yourself fit.

For the sake of your own personal comfort you want to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time. For your own personal safety and that of your friends you *ought* to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time.

There are many different kinds of colds—hard to distinguish one from the other. All of them are threats and one leads to another.

The original cold, if not promptly cured, breaks down resistance and is sometimes followed by a second cold more stubborn and oftentimes more treacherous than the first. The mucous membrane of the nose and throat is so weakened by Cold No. 1 that the way is opened for dangerous germs to enter.

Cold No. 1 is the Pygmy that crawls through the keyhole and unlocks the door for Cold No. 2, the Giant, to enter. In fact, to carry the picture further, the Pygmy Cold, which may be nothing worse than snuffles, a slight cough, a bit of an ache or a pain, may be followed by any one of several Giant Colds—influenza, pneumonia or tuberculosis.

Take no chances the next time that symptoms of catching a cold are shown by you or someone in your family. Consult your doctor and dispose of the Pygmy quickly, before he can open the door for the Giant. At such a time a skilful doctor is your best ally and you will be wise in following faithfully his orders.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail free, its booklet, "Just a Cold? Or"—to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department 1230-G.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

In using advertisements see page 6

WHAT'S IN The CAN?

A New Law Makes the Label Jell

Walter H. Eddy, Ph.D. *Director Good Housekeeping Bureau Of Foods, Sanitation and Health*

ON JULY 8, 1930, there was passed in Congress a bill that would have gladdened the heart of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, a bill that not only represented a strengthening of the Pure Food Laws that he did so much to formulate, but sprang from the initiative of the manufacturers themselves. The canners asked for legislation that would prevent them from deceiving the consumers.

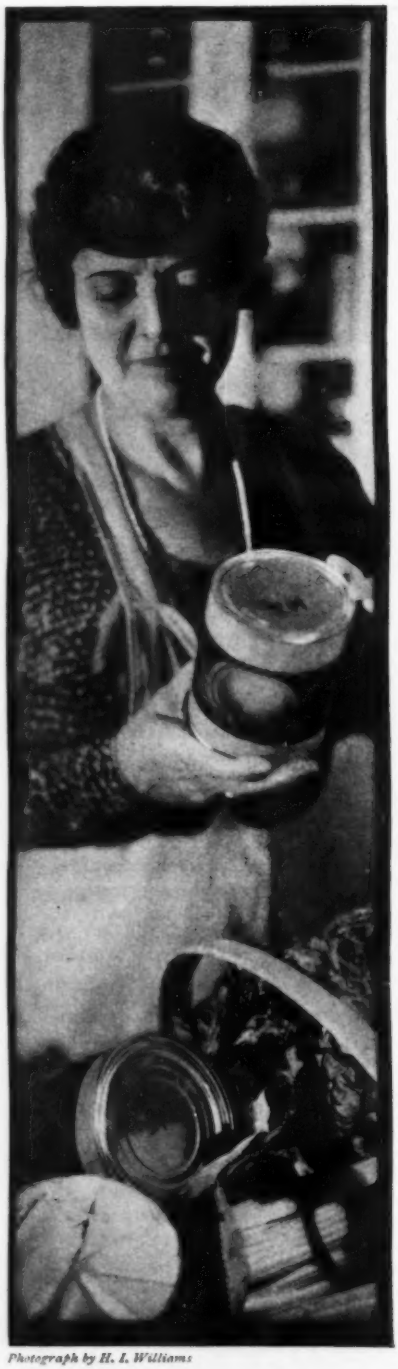
Such an act is more than an amendment to a law, it is a moral victory, and evidence that a principle of fair dealing exists today in American business.

The Pure Food Law sprang into being to protect the public from adulteration and fraud—fraud which was rampant in all parts of the country at the time. I was recently asked to give a list of prominent food fakes. I had no such list to give. Goods are still being seized from time to time and judgments obtained, but the persons concerned are usually small fry, a local outfit that lets its tomatoes get too ripe before canning, a product whose label fails to describe properly the package contents. Staple products today are generally reliable, and maintenance of quality is quite as much due to the critical scrutiny of one another's offerings on the part of the manufacturers as to the activity of the enforcement officials. The Pure Food Law and what it stands for has been accepted as a principle of conduct by the manufacturer as well as by the consumer.

What is this new bill that illustrates such acceptance of concern for consumer on the part of the manufacturer? Here are the pertinent phases:

Section 8 of the Act of June 30, 1906, is amended by adding to the end thereof the following:

"Fifth. If it be canned food and falls below the standard of quality, condition, and/or fill of container promulgated by the Secretary of Agriculture for such canned food and its package or label does not bear a plain and conspicuous statement prescribed by the Secretary of Agriculture indicating that such canned food falls below such standard. . . . The Secretary of Agriculture is authorized to determine, establish and promulgate, from time to time, a reasonable standard of quality, condition, and/or fill of container as will, in his judgment, promote honesty and fair dealing in the interest of the consumer. . . . The Secretary of Agriculture is further authorized to prescribe and promulgate, from time to time, the form of statement which must appear in a plain and conspicuous manner on each package or label of canned food which falls below the standard promulgated by him and which will indicate that such canned food falls below such standard."



Photograph by H. I. Williams

The peach crop is not always the same—yet the housewife has a right to expect that the product under a given label will be invariable. The new Canners bill will meet this situation

Stripped of legal verbiage, what does this mean to canner and to consumer? Suppose I'm a canner and own a cannery in a given region. This year the peach crop has been of high quality. I can my peaches and label them E's peaches, or with some distinctive brand name. You buy my peaches and find them of certain quality, condition, and fill. I have created an expectation in you as consumer. You interpret my brand as meaning specific quality, size of halves, number of pieces per can, flavor, etc.

Now, suppose next year the peach crop is of poorer quality, smaller in size, less flavorful. The growers bring them to me to buy; their living depends upon the sale. I buy them, for they are good peaches, though not so good as last year's. I can them. I certainly have a right to sell them to you, for they are perfectly fit to eat. But I have not a right to cover them with the same label that I sold under last year. If I do, you are dissatisfied and have a right to be. I've destroyed faith in my brand in your eyes. On the other hand, if I refuse to buy and can these products, I shall work a hardship on the growers who, through no fault of theirs, are saddled with a poorer crop.

Faced with this sort of situation, the canners were in a dilemma. How deal fairly with both producer and consumer?

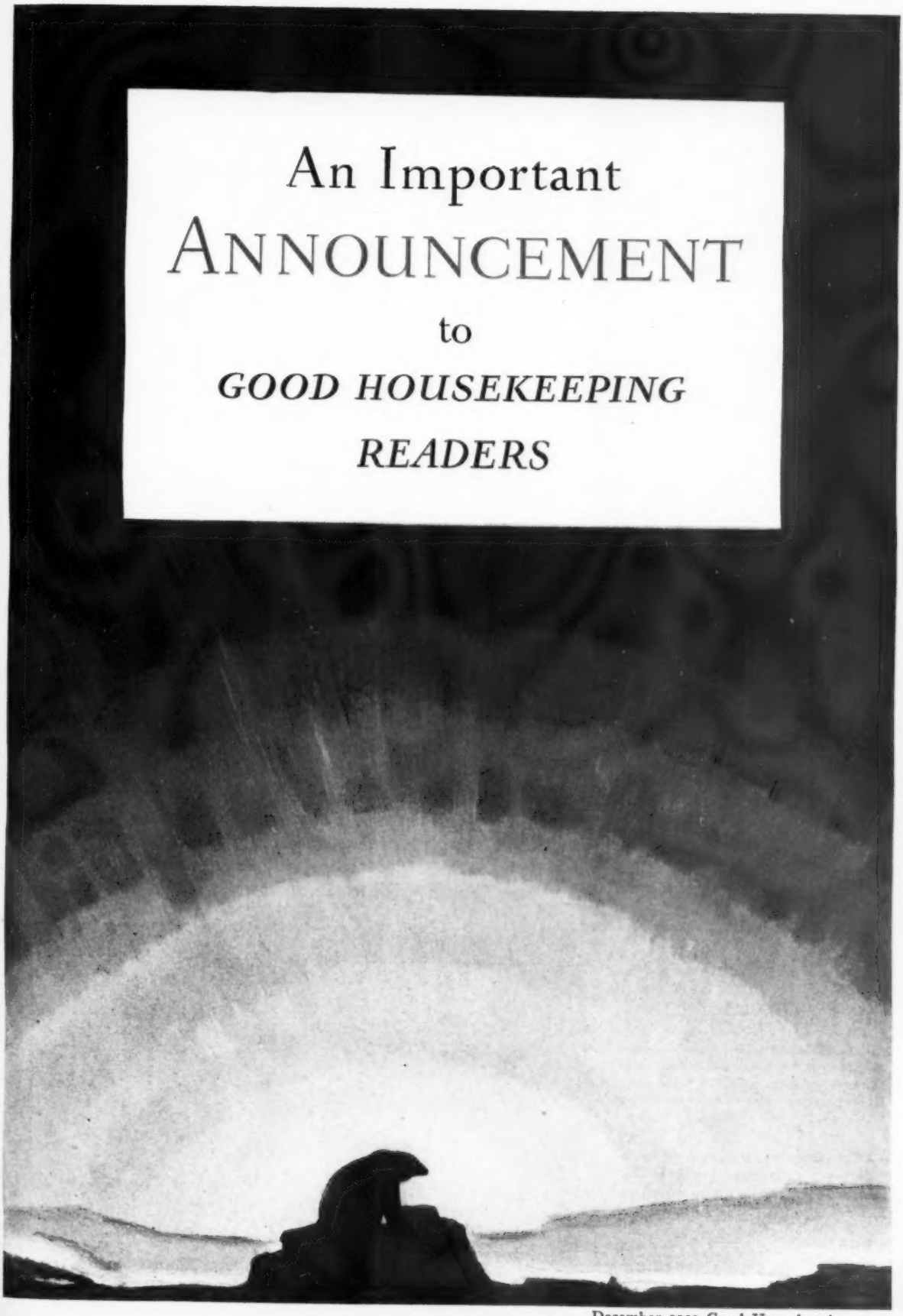
Answer, the new "Canners" bill cited above.

On September 5, 1930, the Food Administration released an announcement of progress in formulating standards under this new act. It contained these passages:

"According to Mr. Campbell, the administration is devoting a great deal of attention to that feature of the amendment which authorizes the Secretary to prescribe a form of statement which must appear in a plain and conspicuous manner on each package or label of canned goods which falls below the standard promulgated by him, and which will indicate that such canned food falls below such standard. *It is obviously the intent of Congress that this statement shall clearly inform the purchaser that the product does not conform to the standard, but it is also apparent that the designation is not to be of such stigmatizing character as to convey the impression that the product is unfit for food.* In other words, it is recognized, in the amendment, says Mr. Campbell, that there are classes of canned food products which, while not of a quality entitling them to be sold as U. S. Standard, are none the less legal within the meaning of the food and drugs act *if sold under an informing label.*

"The Food and Drug Administration has sought, from many sources, including *(Continued on page 127)*

An Important ANNOUNCEMENT to *GOOD HOUSEKEEPING READERS*



MIGHTY MONARCH
OF THE ARCTIC
CONSTANTLY COLD

• • •

RIGHT—*The Majestic Refrigerator operating in Good Housekeeping Institute's special cork-lined testing room, where summer temperatures as high as 100° are maintained. The meters are measuring current consumption—an electrical thermometer is recording temperatures inside box.*

• • •

CENTER—*Institute engineer inspecting record of food compartment temperatures maintained by Majestic Refrigerator in Good Housekeeping's famous "summertime" laboratory. Just one of the rigid tests the Majestic passed.*

• • •

EXTREME RIGHT—*Good Housekeeping cooking expert giving the Majestic a practical Kitchen-Test to prove that its temperature control will maintain proper freezing speeds for dainty desserts and salads. A variety of recipes was tried.*

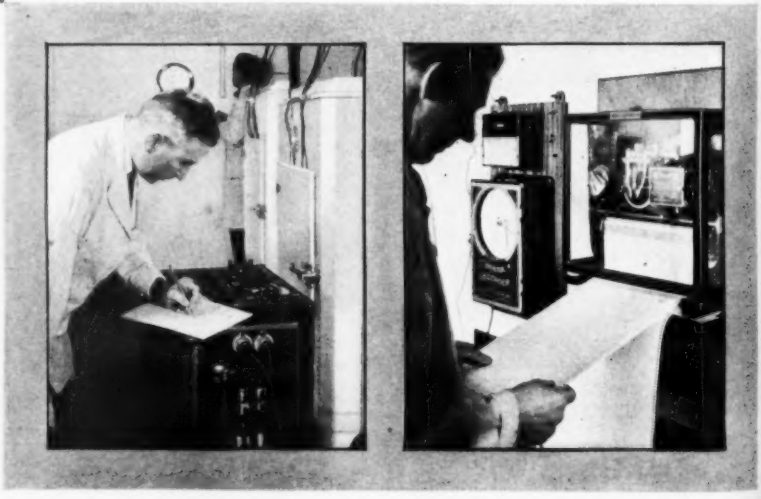
TESTED ELECTRIC

Kitchen-Designed by 10,000 Housewives
Priced to Suit Your Demands

WE ASKED 10,000 women what they wanted in a refrigerator. 10,000 Housewives were interviewed personally! In their own homes, they discussed their refrigeration problems with us—explained what an ideal refrigerator should be and do. Perhaps you were one of them . . . some of your neighbors certainly were. And so you, the housekeepers of America, out of your own intimate experience really *designed the new Majestic Refrigerator!* It was built to your specifications. Every detail you asked for has been included. Majestic's 30 great features are the direct result.

You wanted convenience and dependability. You wanted beauty and lifetime construction. And above all, you wanted to *know* that, regardless of weather or season, the food you were serving your families was safe—clean—healthful.

All this the new Majestic offers. Faithfully, Majestic engineers have followed your suggestions. For months, they have worked to create a refrigerator that would please *you*—planning every detail to fill your needs. And they have succeeded. The new Majestic not only satisfies your every requirement, but with Majestic's enormous resources at their command, Majestic engineers have produced this amazing new refrigerator for prices you are willing to pay. *Prices, you, yourselves, told us were fair.*



and APPROVED *REFRIGERATION*

Kitchen-Tried, Kitchen-Proved by the famous Good Housekeeping Institute

ALREADY—this new Majestic Refrigerator has won its first laurels. It has passed the most rigid tests of the greatest authority on household equipment in America. It has won the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval! At the famous Good Housekeeping Institute, the Majestic Refrigerator has been tried and proved. In special "summer time" laboratories, engineers tested its power—made sure it would keep your food safe on the warmest days. They charted its current consumption to prove its economy. Subjected it to the equivalent of months of hard home usage, then checked its construction to be sure it would stand hard wear.

In the Good Housekeeping kitchen, expert cooks tried out the Majestic's freezing capacity . . . timed it on ice cubes . . . tested it with frozen desserts. Regularly, they took the temperature of its food and ice compartments. With these Institute housekeepers ever watchful, the Majestic had to prove its worth in actual daily use! And the Majestic came through. No tests were too hard for it to pass. The engineers with their meters pronounced it O. K. The housekeepers reported that it was efficient, practical, convenient. Now the new Majestic Refrigerator, Kitchen-Designed by 10,000 housewives, bears a further endorsement—"Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute."

ABOVE—*In the Good Housekeeping kitchens, the Majestic had the temperature of its different shelves taken many times a day. As you see, the Majestic was put in actual use—preserving foods used by the Institute staff in its work.*

• • •

LEFT—*The Good Housekeeping Institute Seal of Approval. For nearly 25 years, this emblem on a household appliance has assured the American housewife that that product was satisfactory, serviceable, and a good investment.*

Tested and Approved
Reg. No. 2970
Good Housekeeping Institute
Conducted by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Majestic

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE ARCTIC—*CONSTANTLY COLD*

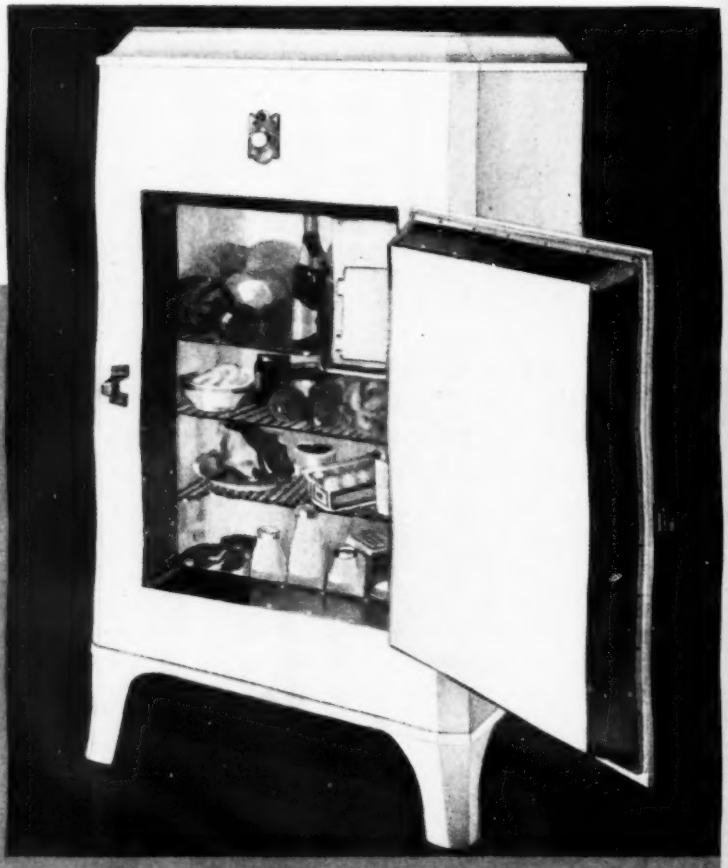
HERE IT IS!.. the new

MAJESTIC ELECTRIC

with the 30 great features you asked for

$215

7 cubic foot size—F. O. B. Factory

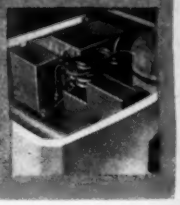


The 30 Wonderful Majestic Features Designed by 10,000 Housewives

Flat Top—*this can be used as an extra pantry shelf.* **New Beauty** in cabinet—*leading furniture stylists assisted in creating design.* **All-steel**—*welded construction for lifetime wear.*

Broom-High Legs—*permit easy cleaning beneath.* **3-inch Moisture-Proof Insulation**—*keeps heat out—cold in.* **Entirely self-contained**—*no plumbing, no special equipment or wiring required.*

Finger-tip Latch Operation—*opening and closing easily.* **Latch** *designed so it cannot catch clothing or injure hands.* **Satin-Finish Chromium Alloy Hardware**—*for permanent sterling beauty.*



Massive Single Door—*opening right or left.* **Bakelite Facing** *on door and food compartment edges—adds beauty—prevents warping, rust.* **Free-Swinging Door** *on large-bearing, long-life hinges.*

Convenient Temperature Regulator—*five freezing speeds.* **Automatic Control Light** *signals, if current variations make adjustments necessary.* **Pyroxaline Lacquer Exterior**—*durable—non-chipping.*

Double-Depth Tray—*for frozen desserts or sharp-frozen meats.* **Self-Closing Door**—*conceals and protects ice-cube trays.* **Lower Operating Cost**—*result of thicker insulation—simpler mechanism.*

Eighty-four Ice Cubes—8½ *lbs.—at one freezing.* **Economical Motor**—*on an average runs only 6 hours—uses only about 1½ kilowatt hours daily.* **No Belts—Gears—Pistons**—*or stuffing boxes.*

Unit Above Food Compartment—*for economy, but concealed for beauty.* **Quiet Operation**—*due to elimination of vibration.* **No Vibration** *because of spring-mounted rotary type compressor.*

REFRIGERATOR !

at the prices you said you would pay

$195

5 cubic foot size—F. O. B. Factory

EVERYTHING 10,000 Housewives wanted is offered by this new Majestic. These 30 wonderful features are yours in either of the two convenient sizes. The only difference between the two models is their food capacity. Both make 84 ice cubes. Both have two single trays and one double depth. Model 170 has 7 cubic feet of storage space with a shelf area of 10 square feet. Model 150 provides 5 cubic feet and gives you 8½ square feet of shelf room. Each one is a value absolutely new to refrigeration. The construction and material are the finest. Every detail that would add to your convenience has been included. No other refrigerator, at any price, has all Majestic's advantages. Yet these wonderful Majestic models are priced far below refrigerators of equal size with only a few of Majestic's best features.

Cut Back Lower Shelf—*gives extra room for tall bottles in coldest part of box.* **Porcelain-on-Steel** *interior finish—rounded corners.* **Constant Cold** *for perfect food preservation.* —36° to 46°.

Sturdy Glider-Bar Type Shelves—*dishes can't catch, won't spill.* **Hermetically Sealed Unit**—*safe—dirt-proof—trouble-proof.* **Continuous Bath of Oil** *protects motor and compressor from wear.*

12,000 Majestic Dealers, in 7,000 Towns and Cities, are ready to show you these two wonderful refrigerator models. They offer you the most convenient of monthly terms and are trained to assist you with your refrigeration problems.

Majestic

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE ARCTIC—*CONSTANTLY COLD*

The same genius...the same skill MAJESTIC RADIO *famous, is*

OVER 2 *Million Families Enjoy New Pleasure — New Entertainment Through the Colorful Tone of Majestic Radio*

IT was less than three years ago that the first Majestic was announced. And in this short time, Majestic has become the nation's favorite. Every new Majestic has been an instant success. Each new model has been more powerful, more sensitive, more colorful in tone than other radios costing far more. Every Majestic has been the greatest radio value of its day.

No wonder America buys more Majestics than any other radio. Today over 2,000,000 families enjoy the complete radio pleasure only a Majestic can give. Majestic's enormous resources and engineering genius have created radio perfection unequalled even in costlier sets. Now, Majestic offers its supreme triumph—its most amazing value.

The Majestic
Perfected Screen Grid
Superheterodyne

For the first time here is a radio that combines *all* of the three great advantages of modern radio. The astounding power of Screen Grid tubes—the needle point tuning of Superheterodyne—and the glorious realism of Majestic's Colorful Tone! You'll be amazed at this new Majestic. It out-performs any radio you ever heard. It is as sturdily built and shielded as the largest Majestic. Yet its compact cabinet will fit in the most limited room and this little giant actually costs *far less than any other superheterodyne.*

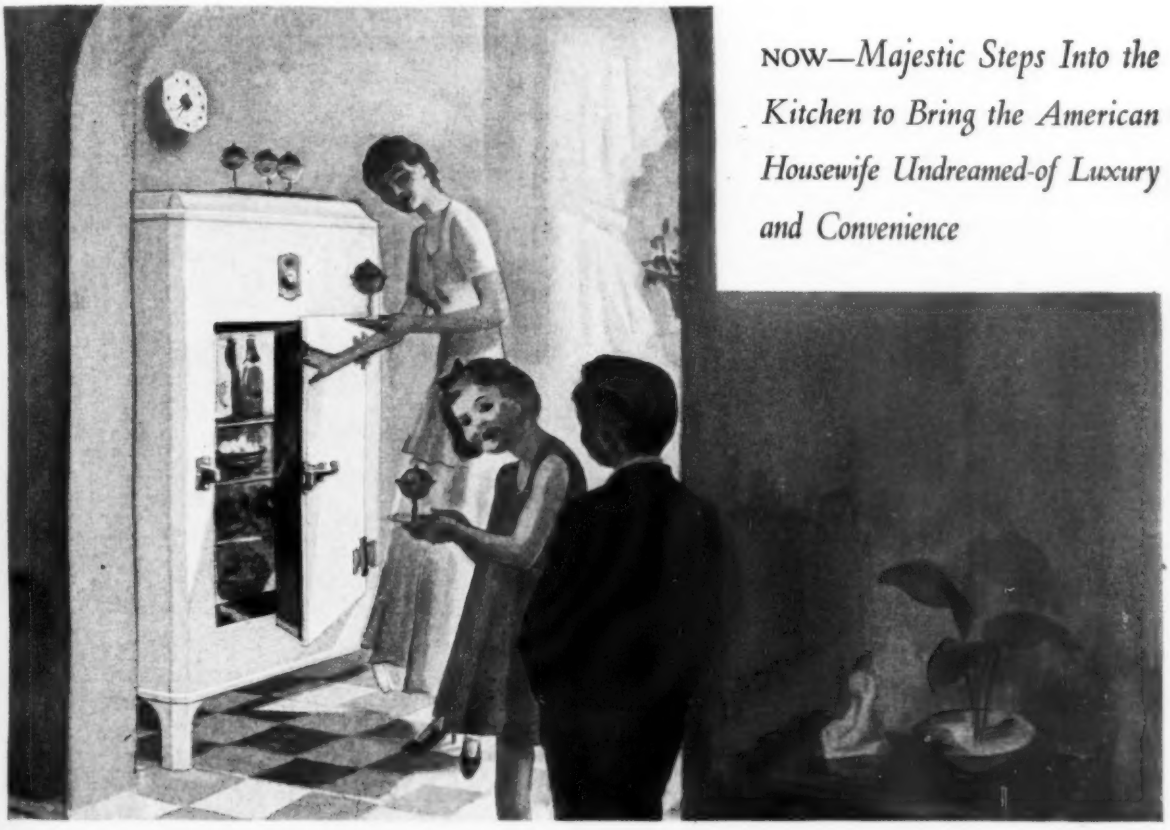
$86.00 LESS TUBES

SOLD COMPLETE WITH TUBES • ONLY $112.50

Majestic RADIO

Licensed under patents and applications of Hazeltine, R. F. L. and La Tour, also by Lektophone and Lowell & Dunmore.

that made behind this NEW REFRIGERATOR



NOW—*Majestic Steps Into the Kitchen to Bring the American Housewife Undreamed-of Luxury and Convenience*

HERE, at last, is a perfect electric refrigerator. Complete in every detail from its beautiful cabinet to its quiet, ever-wearing unit. Look over the list of this great Majestic's advantages. Compare its thirty features with your own experience. See how they fill your every housekeeping need. Think how this wonderful refrigerator would add to your family's comfort and enjoyment. Think what its convenience will mean to you! Its constant temperature will protect you forever against the dangers of tainted food. Its five freezing speeds will provide new luxuries—new, tempting foods. You can forget the back-breaking drudgery of traps and drains, stop your waiting for ice—and enjoy the satisfying knowledge that day and night, whether you're home or not, Majestic is guarding your food.

See this new Majestic for yourself today. Compare its efficiency—its convenience with your old ice box. Compare its unique improvements with other electric refrigerators. After you've seen the new Majestic—after your dealer has demonstrated its features, you will know it's a Majestic you want. You'll never be satisfied with anything else! Some electric refrigerators may meet Majestic's prices. Others have a few of its features. But only Majestic offers *everything* you wanted. Only Majestic was built to the personal specifications of 10,000 *American Housewives!*

MODEL 150 $195 F. O. B. Factory

$215 F. O. B. Factory MODEL 170

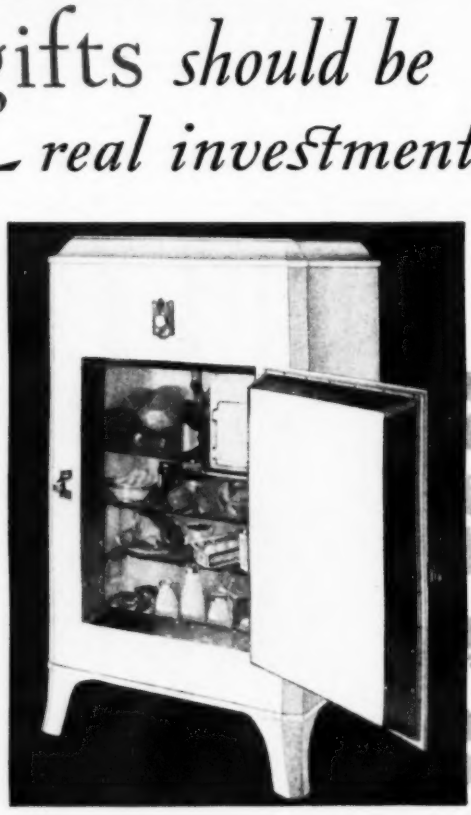
Majestic

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

December 1930 Good Housekeeping

THIS YEAR OF ALL YEARS--

Christmas gifts *should be permanent pleasures - real investments!*



The Million Dollar Majestic Brings the Whole Family Box Seats for the World's Finest Entertainment

NOW—with Christmas but a month away, a wonderful Majestic comes as the ideal answer to this year's gift problem. Unbelievably economical in price, a Majestic will thrill the whole family. To each one, from the oldest to the youngest, it is a personal gift of favorite entertainment for years to come. With its uncanny selectivity and glorious Colorful Tone, a Majestic makes it fun to stay home. Night after night, it will bring you free—the most brilliant, the costliest talent in the land.

Economize this year. Cut out the little luxuries so pleasant but so temporary and make a permanent investment in year-round pleasure. See your dealer today. Order a Majestic for Christmas delivery. Model 131, beautiful lowboy illustrated, is but one of an amazing line of ten Million Dollar Radios.

The Majestic Electric Refrigerator Gives the Home-maker a Wonderful Servant and Hours of Glorious Leisure

HERE is the gift supreme for the most important member of the family—the one who makes your home! The new Majestic Electric Refrigerator brings her gifts only a housewife can truly appreciate. It releases her forever from the petty drudgeries of dirty drains and traps. It makes her kitchen a lovelier, brighter place. It eliminates those long waits for ice, stops the worry about tainted food. But above all, this new Majestic helps her reduce housekeeping expenses materially. Its constant safe cold lets her buy food in quantities—actually saves the 10% now lost by spoilage. And the whole family will enjoy the more attractive meals it makes possible. Find out today how easy it is to own this perfect refrigerator. Then make this Christmas memorable by putting this beautiful, permanent servant in your home.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY *and Affiliate*
Majestic Household Utilities Corporation, Chicago

Majestic RADIO

Licensed under patents and applications of Hazeltine, R. F. L. and La Tour, also by Latourphone and Lowell & Dunmore.

Majestic ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

What's in the Can?

(*Continued from page 118*)

manufacturers, distributors, and consumers, suggestions as to the proper type of designation to be recommended for adoption by the Secretary. Numerous suggestions have been received.

"Although no final decision on the question has been reached, many of those who have been consulted believe that the simple statement, 'Below U. S. Standard' prominently and conspicuously displayed on the label, will meet the requirements of the law. It is urged that this statement has the merit of brevity. Those who propose it believe that as a result of the interpretation which the Department would make public it would be accepted promptly and that the information would be applied by the consuming public intelligently in the purchase of canned foods. This proposed designation has not been adopted by the Department, but it is quite probable that it will be one of those put forward for discussion when the public hearings are announced."

This new law and the above announcement are of direct interest to all consumers. Canners and food officials are going to combine to tell us what is inside the can. It is too late to apply the law to this season's pack of fruits and vegetables, but it will undoubtedly be in effect in handling next year's pack. The act does not apply to canned meats or canned milk.

It is above all important, however, that the consumer appreciate and interpret the designation of substandard products as not meaning *unfit for food*. The seizure and condemnation of unfit foods is already provided for in the previously existing law. The avowed purpose of the new law is to accomplish two things:

First, to determine a United States Standard which will insure us a certain quality, a reasonably high standard.

Second, a designation that will permit us to buy canned foods perfectly fit for consumption but not of as high quality, and to buy them without miscomprehension of their quality or price.

It is our hope that by this early announcement of a movement in the interest of the purchasing public we may not only assist our readers to understand the new system of classifying wholesome canned foods, but also assist the Government officials and the canners in a proper interpretation of the labels when they appear.

On Being Clinicked

(*Continued from page 43*)

havin' me childern remember me with all that bay rum on me insides, an' a look on me face that wasn't fit to print. But the nurse explained it was just a X-ray picture of me 'lamentary canal, so I let 'em strap me down on zinc ironin' board as cold as ice. Thin all of a suddint the light wint out, an awful lightnin' was buzzin' round me, an' I heard a turrible deep voice from God knows where sayin' over an' over:

"Take a deep breath—hold it—let it out. Take a deep breath—hold it—let it out."

They must a' taken enough pictures of me canal to fill a family album, before they lave me go. An' all that night, whin I wasn't bein' kept awake by the screeches of the woman who had had both her appendicks out, or the wailin' an' sobbin' of the girl in the bed nixt mine, I was hearin' that lightnin' buzzin' in me sleep, an' I was mutterin' to meself:

"Hold it! Let it out."

A hospital ain't no place fer a nervous person, Mis' Smelts, an' as fer quiet I'd liefer be in a engine house.

By the screek of day I'd come to a conclusion. But niver a word said I. It was the High-Up One's day to come, an' I laid off to bide me time till I'd seen him onct again.

The good man—may Heaven be his final home!—come straightway to my bed whin he intered the ward.

"How's Erin?" he says.

"It's by God's mercy I ain't walkin' on all fours, sir," I says. "I'm thinkin' 'twould be no sin to send me home."

"Home?" he laughed. "Why, you've just come. We're givin' you a good rest, an' that's what you need."

"Well lave me have it over me washtub," I begged him. "I'd rather work than be worked on, anny day."

"We are near through," he says in that consolin' way of his. "So far there's nothin' serious."

Then he turned to the marshmallow wan, an' he says,

"Have all the tests been made?"

An' I heard the fat wan say behind his hand like, "All but the Final Puncture."

There was that in the words that sint the hair bristlin' on me head! I'd heard talk of them punctures in the ward, an' I knew they were not for the likes of me. So when the High-Up One says,

"I will see you again in a few days," I says mysterious-like,

"Yis, if ye'r sufficiently far-sighted."

An' the good man—may he niver grow gray!—wint on his way, little dreamin' of the bold intintion I had in me mind.

The nixt marnin', whin I wint to wash meself, I took all me personal belongin's with me wrapped in a towel, an' whin I walked out the bathroom I had on me dress an' hat an' the shoes on me two feet. An' down the stairs an' out I wint, with no wan payin' me anny mind whatsomever.

At first me legs shook like the palsy, an' me heart felt like it was goin' to boil over. Fer wan black minnit I saw meself reachin' home in a hearse! Thin all of a suddint the fresh wind struck me in the face, the strength rushed into me legs, an' I stepped forth into the springtime as well a woman as iver trod shoe leather! Oh, God be thankit fer that blessed day!

An' whin I reached home, there was my good man Dinnis, tendin' the childern an' lookin' after the house as faithful as a woman. An' "Nora!" he cried, flingin' his arms around me neck, "what brings ye home whin ye are sick in bed?"

"It's cured I am!" I says, laughin' an' cryin' all at once. "Cured intirely!"

"An' what did they do to ye?" he says amazed like.

"They clinicked me!" I says. "An' I'm cured of ivery ailment under the sun save a final puncture, an' I ain't got that!"

So is it small wonder, Mis' Smelts, that I says to ivery friend that's ailin' in the flesh, I says:

"Go up to the Hospital, an' git yersilf clinicked, an' if ye don't die, you'll be cured before they git done with ye!"

Claudia Cranston's

latest story of the world behind the glittering shop windows of New York will appear in the January issue of Good Housekeeping. She calls it

"Ready-to-Wear"

"I regard it as a sacred duty *to these loved ones to lay the foundation for an estate"*

A letter from a young man in Pittsburgh asking for advice

"WITHIN the next ninety days," writes Mr. F——, "I expect to have about $6,000 through the sale of some inherited property. We have two small children, a girl of five and a little boy of three. I regard it as a sacred duty to these loved ones to use this money in laying the foundation for an estate. My salary is $500 a month which I hope will grow."

This is the kind of problem that interests us particularly. And we have suggested for this young man, after a careful consideration of his individual needs, a definite investment program . . . one which will, we believe, not only safeguard his principal but also provide attractive possibilities of profit. Thus $6,000 can very well be made the nucleus of an estate.

It is our business to help people work out a definite investment plan . . . the one thing that can bring financial independence. We welcome you at any one of our 49 offices for a personal consultation. Or simply mail the coupon below for one of our financial independence blanks which you can fill in easily in a few minutes, and a free copy of our new booklet, "Building Financial Independence."

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 **Incorporated**

49 offices in different cities

S. W. STRAUS & CO.
565 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; or Michigan Ave., at Jackson Blvd., Chicago; or 79 Post St., San Francisco.

Please send me, without obligation, a copy of Booklet GH-117 and a "financial independence blank."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **State**_____

In using advertisements see page 6

what he sees

Actual photograph of skin after ordinary cleansing (magnified 12 times). Note untouched dirt in crevices, enlarging pores, making skin look old, coarse and furrowed.

Photograph of same skin after pore-deep cleansing with Ambrosia. Note translucent clearness. No fear now of blemishes or dull, old look. Pores are small, skin smooth!

DOCTORS PREFER LIQUIDS FOR THOROUGH CLEANSING

Skin Specialist Reveals NEW FACTS ABOUT DIRTY PORES

IMPORTANT: READ DIRECTIONS—

normal skin:

Saturate absorbent cotton with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck, repeating until fresh cotton does not show soil. Then pour a little Ambrosia in the hand and pat over the face. Continue patting till dry to help skin absorb softening oils.

dry skin:

Cleanse as for normal skin. At night give dry skin added lubrication it needs by stroking on a softening cream. Soon skin becomes less dry. Then cleansing as for normal skin will keep it soft.

oily skin:

Cleanse oily skin frequently during the day with Ambrosia so clean pores can function normally. Rinse with cool water after each cleansing to stimulate circulation and remove surplus oil.

4 oz. $1 8 oz. $1.75 16 oz. $3

"WHY does old-fashioned cleansing fail today? Because the air is full of a new kind of dirt . . . greasy, machine-age dirt. It pours from smoke stacks, auto exhausts, chimneys. Sticks to skin much more than light, dusty dirt of years gone by. Hence cleansing methods that only remove surface dirt fail to get greasy dirt out of the pores. And women who *think* their faces clean are puzzled by grey-looking complexions, dirty pores, even blackheads.

How liquid cleansing aids skin

Liquid Ambrosia penetrates instantly, dissolves deep-lying dirt. Thus prevents clogged pores and grey, dull look. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing the skin as nothing has done before. Pores cleansed to their depths every day with liquid Ambrosia soon become fine; skin regains radiant freshness of youth.

What skin specialist said

A great skin specialist recently said of Ambrosia: "The formula is perfectly compounded to cleanse, and at the same time keep the skin soft." No wax in Ambrosia to clog and coarsen pores; no alkali to dry skin out like paper. Instead the sweet oils in Ambrosia are very softening for a dry skin, and its quick penetration gives oily skin the pore-deep cleansing and stimulation it needs.

To women who received sample

Consistent use is necessary if skin is to show real benefits of Ambrosia. Discard other methods of cleansing for two weeks. Follow directions given here and in booklet for use of Ambrosia on your type of skin. Doctors say Ambrosia alone, if used according to directions, is quick, thorough, safe, and keeps face lovely as nothing has done before.

Note. If you have not tried Ambrosia write for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 12-E, 114 Fifth Ave., New York, Dept. 12-E, 69 York St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Copyright 1930, Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.

AMBROSIA* **the pore-deep cleanser**

What About Foreign Bonds?

(*Continued from page 108*)

tide turns to prosperity. I, therefore, have confidence in German government and municipal bonds. However, as the recent high yields show, there is some doubt about them, and they should not be bought by persons who can not afford the chance of loss.

"I have perfect confidence in Japanese government bonds. The Japanese are known to be proud people who have always paid their debts and who are keen and enterprising. During the past year their silk business has been hard hit, but their credit is in no danger. These bonds are a suitable investment for all except those who need the very highest degree of safety.

"I can not feel so confident about the bonds of countries whose wealth is dependent on one crop or one product. The world depression has hit such countries hardest. The severe drop in the prices for minerals such as tin and copper, wheat, coffee, and other foodstuffs and raw materials has put them in a hard position economically. This is the case in South America, and in some countries the situation is aggravated by a highly unstable government. The well-being of Brazil depends on coffee; of Argentine, on cattle and agricultural products; of Bolivia, on tin; of Chile, on copper; and so on. In the case of single-crop countries, an investor with moderate means, in my opinion, is wise to defer any investment until the price of the commodities involved is stabilized at more profitable figures."

So to the investor who asks what to do about foreign bonds, the answer of Dr. Nadler, an authority on the subject, may be summed up briefly. If your resources are slender, or if you are dependent on your investments for your income, consider only those foreign securities which by every test are rated as the soundest. If you can afford to invest part of your money in higher yield bonds which are somewhat less secure, study the political and economic situation carefully and choose securities of countries whose inherent economic foundation is sound. It is not unlikely that once economic conditions improve many foreign bonds will show substantial appreciation in the not distant future.

However, always bear in mind that foreign securities with a high yield are subject to fluctuation, and if you are convinced that there is no danger of default or repudiation, hold on to your securities irrespective of price movement. Since it is not always easy to ascertain fully the merits of a foreign bond, be sure to consult banks with international connections before making any commitment.

Knives to Grind

(*Continued from page 91*)

thus may be held when in use; others are made to be mounted in a convenient place. When using this type of sharpener, the knife blade is drawn several times with a gentle, even stroke between the sets of discs from handle to point and toward the user. It should *not* be worked back and forth with a saw-like motion, for this is apt to nick the blade. Furthermore, moving the blade in one straight, continuous stroke from handle to point sharpens the entire length of it rather than the center of the knife only. Let us emphasize the fact that the blade should be drawn *gently* across the disc and no real pressure exerted.

The occasional difficulty found with household knife sharpeners is often because of misuse of the device. Be sure, then, that you read instructions for using your sharpener properly before attempting to sharpen your knives.

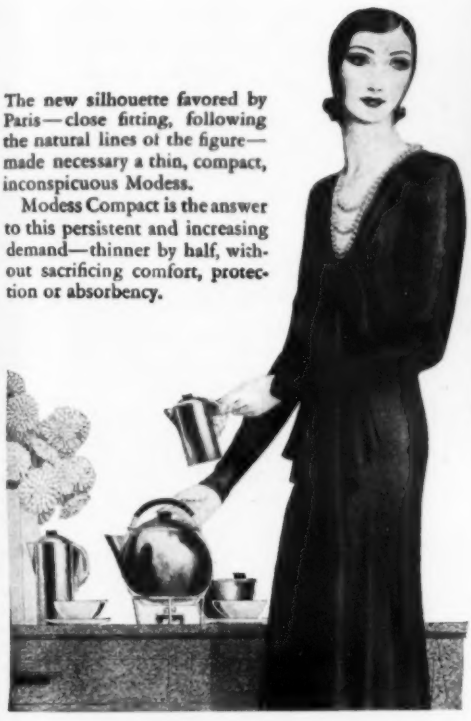
If you belong to the household where the man of the house, because of his pride in carving, makes the carving set a one-man tool, you will welcome the appearance of the knife sharpener in your kitchen. When sending for our list of approved knife sharpeners, address your request to Good Housekeeping Institute, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

fashion

compelled women to acknowledge a need for both

The new silhouette favored by Paris—close fitting, following the natural lines of the figure—made necessary a thin, compact, inconspicuous Modess.

Modess Compact is the answer to this persistent and increasing demand—thinner by half, without sacrificing comfort, protection or absorbency.



NOW MODESS, REGULAR AND COMPACT, EACH IN PACKAGES OF 12, FILLS EVERY REQUIREMENT

MODESS Regular (standard thickness) is regarded by those who use it as the softest, most comfortable and protective pad for general use. Modess Compact (gently compressed), thinner by half, is especially suited for travel, formal wear, and special occasions.

Each day thousands of women are finding out the superior merits of Modess—Regular and Compact. They provide certain protection, greater comfort, remarkable absorbency and deodorizing value. The secret of Modess superiority is a remarkable substance (not built up in layers), a gentle, fluffy, cotton-like material encased in specially softened gauze.

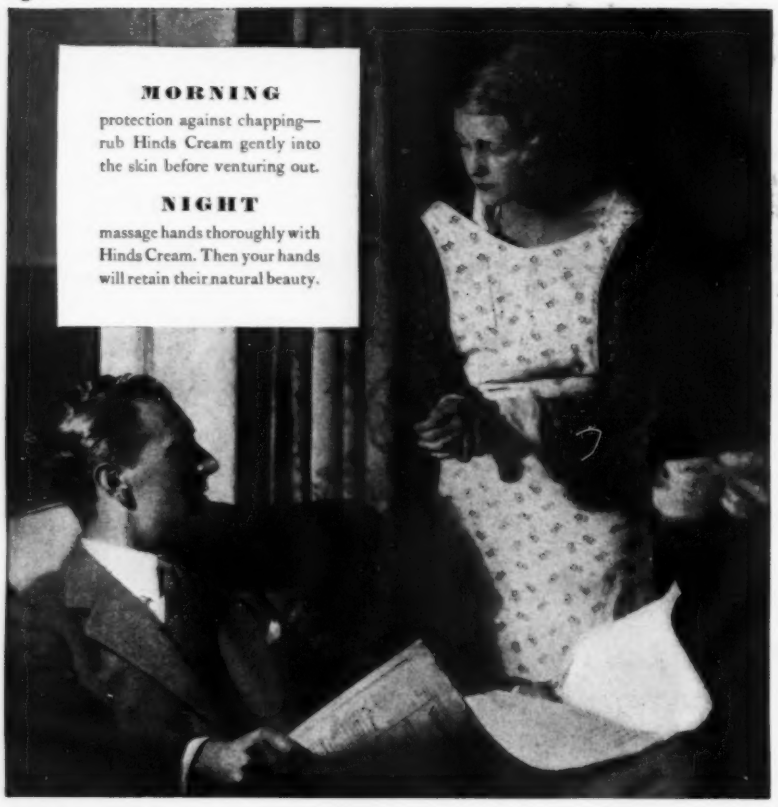
* * *

Your dealer can supply both Modess Regular and Compact, each in packages of twelve and priced the same. You will want both to meet varying needs and occasions. Keep a box of each—a perfect combination for physical and mental comfort.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings

modess

In using advertisements see page 6


MORNING
protection against chapping—rub Hinds Cream gently into the skin before venturing out.
NIGHT
massage hands thoroughly with Hinds Cream. Then your hands will retain their natural beauty.

"Bill, you've just got to wash the dishes"

". . . my hands are so chapped I don't dare put them in water." Has this ever happened in your home? It may any moment.

So remember this: Hinds Honey & Almond Cream not only prevents chapping—but its soothing touch also gives quickest, most welcome relief to hands already chapped. Almost instantly the burning pain and soreness cease—and you'll be surprised at how swiftly the roughened, reddened fingers and knuckles come back to natural silky softness. Get Hinds Cream from your druggist today. Clever women keep a bottle in the kitchen as well as one on the dressing table.

Hinds Honey & Almond Cream has many, many uses. Thousands of women find it an excellent powder base. Just pat it on—ten seconds and it's done. And the powder stays put for hours.

SPECIAL OFFER—3 New Hinds Products only 50c; Total Value, $1.20

Send 50c with coupon in Hinds Honey and Almond Cream package, and receive:

Hinds Cleansing Cream (40c jar). *Liquefies* instantly, removing all dirt, dust and make-up.

Hinds Toning Cleanser (40c bottle). *Liquid cleanser.* Refines skin texture by dissolving pore residue.

Hinds Texture Cream (40c jar). *Greaseless* night cream. Counteracts dryness and softens skin. Won't soil skin.

IT'S A NEW WAY OF SKIN CARE

HINDS ★ *Honey & Almond* CREAM

© 1930, Lehn & Fink, Inc. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Small House With the Dignity of a Large One

(*Continued from page 49*)

miniature. The detail of this portico shows the use of flat modillions in the upper member of the cornice, which are decorated on their undersides with a pattern made with auger holes.

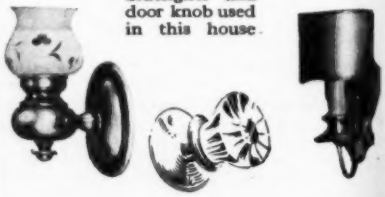
The other major problem of the architects and the owner was caused by the small and irregular shape of the lot, which is only 115′ x 85′, tapering to 48′ on one end, the available building area of which was reduced further by the local building restrictions. This necessitated an extremely compact and rather unusual plan.

The house faces south. The entrance doorway is of graceful proportions and extremely delicate in moldings, with fluted oval pilasters embracing a leaded glass transom.

The exterior walls are of frame construction veneered with common brick laid with comparatively narrow joints. The walls and ceilings under the portico and living porch, however, are of stucco of the same shade as the eggshell exterior woodwork and trim. The roof is of black slate laid more or less regularly.

The window treatment in the brick walls is of the double-hung type divided into rectangular panes and provided with shutters composed of narrow slats closely placed. Under the portico the casement window openings are entirely surrounded with a molded casing of Greek Revival influence and with rosettes accentuating the corner intersections. In the space above the flanking windows of the front elevation, are placed two octagonal plaques of stucco, smoothly troweled and edged with a row of brick. This further carries out the balanced arrangement and air of formality, which is consistent throughout and shows the influence of the Greek Revival.

The interior is planned for convenience and good exposures. The living room extends through the house, giving south, north and east exposures, and opens on to an open porch which takes advantage of the south and east. The treatment of this room is a formal one with balanced bookcases on either side of the fireplace whose opening is faced with slabs of white marble. The walls are painted ivory white. On the opposite side of the central hall is the dining room with walls entirely lined



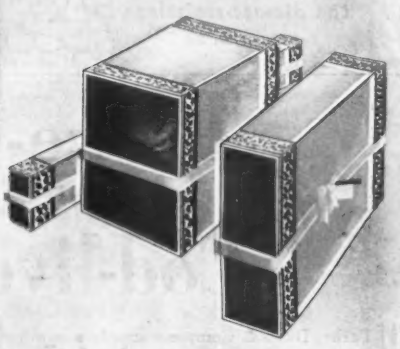
Sidelights and door knob used in this house

GIVE HER A HOOVER* AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST

Not only is The Hoover the very best gift of its kind, but it is the very best kind of gift—sensible, sure to be useful, certain to give years and years of fine service. It is easy to give, too—easy to order by telephone or by the coupon below; easy to pay for in small monthly amounts; easy to present because it comes already wrapped in a special Christmas carton.

ONLY $6.25 DOWN

Balance Monthly



THE HOOVER COMPANY, Dept. 26, North Canton, Ohio

Gentlemen: I am thinking of giving my wife a Hoover for Christmas. Please send one of your bonded representatives to tell me all about it.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

© 1930, The Hoover Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

"How many vitamins?"

Find out before you choose your cod-liver oil!

How can you tell whether a cod-liver oil contains enough Vitamins A and D to protect your children against infections and help them to grow straight and strong?

Not by looking at it. Not by tasting it. No—not even by a chemical analysis of it!

The only way you can be *sure* is by choosing a cod-liver oil bearing the label of a firm in whose scientific reliability you have complete confidence.

By a series of tests which require a month or more to complete, Parke, Davis & Company make scientifically certain that every drop of Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil meets the rigid vitamin standard required by the Parke-Davis label. These tests are carried out in the Parke-Davis laboratories by experts with long experience in biological analysis.

Your druggist has Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil in 4- and 16-ounce bottles, and in the form of easy-to-take soft gelatin capsules.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

DETROIT, MICH. WALKERVILLE, ONT.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil contains as much

VITAMIN "D"
the rickets-preventing "sunshine" vitamin, as

2 lbs. of butter, or 7½ eggs,

and as much

VITAMIN "A"
the disease-resisting vitamin, as

11 pints of milk, or 9 eggs, or 1 lb. of butter.

Parke-Davis

STANDARDIZED

Cod-liver Oil ★

Parke, Davis & Company supply a number of other cod-liver oil products also, including Cod-liver Oil with Viosterol.

A Small House With the Dignity of a Large One

with pine woodwork arranged in raised panels. Built into one corner is a china cabinet provided with shaped shelves and with an opening of a cut-out pattern. This room could be painted white or the wood finished to resemble antique pine. The floors on the first floor are oak, stained and waxed. The hardware is Colonial brass, with door knobs of glass. The lighting fixtures are also Colonial in feeling.

Three bedrooms and two baths occupy the second floor. In the master's bedroom is a fireplace framed with a delicately molded mantel. A large, elliptical arch at the rear of this room forms an alcove from which open two clothes closets. Wallpaper with the woodwork painted to match the ground would be appropriate. The floor may be stained and waxed even if of soft wood, if it is practically covered by a rug.

A linen closet, as well as one for house brooms, is provided on the second floor, and on the first floor space is given in the service portion to another broom closet, to a pot closet, as well as to a built-in ironing board. An ample laundry, together with storage room for vegetables and preserves, is in the cellar.

Fireplace wall from the house on page 53

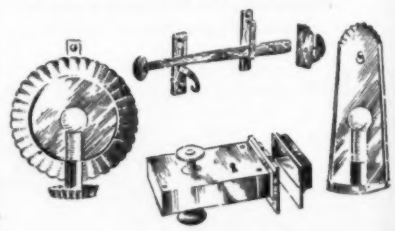
An Attractive Little House

(*Continued from page 52*)

including both modern equipment and "atmosphere," it is well to study each point carefully. Sanitary walls, linoleum floor covering, and completely fitted cabinet units in the kitchen, mechanical refrigerators, sink, range and other standard equipment are among the former; while simple pine paneling, wallpaper, and textured walls are among the latter, which it is well to have the architect include in the original estimate of costs.

Eight main factors which Mr. Merritt considers essential are: (1) Colonial type has both appeal and is economical to build; (2) rectangular first floor space with from 625 to 1,100 square feet of area; (3) compact low houses to minimize cost; (4) keep good proportions even in a small house; (5) use stock moulding and inexpensive materials with judgment and intelligence; (6) use nationally advertised products and get the benefit of reliable service from the good manufacturers; (7) study style tendencies and avoid the unique arrangements which interest but few, and use building or convenience features that will appeal to many; (8) make use of the contour of the ground in the setting of the house for either attractiveness or economical building, or both.

This hardware could be used in either of the houses shown on pages 52 and 53



32°–Freezing

"Leggings and woolly mittens, my dears"

Yes—and just as important for your car . . . the right winter oil

"Susie," Mother says patiently, "put on those nice woolly mittens—it's cold today . . . Billy, go back into the house and put on your leggings as Mother told you."

How many winter precautions you must take for this helpless family of yours! Even your car needs special attention from you these cold days. Suppose, for example, you forget to change to the right winter oil. Just as small Susie catches cold from neglected wet feet, so that engine of yours gets ailments of one kind or another from a summer oil. And you may not know what is happening until the spring repair bills come in!

Did you know that, with a thick, cold-stiffened oil in the crankcase, your engine gets more wear in a few minutes of hard starting than from many miles of ordinary driving?

Did you know—when you feel your starter groan and strain to start the engine—that your battery is wasting months of its life?

And did you know that many so-called winter oils which give easy starting are not rich enough to lubricate your engine properly after it has warmed up?

These are all good reasons for replacing that heavy summer oil now with Mobiloil Arctic. Mobiloil Arctic gives you quick, easy starting even in cold weather. It begins to flow at the first touch of the starter. And it also gives full lubrication at the hottest running temperature in winter—Mobiloil engineers have seen to that.

32° is the freezing point—the danger point for your engine. But even if the mercury crawls below zero, Mobiloil Arctic will help your car to start surely and easily, and gives the engine its full supply of rich, safe winter lubrication. Mobiloil Arctic is easy to get, too, for Mobiloil has wider distribution than any other oil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Let's Drive Better than Men is a free little book written for women drivers by a woman. It contains many helpful suggestions on road etiquette, driving at night, cold weather tantrums and many other questions on driving and care of the car. Address Mary Arnold, Dept. MG-120, Vacuum Oil Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

SUGGESTIONS

to soothe your car's cold weather tantrums

Keep battery fully charged. It gets sluggish when cold, just when you want it to be full of pep.

Push out clutch pedal before starting the engine. This relieves the starter from the "drag" of the transmission in most cars.

When starting in cold weather, use choke only while starting. Push it in part way the instant the engine starts and fully as soon as possible.

Have spark plugs set correctly so as to get a spark when the battery is cold.

Have your dealer put Mobiloil Arctic in your engine and Mobiloil "CW" in your transmission and differential.

Your car needs an overcoat too. If there is no winterfront on your radiator, have some kind put on. The engine runs much better if the radiator is kept warm.

Mobiloil

The famous Mobiloil Concerts are broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, E. S. T., from WEAF and 29 associated N. B. C. stations

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

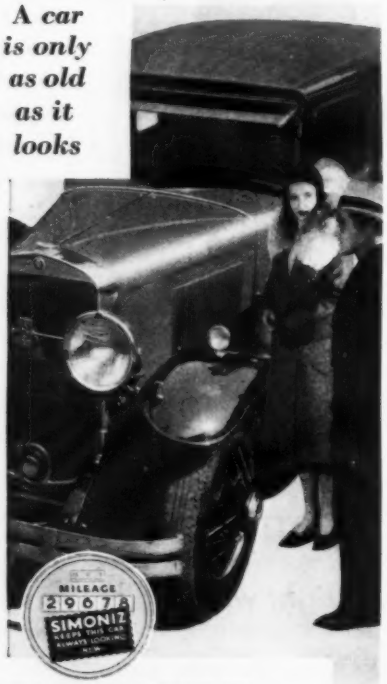
In using advertisements see page 6

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT OFF.

A car is only as old as it looks



SIMONIZ will keep your car looking new

YOU can depend upon Simoniz to keep your car sparkling and beautiful. Millions of motorists do, for Simoniz protects the finish from injury, makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading. So, the sooner you Simoniz your car, the better.

Anyone can Simoniz a car. If your car is dulled and discolored the wonderful SimonizKleenerquicklyrestoresthelustre. And, Simoniz provides a long lasting protection that has made it so famous.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—and drive a car that always looks new and beautiful.

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

Easily applied with a cloth

© Simoniz Co.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2101 Indiana Avenue Chicago, U. S. A.

Lonesome River

(*Continued from page 81*)

since their first trading deals three years before.

"You want red water?"

"*Ugh!*" The subdued grunt spoke volumes. Here was the whole black story of the Red Man's downfall.

"If I give it to you, will you go away?"

"*Ugh!*"

Bear Claw would sell his soul and body, let alone the honor of his given word, for this price. His hands were shaking already, and his thin, cruel lips twitched fitfully. Only those who know the Indian and the tragic passion of his race could begin to understand.

From his mackinaw pocket Stephen took a quart bottle, two-thirds full, and put it in the Indian's hand. The lean, brown fingers that had once gripped Molly's throat closed upon it, and a moment later he had disappeared in the shadows.

Stephen signaled up his confederates. To little 'Arry, the rat-like cockney, came first call. As a marksman he was in disgrace, but he knew certain other trades that made him useful on a raid like this. He thrust a short spiral tool into the ring of the first padlock and, turning it strongly, forced the catch. Under his skilled hand all three padlocks gave silently, and the door was unlocked.

Four of the men entered the musk-smelling room and began to cram furs into their moose-hide sacks. They worked silently, swiftly. Outside, Stephen and Sicilian Pedro stood on guard, their rifles cocked and ready in their hands. They did not mean to lose this prize.

MOLLY had just drifted to sleep when some one rapped lightly on her door. At first she thought it might be Dick, conscience-plagued and coming to confess. But when she called, Needa's voice answered.

"Needa, she want to come in."

Molly sat up, wide awake. Only rarely since her childhood had her old nurse visited her room at night. At her call the door opened, revealing in a little circle of candlelight the woman's brown hand and the wrinkled parchment of her face. She was clothed in a blanket; her hair, glistening and black for all her long years, hung in two braids in front of her shoulders.

"What is it, Needa?"

The old squaw moved stealthily into the room. "*Needa, she no like it!*"

"What do you mean—?"

"She feel trouble. She feel like she feel long, long time ago, when Needa little girl. Big Hunger, he come to tribe. Game, he all go. Hunt all day, no catch'm. Running Feet—wolves, Needa means—they starve, too; make circle around tent at night."

"But I don't understand, Needa." Molly's eyes looked wide and round in the yellow candlelight. "What are you afraid of now?"

"Wolves, he come back."

The girl listened to the long cries of the wind. "It isn't possible. The wolves wouldn't come so close. Even if they did, they'd do no harm."

"These wolves—they do harm. Needa no lie!"

"The dogs would be yelling if there were wolves here."

"Dogs, they no yell much on night like this. I tell you, trouble he come. You believe Needa. Needa, she no tell lie."

Molly looked into the glowing, deep-set eyes, and suddenly she was convinced. She sprang up, slipped on a dressing-gown and slippers, and hurried to Dick's room. He wakened at her light tap on his door, and a moment later they were whispering together at the threshold.

At once Dick stole to the window and opened it silently. The darkness was impenetrable, and at first he could hear no sound but the bass-viol strumming of the wind in the trees. Yet even now he knew that Needa was right, and trouble had come.

"Who's there?" he called suddenly.

As suddenly came the startling answer, "We're here, and we're going to stay here."

It was not Stephen's voice, but Pedro's, and Dick did not recognize it. But he did recognize its menace—an implacable, deadly threat in its very tone. They did not mean to be driven from their prey, this grim pack of wolves.

Then, to be sure of his ground, "What are you going to do?"

"We're going to blow your head off eef you don't shut that window and let us alone. Eef you lie quiet and don't interfere wis us, you and your family won't be hurt. Eef you make trouble for us, we'll feex you."

Alarmed by the strange talk, Needa had followed Molly into the room, and the glimmer from her candle revealed the window as a dimly luminous square. Stephen, at a fever pitch of excitement and hating that voice in the silence from the bottom of his heart, saw a chance to add emphasis to Pedro's threat. His rifle flung up in his arms and blazed in the dark.

He had not shot at Dick. The murder point in this affair had not yet been reached. He aimed above his foe's head, and the bullets thwacked against the logs.

Dick reeled back out of danger, then said quietly, "Put out the light!"

Needa breathed on the candle, and Molly's voice came sharp and clear through the thick dark.

"Are you hurt, Dick?"

"No. That was just a reminder. Are you standing by the table?"

"Yes."

"My pistol is there. Hand it to me."

She obeyed instantly; the solid pistol butt slipped into his hand. "But you mustn't shoot it yet. You can't hit them in the dark, and they'll fire at the flash."

"Then we must get them to fire first."

At that instant, Stephen's rifle roared again, answered by the crash of glass. Molly's fingers gripped Dick's arm.

"Where was that?" she breathed.

"It was on this floor. It must have been father's room."

"That's it. He turned on the light, and they blazed at his window. *Come—he may be hurt—*"

All three ran into the corridor and to their unspeakable relief met the old doctor at the door of his room. He was not hurt, nor apparently even greatly terrified. Save for the brilliance of his eyes there was little sign of his intense excitement.

"What's happening, Dick?" he asked steadily. "Some one shot at my window."

DICK did not attempt to explain until he had reached a long arm around the door sill and turned off the electric switch. They must not invite another volley until they were prepared to answer it. In the darkness he spoke rapidly, tersely:

"It's a raid on the fur house. Stephen's in it, of course, although I haven't heard his voice—how many more there are I don't know. They say that if we stay inside and let them alone, they won't harm us, but if we oppose them they'll blow our heads off."

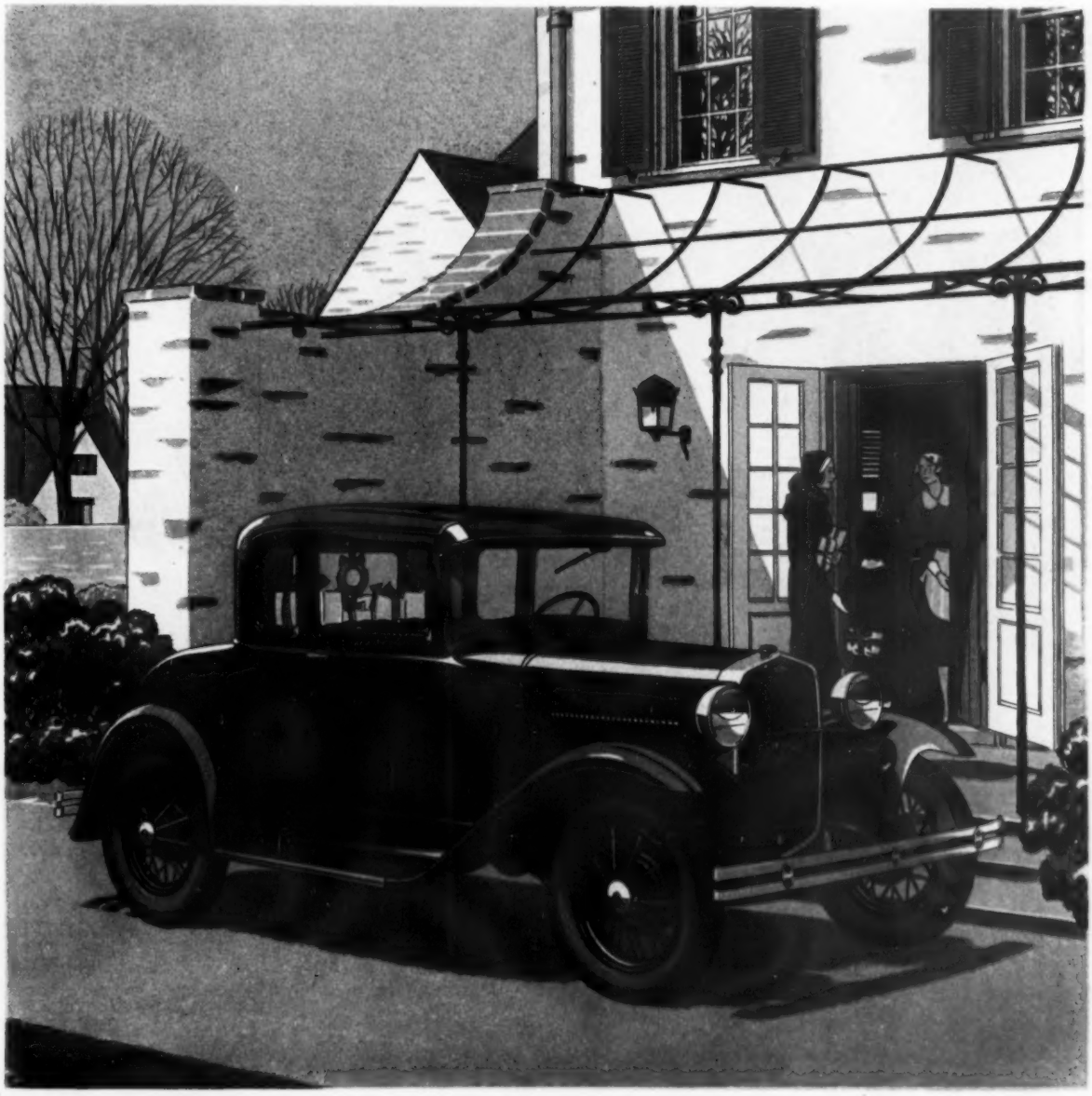
"So we must lie quiet and not interfere with 'em, eh?" the old man muttered grimly. "We must cover up our heads while they get away with my twenty years' savings! What's your answer to that, Dick?"

"You know what my answer is. I'm going to shoot it out with them to the last bullet. But—but I don't want you and Molly to run any risk."

"Risk, hell!" The words cracked in the silent room and—bursting from the old doctor's ever-gentle lips—raised the short hairs on Dick's scalp.

"Have Molly and I lived in this tough country twenty years to be afraid to take risk? We'll fight it out beside you, Dick, of course, but the question is—how are we going to do it?"

A Treasured *Gift* at Christmas Time



DREAMS will come true in many homes this Christmas. For there, among the holiday gifts, will be a gleaming new Ford. From Dad to Mother. Or from Mother and Dad to Son or Daughter.

Not a gift for the day only, but one that will be used and treasured throughout the year. A practical, lasting gift that will bring countless happy hours and shorten the miles to friends and distant places.

Illustrated above is the new Ford Coupe. There are many other body types to select from, in a changing variety of beautiful colors. A choice of soft, luxurious mohair or fashionable Bedford cord upholstery is offered in the Town Sedan, the De Luxe Sedan, and the De Luxe Coupe.

Ford

Make Christmas merrier with *Light*

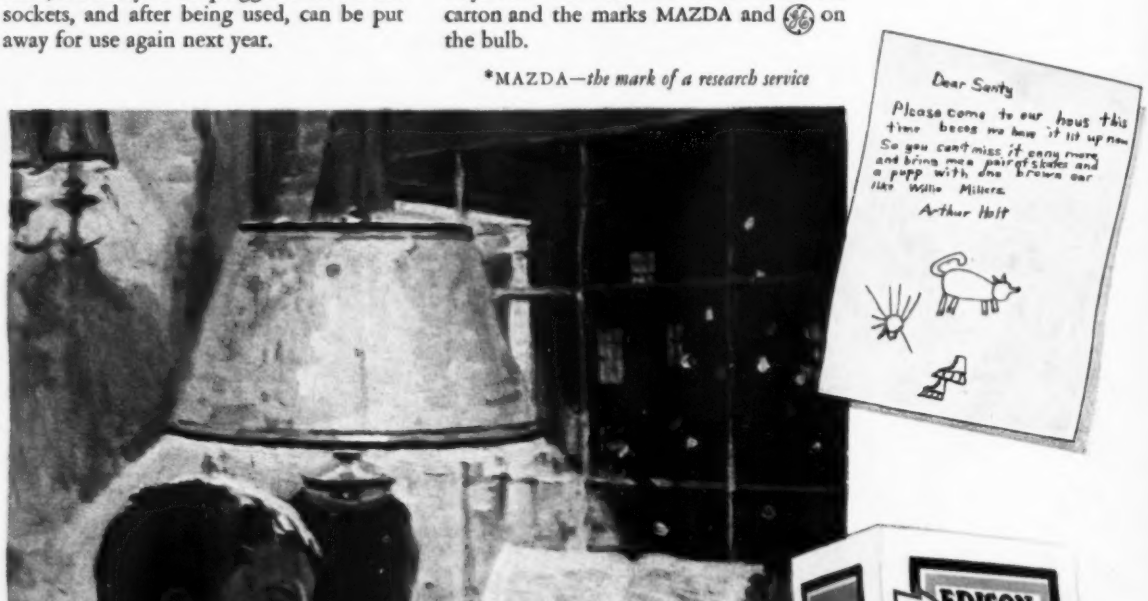
THERE is new splendor in Christmas. Streets take on the beauty of lanes in Fairyland. Trees and shrubbery sparkle with the colors of diamonds and rubies and emeralds. Everywhere *light* is making Christmas merrier.

Stop at your dealer's today and get strings of Noma colored lamps for decorating trees, shrubbery, porches, and wreaths. They cost little, are ready to be plugged into electric sockets, and after being used, can be put away for use again next year.

Let your home be one of those which display the spirit of Christmas. Show its full beauty by lighting with Edison MAZDA* Lamps. Fill empty sockets, and use Edison MAZDA Lamps for replacing dim lamps that waste current. When you switch on Edison MAZDA Lamps, you are assured *full value of the current consumed.*

In buying lamps to light your home always look for the name EDISON on the carton and the marks MAZDA and GE on the bulb.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*


Dear Santy
Please come to our hous this time becos we have it lit up now
So you cant miss it. enny more and bring mee pair of skates and a pupp with one brown ear
like Willie Millers
Arthur Holt
EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRAM, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK

MARKS OF QUALITY

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Lonesome River

"Can't we just let go a volley?"

"We wouldn't have much chance of hitting 'em with four guns." True, there were four: for a moment Dick had forgotten the old Indian woman. "All they'd have to do is stay behind the fur house, and they'd be safe."

"But they'll be going in and out, carrying furs. If we can finish off one or two of them, the others may run."

"Yes, but we don't want to miss the first volley. We may not get another chance. Let me think."

"Won't the Indians hear the shooting and come to help?"

"No hope of that. They'll hardly hear it anyhow, with the wind blowing this way."

"I've got it!" The triumph in Dick's face thrilled them all. "Get your flashlight, Molly, and give it to me. I'll go downstairs to the dining room—it's the nearest to the fur house—and you three take windows on this floor. When I pick up one of them with the light, all of you let go at once."

But Molly seized his arm. "But they'll shoot at the light."

"I'll hold it out from my body. I'm going to try it anyhow. If you don't help me, I'll hold the light with one hand and shoot with the other."

MOLLY made no further protest. When all was said and done, she was a wilderness girl, and its stern law was the law of her life. At once she sped down the stairs to procure three hunting rifles from the rack in the hall. Pitch-black were the rooms, but she knew every passage and the location of every piece of furniture, and she ran as though she carried a light. A moment later she, Doctor Foster, and Needa all sat at upstairs windows overlooking the fur house, each with a hunting rifle loaded, cocked, and pointed in the general direction of the foe. Tensely they waited for Dick's light to flash.

Dick had silently raised a downstairs window and, with the flashlight in one hand and his pistol in the other, was waiting his chance. He must pick up one of his foes as soon as he touched the button, otherwise the answering volley might put out the light and himself, too, before the marksmen in the windows above could find their aim.

In the pause between one gust and another, he heard the crunch of feet on the snow. Instantly a narrow shaft of light leaped forth, and a dark figure loomed against the white background. The crack of his pistol was drowned out by the crashing volley over his head.

It was cross-fire, the most deadly attack known to military science. Molly's bullet flew wide—at the last instant mercy moved in her heart, and she thrust aside her rifle barrel—but Needa was living over a bygone war—when her tribe had fought the gray packs at the door of the wickiups, in the Winter of the Great Hunger—and pity was not in her. Doctor Foster fired at point-blank range with unerring aim.

The dark form in the flashlight beam threw up his arms and fell forward in the snow. Dick dared not hold his light long enough to see which one of his foes this was: savagely he hoped it might be Stephen. As the darkness closed down, the rifles volleyed below. The bullets thwacked in the window frame about him and broke the glass over his head, but he reeled back into the room unhurt.

Above him, his comrades fired at the flash of the enemy guns. For a second there was no answer, and Dick hoped that they had either cut down another of the robber band or had routed them entirely. Presently a crashing volley from the doorway of the fur house showed that they had merely taken cover. Even so, prospects were brighter. The cool making-off with the furs no longer went so smoothly forward.

In the silence that followed the shots, Dick heard Stephen cursing his men. But he did not hear the voice of Limejuice 'Arry in reply. The little cockney's bad luck had held to the last.

Dick now turned and raced up the stairs to his comrades. "Can you keep them occupied for a few minutes?" he asked Doctor Foster.

"Yes, but what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to sneak out and see if I can't get some help from the natives."

He heard Molly gasp in the darkness.

"But they'll kill you if they catch you."

"They won't catch me. They haven't a chance on a night black as this. Just shoot from time to time, and dodge back before they can fire at the flash. That will make them stay close to the fur house. Molly, you lock the front door behind me and open it again when I tap. I'm afraid to leave it unlocked for fear they'll try a rush."

She followed him down the steps. He slipped the big bolt on the front door and started to steal out. Presently he hesitated and crept back. It was as though he felt her arms reaching toward him in the darkness; they had not even touched him, yet somehow he knew that they were there. And when he groped for her, it was true.

Muffling his steps, he was soon out of the bandits' hearing. He went straight to the wickiup of Chief Nache-Tennon and knocked ceremoniously on the door.

"Who come?" came a deep voice from within.

"Chief Dick. Open the door, Chief Strongheart."

The patriarch opened the door and stood, an imposing figure, in the dim light of the hearth.

"Chief, there is trouble at the house of the White Father," Dick said. "Men have come to steal the furs and are firing at us with their rifles. Will you and your people help us?"

"My people, they out on trap line. Only this many braves"—the chief held up eight fingers—"sleep in wickiups."

"That is enough. If you will bring them, we can easily drive off the robbers. If you do not come, they may kill the White Father and Molly, too."

"*Ugh!*" The Chief stood for long seconds in thought. "Why not the White Father come himself?"

"He stays by his post, shooting his rifle. Besides, he is old and can not come quickly through the snow."

"He is old; Chief, he old, too. But many winters gone we plenty strong, and we run fast, shoot plenty straight, fight anybody. We friends long time, White Father and Chief Nache-Tennon."

Dick did not speak, but let the old man's thoughts flow on.

"We friends heap long time. When Indian have trouble, me call him, he always come. Now he have trouble, he call me. The wind she blow North, the wind she blow South. The summer he come, then the winter. Chief Dick!"

"I hear you, Chief Strongheart!"

"You go back to White Father, tell him Strongheart, he come."

IN THE meantime there was consternation in the enemy camp. What had seemed an open-and-shut proposition had developed unexpected complications. The owners of the fur had not tamely yielded the prize, as Stephen had promised, but were making a stubborn fight. One of the raiders was already down, blasted by cross-fire; and scattered shots, first from one window and then from another, searched wickedly for the rest.

"We've got to go in that house and take their rifles away from 'em," Swede said. "If we don't, they'll pick us off when we try to carry the furs to the sleds."

"We can't raid the house," Stephen answered savagely. "They'd lie in wait in the hall, and shoot us all down. We've got to find some way to drive them out."

"There is only one means to make so," Black Koslof said in a queer, thick tone.

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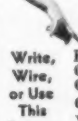

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TOMORROW'S STEW
will it be as good as yesterday's roast?

That's the test of a Cook!

Stew! Does it bring up a vision of something dull and uninteresting—something that you serve simply in the interests of economy? It shouldn't. For as a matter of fact it can be made one of the most pleasurable dishes you serve.

Like so many other dishes composed of left-overs and inexpensive cuts of meat, what stew needs is flavor. Using, as you do, a variety of miscellaneous ingredients, you can't simply let flavor come as it may. It has to be created. And that's precisely where DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce marks the difference between the dish you call "stew" and something for which that name would be downright injustice.

For there's hardly a cooking ingredient in the world which gives such a fine range of flavor possibilities as DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce. It was especially created to do that very thing—a *cooking sauce*, not a catsup or a tomato condiment to be put *on* foods, but an ingredient to be *cooked into them*. All the goodness of rich, red, sun-ripened tomatoes blended according to an original DEL MONTE recipe with pure and wholesome peppers and spices into a thick, luscious cooking sauce that improves and enriches almost every food you serve.

So, if you've been in the habit of regarding stew as just one of those things which you have to put up with, try it this way:

Brown ¼ cup of flour in ¼ cup of meat fryings. Add a cup of beef stock (or 1 beef cube dissolved in 1 cup hot water), 2 cans of DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce, and bring to a boiling point. Then put in 1½ cups of diced cooked meat, 1 cup boiled carrots, 1 cup diced cold potatoes, a small chopped onion, salt if needed, and simmer ten minutes—six generous servings. Then you'll have a stew that will please the whole family.

And that's only a mere hint of what you can do with DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce. Not only does it transform everyday dishes into culinary triumphs, but it's the "open sesame" to a whole new field of distinctive cookery. In fact, we've collected and printed in the booklet offered below more than a hundred such recipes.

And aside from the *added* goodness which DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce gives to familiar dishes, aside from the new dishes it makes possible, you'll appreciate its convenience, too. Packed in handy 8 oz. tins, it's just the right amount for an average dish—and ready for instant cooking-use. There's no fussing, no mixing, no experimenting with seasonings. You merely open the can. And it's so inexpensive, you can use it whenever you like.

But why not try DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce and discover this all for yourself! Your grocer should have it, or can easily get it for you. Order a can today—or better still, a half dozen cans, because your very first experience with it is going to make you eager to start out conquering new culinary worlds. And let us send you the DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce booklet. Your name and address on a post card will bring it to you. Write to Dept. 262, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

DEL MONTE TOMATO SAUCE

Lonesome River

Stephen whirled to him in the dark.

"And I know what it is. But it's too big a risk."

"Where is the risk? If we are caught now, we are caught, and the end is the same. If we are not caught, it is better to have the fur than empty hands."

"We can't stop now," Pedro said. "We've gone this far, and we might as well go the whole way. What do you fellows mean?"

"Koslof means to sprinkle a little gasoline on the joists and touch a match to it. That would bring them out quick enough, and in the glare we could take away their guns before they could fire a shot. Moreover the fire would daze and bewilder them so they wouldn't attempt to follow us and try to get on to our scheme. And—and—I hate every log and board in that house!"

"It ees the solution! You fools, it ees a sure bet. And eef we don't do it, we will keep on shooting at each other until we are either done for, or else we haf a charge of murder on our heads. I'd sooner take a chance on this. Stephen, will you do it or me?"

"I'll do it. It'll do me a lot of good, too, to see this house that might have been mine go up in smoke."

He slipped out of the fur house and, crossing to the trading store, admitted himself with his own key. In these familiar surroundings he worked quickly; five minutes later he emerged with a kerosene tin in his hand. Stealing back to the house, he groped his way around to the opposite side from the fur depot.

It would be safe, he thought, to flash his light and see where to start the fire. The defenders were certain to be on the opposite side, harrying the foe with rifle fire. His hand was steady, and the beam moved without a tremor along the heavy logs of the foundation. Reflecting dimly back, it showed his face drawn and eager.

No one saw him from the windows, and Dick, stealing back from the native village, was cut off by an arm of the forest. Unless all signs failed, he would not be interrupted and could do his work unobserved.

Yet Fate had decreed otherwise. Ten feet distant, in a sheltered nook out of the wind, a motionless figure crouched. It was Bear Claw, and he had finished his bottle.

HE WAS not cold. A fire within warmed him. And even before Stephen came, he was not alone. Indeed, the darkness about him was peopled by innumerable beings, all of them uncanny and misshapen, many of them unspeakably horrible. Stephen was simply one other added to the ghastly company—a little more solid, perhaps, than the rest, but no less appalling. It seemed to Bear Claw that this last specter had only one eye, burning yellow and shining bright.

Yes, this newcomer was distinctly different from the others. In the first place he was almost invisible save for his one yellow eye, while the rest were lurid things, glowing faintly like phosphorus in the dark. He made faint sounds as he crept along the house wall; the others were silent as snakes. When Bear Claw shook his head and stared hard, he could still see the shining eye, but the rest faded away when he looked straight at them.

Perhaps he could catch this one and kill it. Moreover, it might have blood in it to run out, and bones to break with an audible sound. At the very thought of this, his hands began to tremble, and his eyes grew large and larger until they felt as if they would burst from their sockets. He began to creep softly toward the stealing figure.

Did Bear Claw know what he was doing? Yes, and this made his act all the more fiendish. In some cool, sane corner of his brain he knew perfectly that this was not a specter, but a man with a flashlight. His homicidal mania, born of the poison in his blood, made him want to tear the man limb from limb, and his subconscious mind conjured up the phantasy so

Here's a Christmas Gift That's Never Been Given Before

So You Can't Go Wrong · No Matter To Whom You Give It

This Amazing New Waffle-Iron Makes Waffles AUTOMATICALLY!

1 *You simply set a lever—and the red signal light flashes* "bright"

2 *Then pour in the batter—and forget about it!*

3 *The signal light changes to* "dim" *to tell you the waffle is done*

HERE'S something new, something smart, something marvelous — a Christmas gift that's never been given before! That you can't go wrong in giving —no matter to whom you give it.

An amazing new waffle-iron that makes waffles *automatically!* That banishes all the guesswork; all the burn, stick and bother from waffle making!

It comes as another unique electrical invention from the people who invented automatic toastmaking—from the inventors of the famous Toastmaster.

It is called the *Waffle-Master*, is completely automatic *and makes waffles entirely without the use of grease.*

All You Do Is Set A Lever

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Then you pour in the batter, close the iron —*and forget about it.*

When the waffle is done—done to just the marvelously golden brown you want—the signal light changes again to *tell you* that it's done.

You don't open the iron, or even think about it, from the time you pour in the batter to the time you are signalled that the waffle is done.

No watching. No burning. No sticking. No underdone waffles. The whole operation is automatic.

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Another important point is that WAFFLES cooked in this device *will not* stick. Yet —you use no grease.

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You can take the waffle out, or leave it in to keep it hot, just as you like.

See The Waffle-Master

If you like waffles, but have had bother making them—see the Waffle-Master. You, like thousands of others, will call it wonderful.

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A TOASTMASTER PRODUCT

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IN ONE CRYSTAL JAR MODERN SCIENCE NOW OFFERS YOU—

an exquisite cleanser . . . freeing each tiny pore of impurities

a wonderful tissue-oil . . . to keep your skin soft, supple, young

a splendid astringent . . . to brace tired tissues to radiant life

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IN THE LAST 24 HOURS, JUST WHAT CARE HAVE YOU GIVEN YOUR SKIN? (Be honest, now!) A dab of cold cream? A scrub with a wash-cloth? Probably it's fortunate you can't look down into those choked little pores—deep down where dirt and make-up and waxy traces of yesterday are clogging and actually drying your skin! Of course, the classic excuse we all gave (and it was a pretty good excuse) was—"Too busy!" But that was before Pinaud perfected their marvelous new method. For now—believe it or not—you can give yourself a complete scientific facial *every day*—with nothing but Pinaud's Cream and plenty of clear water. Compounded in this one silken Cream are elements that set to work like a corps of deft experts, the moment you smooth it on. *Sinking deep into the pores . . . gently loosening the tightest-packed impurities and floating them to the surface . . . suppling the tissues with delicate, swiftly-absorbed oils . . . then, as you splash on lots and lots of water, emulsifying and washing away! You can see—even feel—the difference instantly: skin as radiantly-alive as your body after a cold shower . . . as soft as the proverbial flower-petal . . . and exquisitely, immaculately CLEAN!*

Don't devote another hour to complicated time-consuming treatments . . . don't let another neglectful day go by, either . . . without trying this new Cream of Pinaud's. It's at practically every good shop in America. Or send 25c and we will mail you a special tube. Pinaud, Dept. GH-12, 220 E. 21 St., New York

he might justify the deed. Even when sane, he had never made a more silent and perfect stalk.

Intent on his plans, Stephen had no inkling of the maniac's presence until he was just beside him. When at last he heard the crunch of moccasins on the hard-packed snow, Bear Claw's tawny arm was already sweeping down.

Startled, Stephen threw his light in the direction of the sound. It showed Bear Claw's face, drawn out of all semblance to a human countenance—a more appalling specter than any himself had seen in his drunken dreams. It was the true incarnation of the bottle-devil, a horrible symbol of the madness and brutality and death of the red waters. His hand did not clutch a knife, as when he had attacked Molly months before—this he had dropped in the snow—but a more tragic weapon. In the glare of the flashlight it glimmered like a sword.

It was no more or less than an empty quart bottle. Bear Claw swung it down like an Indian club and struck Stephen on the back of the head. There was a low popping sound, and the victim wilted in the snow.

Yet he got up at once. He did not believe he had even lost consciousness. His head felt warm and queer and light, yet he was able to press the button of his flashlight, still clutched tight in his hand, and cast its ray about him. Strangely enough, he was not conscious of fear. It was as though he had passed beyond the reach and need of fear, and somehow it no longer applied to him. But he must go from here to some other place—he could not quite think where or what it was—and so dark was the night that he could not see the way.

Bear Claw lay stretched at his feet, unconscious. Evidently the violence of his attack had used up the last of his nervous energy, and he had collapsed before he could strike the second time. These facts, however, Stephen himself did not and could not grasp. Indeed, he saw no more than a black shadow on the snow and did not know what it was. Like fear and danger, it had somehow passed out of his bourne. Nor had he time to stop and investigate and figure it out. He must leave this place, with his companion.

HE WALKED round the house. Because he came boldly, flashing the light before him, neither his foes nor his friends shot at him from their barricades. Perhaps they were afraid of shooting one of their own number, but Stephen knew this was an illusion. He belonged to neither party—like the shadow he had just seen on the snow, these people and their doings had ceased to concern him. Indeed, they seemed like shadows, too—nothing more.

But he did have one comrade he must look after. He located the huddled form of Limejuice 'Arry and walked straight up to it. While those queer shadows who used to be his friends and enemies gazed spellbound at him, he lifted the man in his arms, swung him to his shoulder, and carried him to the nearest of the sleds. There he laid him gently down and covered him with a robe.

They must go together, himself and 'Arry. They were the only ones left of all the company—or else he and 'Arry had gone on and left the others. True, there was a curious dimness about 'Arry, too, a kind of cloud, but he was not half so shadowy as the others, and as the moments passed, this slight barrier seemed to be fading away. In any event they must make the trip together.

"Mush!" Stephen cried, cracking his whip. At least his lips formed the word, although it was queer he did not hear it come forth. With a powerful lurch of his shoulders he helped the dogs break out the runners. Then, reeling a little but holding fast to the gee-pole, he drove away.

His late companions watched him go in utter amazement. His flashlight was still shining, and as it moved along the snow, it showed dimly the fore part of the sled, where 'Arry

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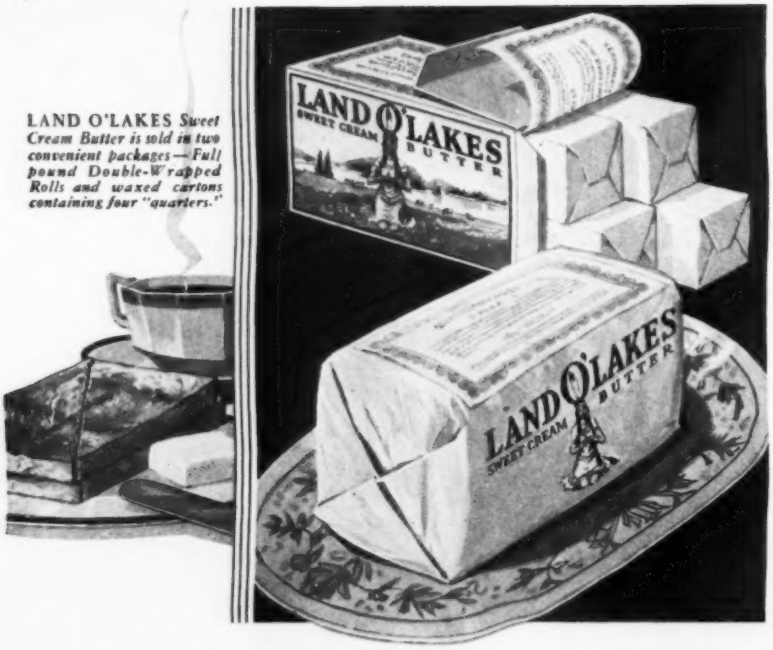

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LAND O'LAKES*
SWEET CREAM BUTTER

December 1930 Good Housekeeping

Lonesome River

was lying, and the straining loins of the nearest dog.

"What's the matter with the fool?" Swede muttered. "Has he gone crazy?"

"I do not know," Pedro answered in an awed whisper. "Why should he drive away with a dead man? There's something queer about it. It geevs me a creepy feeling—"

"Whatever it is, it leaves us in a fine fix. What are we going to do now? The boss is gone, and there's only four of us left. Can we do this job by ourselves?"

For a long moment Pedro did not attempt an answer. He watched the snow fields beyond the house for a reflected glimmer that might mean fire, but the thick darkness prevailed, and there was nothing to believe but that Stephen's plan had been frustrated. But there was fire enough down in the native settlement. Torches were blazing in the village road, and the unsteady light showed tall dark forms and leaping shadows.

To be certain, Pedro waited until he saw the torches gather in a close group and begin to move in his direction. There were eight of them, and the men who carried them bore rifles in their free hands.

True, they would make good targets in the darkness. It was possible for the bandits to pick off all eight of them before they reached the house. But Pete would not even consider such a mad idea. He was a gambler, not a gunfighter. He had lived this long and prospered reasonably by practicing moderation in all things, especially bloodshed; a massacre of this type might appeal to a killer like Black Koslof, but not to him. The venture had been a mistake from the first, and he had learned long ago not to throw good money after bad, nor to continue playing when the wheel ran against him.

"Let's go and go quick," he said. "We've played and lost."

Without waiting for a reply, he ducked out of the fur house and away. The others followed, crowding each other in the doorway. It occurred to Black Koslof to seize one of the silver foxes from the rich heap on the floor, but a warning shot from the window startled him, and he ran off without it. Presently they were all in their sleds, hurrying toward the pass.

BUT they did not overtake those who had gone before. For this they must travel on the wings of the wind. Stephen had trudged a short distance, then had fallen forward to lie with 'Arry on the sled. His whip no longer hissed and snapped at the dogs, but they did not stop, and instead began to hurry their pace. Their excited plunging became a nervous trot; the trot quickened to a lope. At last they were flying across the hard-packed snow as though the Devil were on their trail. They were yelping, panic-stricken, blind with some unaccustomed and unfathomable terror.

For five miles along the naked ridge sped this ride of death. Stephen clung to the swerving sled, trying to think where he was bound and what was the rendezvous he must keep. Still he could not quite remember. Every time he seemed about to grasp some profound truth, his mind wandered away to the foolish prophecy Needa had spoken, months ago, beside the Foster hearth,

"He who kills by the sword must be killed by the sword!"

Well, it didn't apply to him. His head felt queer and warm and light, but it was not from the blow of a sword, but merely a whiskey bottle . . . And he'd recover from this, easy enough. What was there about a whiskey bottle to kill a man? Why, he had dealt with these things ever since he was a man grown, off and on. They might be the means of killing an occasional worthless Indian, but not he, Stephen—Stephen—Stephen who?

It was queer he could not remember his last name. When he tried to think of it, his head swam . . . Well, it did not matter anyway. He and 'Arry were traveling incognito tonight. They had left their names behind, with various

"THE SMARTEST STERLING EVER PRESENTED"

Gorham's new 1931 design

"THE HUNT CLUB"

Masters of Famous Hunts

ONWENTSIA...
HARFORD...
MIDDLEBURG...

are now using the smartest, most sophisticated of Sterling patterns

THE distinguished new Gorham Sterling, "The Hunt Club," is having a sensational success.

This sophisticated new 1931 pattern, inspired by the elegance of the Hunt Breakfast, is already being used by masters of the smartest hunts in America, in their beautiful country estates.

Austin N. Niblack, Esq., Master of Fox Hounds of the Onwentsia Hunt, who entertains brilliantly at his country home, "The Paddocks," chose the new Gorham, "the smartest sterling ever presented."

Other distinguished sportsmen-hosts are also using this distinguished new pattern, "The Hunt Club," for their celebrated hospitality... Daniel C. Sands, Esq., M.F.H. of Middleburg—Harry I. Nicholas, Esq., M. F H. of Harford.

"THE HUNT CLUB" pattern—like the hunt itself—is in the aristocratic tradition. It inherits the suave grace of silver created in the days of lordly hospitality. Yet it has all the dash and smartness which is modern—1931.

When you see "The Hunt Club" at your own jeweler's you will notice how the exquisite detail gives richness—and how this richness flows into clear, cool beauty of line. The effect is a simplicity which is, in reality, extremely sophisticated.

This new sterling makes a truly distinguished gift for the Christmas season. There are many individual pieces which beautifully supplement a hostess's own sterling, and their cost is moderate. A complete service for eight in "The Hunt Club" is a superb gift and costs only $227. Each piece is identified by the name "Gorham" on the back or base.

These "Hunt Club" pieces make extremely smart gifts: cold meat fork (which also serves as salad fork), steak knife and fork.

Your jeweler will give you an illustrated 18-page booklet, "The Hunt Club," showing popular pieces in the new Gorham Sterling. Or, send this coupon to The Gorham Company, Providence, R.I., Dept. M-1

Name_____

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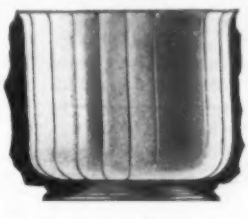

(*Above*) AUSTIN N. NIBLACK, M. F. H. *of the Onwentsia Hunt, with his famous pack of English-bred hounds.* (*Left*) *The beautiful Hunt Cup created by Gorham for the Onwentsia.*

GORHAM

In using advertisements see page 6

FOR WOMEN WITH ONLY TWO HANDS

PIC-WAX—the convenient, quick-to-use package of waxed paper especially designed to make kitchen-table jobs easier! Open it like a book! Pick one sheet at a time. *Use only one hand!*

Here's an extra strong paper that's really heavily waxed . . . in a gay, orange and black flat package as easy to pick up as a spoon.

Pic-Wax is safe, sanitary, economical. Ideal to meet the ever growing needs for waxed paper—for wrapping sandwiches, lining baking tins, covering foods in the refrigerator, waxing irons and 101 other familiar uses.

You can't get a waxed paper that's easier to use or more satisfactory than Pic-Wax. Ask for it at your dealer's. If he can't supply you, send 10c for a full sized package. Use handy coupon.

REGAL PAPER CO., Inc., 9 PORT ST., PULASKI, N.Y.

PIC-WAX Rolls too

Same paper in 2 size boxes.
40 ft. roll 10c. 125 ft. roll 25c

Regal Paper Co., Inc., 9 Port St., Pulaski, N.Y.
Send Pic-Wax package:
Enclosed ☐ 10c for ☐ 40 sheets ☐ 40 foot roll
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Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
This store is where I usually buy waxed paper
.....

Lonesome River

other things they no longer needed . . . And now his first name was slipping away, too.

Once more he shone his flashlight in 'Arry's face. The queer, dim mist upon it had now almost faded away—they were getting to be close friends, he and 'Arry . . . He was still deliberating on this strange fact, when the dogs gave a sudden sideways jerk.

The sled upset. Stephen and his companion were thrown out. But there was nothing to fear—even when they struck the steep slope and began to roll and slide, still nothing to fear. Presently the whole hillside was rolling, sliding with them. There was a mutter that grew to a rumble, and a rumble that swelled to a roar. Faster and faster they sped, while the snow-world about them fell and passed away in ruin.

The great avalanche soon struck the forest, but even this did not check its thunderous onslaught. The stout trunks snapped off like toothpicks and, sweeping on, mowed down their fellows. A thousand tons of rock and earth torn from the hillside catapulted into the valley, damming up the creek and in time forming a new lake. It was long and narrow, and in summer sunlight bright as a sword.

CHAPTER XVIII

LISTENING from an upstairs window, Molly and Dick heard the crack of whips and the breaking out of sled-runners, when the bandits fled. Dick's hand crept and covered hers.

"It's all over," he told her jubilantly.

"Yes, and we're just where we were before." The girl spoke in low tones.

"I don't understand, Molly. What do you mean?"

But she did not explain, and his attention was distracted by the arrival of Chief Strong-heart and his men. Both Molly and Dick went out to meet them, to thank and praise them. The Indians seemed somewhat disappointed to miss the fight, but the chief answered Dick with his customary dignity and led the braves back to their wickiups. Then the two white people went to the fur depot to estimate their losses.

To their astonishment, not one skin seemed to be missing. On the floor were several moose-hide sacks stuffed to the brim, but the rifle-fire had prevented the bandits from carrying them to their sleds. One other full sack lay near the doorway, where Limejuice 'Arry had dropped it.

Dick's flashlight showed a dark blot on the snow where the victim had fallen, and coming into this, and leading off, a distinct trail of small intermittent blots. Deeply curious, Dick followed it to the thicket where a sled had been broken out, then up the ridge where it disappeared. Between the runner tracks were a man's footprints—a man who walked unsteadily and sometimes staggered and almost fell.

So far the record in the drifts was easy to read. Dick saw that the wounded man, whoever he was, had mushed a short distance behind the sled and had then boarded it. The sled tracks ran on; instead of following them, Dick returned and back-tracked the blood-trail past the fur depot and around the house. Close to the wall he found a kerosene can, a broken bottle, and a red stain on the pure snow.

He whipped his light in all directions. Presently he found Bear Claw, like a dead man in the drifts. But he was not dead—Dick could hear him breathing.

He would not last long, exposed to the bitter cold. No doubt it would be a good riddance, yet this was not for Dick to say. He turned and hurried away to get help.

In front of the house he found Molly waiting for him. Briefly he narrated all he knew and guessed of the night's events. One of the bandits was dead; one other—and Dick suspected it might be Stephen—was wounded. It might be a long time before they knew for certain. Now, as soon as he put on his heavy coat, he must summon help for the unconscious Bear Claw, whose part in the night's drama was not yet revealed.

Events so happened that it never was revealed. Dick had to reconstruct it from various clews and dim footprints in the blowing snow. Bear-Claw did not survive to tell the tale: he lay where he had fallen, neglected and alone, until the false heat passed out of his body and the cold came in. Did Dick purposely let him die? No—all thought of him passed from Dick's mind five minutes after he had found him. At best he was only a minor character in this drama of the North, and he had finished his part. In the final crisis that now arose, he was forgotten.

To help Dick find his coat, Molly turned on the lights in the hall. For a brief space she gazed into his face—ashen and haggard from the long strain and danger of the fight. She seemed to be searching for something—some change or growth which the night's travail might have wrought—but apparently she did not find it, because the eager light slowly faded from her eyes. Even so, she did not deny him a smile, wistful and sweet. He had kept faith tonight.

"Let's ask father about Bear Claw," she said. "He may want to doctor him."

They moved through the rooms, turning on the lights as they went. Here and there they saw broken glass and split panels, the work of stray bullets. They did not know in which room Foster waited, so Molly paused and called.

There was no answer, so she called louder. Suddenly she whirled to Dick, and their eyes met for one poignant instant. Then, with a look of utter despair in her face, she began to fly through the rooms.

"*Father, Father!*" But she heard only the echo of her own voice.

She came to the door of his own room and flung it wide open. Glancing in, she swayed and seemed about to faint. Dick saw her face white as paper as he dashed by her.

Prone on the floor, his hands and face blue as a cadaver's, lay the old doctor. Plainly he had tried to reach his bed, but had collapsed on the way. For a moment Dick dared not question but that he was dead.

In despair he knelt beside him and touched his hand. Instantly Molly saw his own faltering muscles stiffen and grow strong. The hand was cold and black, but there was life in it yet. Dick could feel in the limp wrist the faint stir of flowing blood. Doctor Foster still breathed.

Yet he might be passing away even now. His breath was dim and low at best, and of his strong heart-beat nothing remained but a faint flutter.

Dick started to spring up with the idea of getting a hypodermic needle and administering a stimulant, when a sudden movement of the limp hand checked him. Watching with narrowed eyes, he saw the red blood begin to steal slowly back into the dead hands and face. The ominous purple hues slowly faded, leaving only a faint blue tinge. The old man opened his eyes and appeared to be trying to orient himself. Presently he recognized Dick and smiled faintly.

WEEPING, Molly kneeled down and, taking his weak, limp hand, kissed it in the fulness of her love. "Don't speak," she urged. "Oh, don't try to speak. What is it, Dick? Was he struck by a bullet and didn't tell us?"

"No. It's his old trouble. Turn back the blankets—I'm going to put him in bed."

Quickly she obeyed; Dick lifted the big, limp form as he would a child's, and laid it gently down, the white head on the pillow.

Molly stood on the opposite side, and spoke across the bed. "Dick, is there any hope?"

"Not much. He'll pull out of this in a few minutes—he's on the up-bound now. But it was nip and tuck, and the next attack will probably carry him off."

She looked straight into Dick's eyes. In her

"Take a look at *this* Fruit Cake"

Says the Uneeda Boy

If you can't purchase this cake at your grocer's, clip this coupon and mail it to "Uneeda Bakers," 449 W. 14th St., New York City, who will be glad to see that your order is filled.

_____ 2 lb. cake _____ 5 lb. cake

Name_____ Address_____

Grocer_____ Address_____

"Here's a Fruit Cake to crown any Holiday Feast! For it's the richest, *fruitiest* cake you've ever tasted . . . chock *full* of nuts and pineapple, citron, raisins, cherries . . . Sealed tight in a cellophane wrapper that keeps it moist and fresh . . . And packed in this merry red tin, as cheerful as the Holiday season itself! Look for it on your grocer's counter . . . And buy it as a joyous gift to friends or family . . . In 2 and 5 lb. tins at your grocer's."

Baked by NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY "Uneeda Bakers"

"Uneeda Bakers" Fruit Cake

December 1930 Good Housekeeping

9J9124

ANSWERS A MOTHER'S LETTER

Dear Madam: We appreciate your letter. Surely there are many mothers, like you, who would be interested in knowing how a manufacturer of medicinal products safeguards their purity and quality. And you were correct in assuming that the number you noticed on your bottle of Squibb Milk of Magnesia—9J9124—plays an important part.

These tiny numbers are an automatic check upon reliability. By them we can trace the work of every person who has had anything to do with the making of a specific Squibb Product—from selecting the first materials, through the complex process of manufacturing to the correct wording of the label.

Your protection and guarantee, symbolized by Control Number 9J9124, began with the careful selection of the first raw materials. These passed exacting tests for purity and quality. Not one, but three different chemists, weighed or checked the quantities for the analysis—and signed their names on record 9J9124. At various important stages before becoming a finished product, this lot of milk of magnesia was carefully sampled and re-checked—and some one vouched each time for 9J9124.

Thus, by the time the milk of magnesia was ready to go into the clean, blue bottles, there was a complete record of its history. It *had* to be pure and absolutely uniform in quality.

Every Squibb Product, whether it be one you keep in your medicine cabinet or an antitoxin for professional use, bears such a number. A guarantee of its trustworthiness from beginning to end. You may never notice these tiny numbers—for you will not need to—but they are the symbol of something Squibb Products have always contained—The Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker.

★ Squibb Home Necessities

SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA—universally known as a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste.

SQUIBB LIQUID PETROLATUM—a safe, internal lubricant . . . odorless, tasteless—non-habit-forming, non-fattening.

SQUIBB CASTOR OIL—Special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM—made with over 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes the germ-acids of decay, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line.

SQUIBB COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D.

SQUIBB NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB VITAVOSE—a milk modifier, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts, delicious in taste.

SQUIBB OLIVE OIL—a pure, rich oil pressed from the finest quality hand-picked olives. You will prefer its crystal-clearness and its delightful flavor.

SQUIBB TOILET LANOLIN—delicately perfumed. Lanolin is recognized as the nearest equivalent of the skin's own pliant lubricants—unexcelled for chapped skin.

SQUIBB BORIC ACID POWDER—excellent as a dusting powder—exceptionally pure.

Y Y Y

SQUIBB BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious.

SQUIBB EPSOM SALT—entirely free from impurities and therefore free of the usual bitter taste of ordinary epsom salt. Easy to take.

SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM—a double-action cream that restores the protective, natural oils of the skin. The result of many experiments by the Squibb Laboratories.

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AT ALL RELIABLE DRUG STORES

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

New York . . . E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

Lonesome River

own eyes was a prayer more eloquent than any breath could speak. *"Is there nothing you can do?"*

He hesitated a long second. All color passed from his face, and his eyes were like black stones. "Yes—such as it is . . . if you want me to."

"What do you mean?"

"There's one chance in ten—more likely one in a hundred—that he can be saved by an operation. Before God I tell you I don't know that it is best. Nine chances out of ten, he would die on the table. The operation has been attempted only a score or so of times in the whole world, and almost always it's a failure. On the other hand, if we let nature alone, he may live for months, possibly for a year. Men *do* live in his condition."

"But he could never be well?"

"No, he'd be a semi-invalid. And the first excitement or over-exertion would probably carry him off."

"And if the operation is successful, he *would* be well?"

"He might get entirely well and live out his life."

"Who"—Molly's voice quavered, but she went bravely on—"would perform this operation?"

Dick raised his head and looked straight at her.

"I'll tell you. It means a confession that I hoped to the last to be spared, but I'll tell you anyway, and pray to God you won't hate me too much. I am a surgeon. I've deceived you from the first—when there's time, I'll tell you all. I would perform the operation myself, here, tonight. When it's over, I'll go, and you won't have to look at me any more."

The girl sobbed once in the deep silence. The tears welled slowly to her eyes. But she choked back the cry that rushed to her lips—an utterance of thanksgiving that her dearest prayer had been answered—and she steeled herself against flying to him and taking him in her arms. The cup could not pass from him yet. She did not know why—she only knew that he must fight this battle through without aid from her.

If he operated tonight, it must be an act of faith, performed without hope of reward—something would be lost if she held out the possibility of her forgiveness. It was his life's great trial, and he must go through it not as a lover, not as a son, but only as a surgeon. His greatest sin was his betrayal of his profession; tonight he must make atonement. By this token and no other a miracle might come to pass.

"MY HATE or my love isn't the question tonight," she answered slowly at last, with solemn, moving dignity. "What wrong you have done to us, and how it can be settled after this crisis is over, must be dealt with at some later time. Tonight you are a doctor, nothing more or less."

Dick nodded heavily. No hope, but a strange zeal, shone in his face.

"If you feel, as a doctor, that it is best to operate, I want you to do it," she went on. "It might help you to know that my father would sooner be dead than a semi-invalid. For my part, I would rather take this one great chance, all or nothing, than live in daily horror of seeing again what we saw tonight; and if father were making the decision himself, this would be a great factor."

"If your father knew, would he want me to go ahead?"

Before she could answer, there came a dramatic interruption. The white head turned on the pillow, and Doctor Foster's voice spoke low and clear in the silence,

"I do know."

Dick jumped as if he had been shot. The hair crept on his scalp. "You mean you've heard our talk?"

"Part of it, but it told me nothing I didn't know already. Dick—I've realized almost from the first that you are not my son."

Dick was a strong man, but his eyes glistened with tears. "You—you saw I was a doctor?"

"Of course. I saw it the night you helped me with the whiskey-runner." He smiled dimly. "Did you think you could fool an old hand like me? Not in my own trade! You must've thought I had gone blind in my old age."

"And you let me go on!" Dick turned away, strode to the window, and stood for a moment looking out into the black night.

When he returned, his white face was set like flint. Molly watched him with burning eyes.

"Doctor Foster, I want to attempt the operation."

Foster hesitated only a few seconds, then nodded his head. "All right, Dick. Go ahead."

Dick nodded in acknowledgment. His eyes were quite dry now, and glittering; his stricken look had passed utterly away. When he spoke again, his voice was low, firm, decisive. "Molly, you'll have to act as my assistant. Take my surgical tools—you'll find them in my room—and boil them. I'll look over your father's set and bring you anything extra I may need. Is his operating room ready?"

"It's all ready, except it's cold."

"Tell Needa to light a fire in the heater at once. Tell her to stand by, too—she'll have to help me with the anesthetic. I'll join you in a few minutes."

HALF an hour later Foster lay on the table, and Dick and Molly were taking aseptic precautions under the same hot-water spigot. This was an old story to the girl—she had helped her father in many an emergency operation on a tawny body, and she knew just how carefully to brush and scrub her arms, her hands, and the sides of every finger. Needa, in apron, cap, and mask from Foster's cabinets, had already bared the broad chest, and stood at the head of the table waiting orders.

Gloved, masked, and aproned, the surgeon and his assistant approached the table. Dick's gaze leaped about the room, and the first gray dawn of a new hope glimmered in his soul. He could work here. There was nothing to handicap him. He had already questioned Molly as to the names of the instruments and had discovered that she knew them letter perfect. Since he would be working on the patient's heart and about the lungs, he could watch the progress of anesthesia and direct Needa without a second's loss of time.

His eyes were already lighting up, as always at the beginning of a difficult operation. But of the cynical smile the internes used to see there was no trace, and his hand seemed to feel lighter, stronger, freer than ever before.

Fully revived from his sinking spell, but wan and pale and haggard, Foster turned his head and greeted Dick with a faint smile.

"I wish I could see you do this, Doctor," he murmured. "It would be a mile over my head, but I'd like to look on."

Molly's eyes were wide with dread. "Oh, you mustn't talk!"

"I'd better. It may be my last chance. This is no child's play, the job Dick has set himself. Bend over, Molly. I want to kiss you through that mask and whisper something in your ear."

Dick turned away to inspect the tray of instruments. When he glanced back, Molly was erect, her long eyes dreamy, her lips curled in a wistful smile, her face lifted a little with a child's sweet look upon it. Dick suspected that she was praying, so he waited a few seconds more.

"Are you ready, Doctor Foster?" he asked at last.

"Any time."

"Then we'll go ahead."

May we send you a Gerber baby?

Frequent appearance has made the Gerber baby a familiar visitor to many readers of the magazine. So many have felt the same appealing charm that first induced us to select this subject for expression of the spirit and purpose of the Gerber Products, and have asked for copies of the drawing, that we have now made such copies available in a form suitable for framing. Appropriately framed, the picture makes an appealing gift. We will be happy to send you one of the reproductions on receipt of the coupon below.

For Year Round Regularity

In winter, as well as in summer, the specially prepared Gerber Strained Vegetables relieve mothers from dependence on ordinary vegetable supplies. The vegetables used for the Gerber Products are grown in Michigan gardens under the supervision of our own trained field superintendents. They are picked at just the right stage of maturity, and received crisp and fresh in the inspecting and washing rooms of the Gerber Products Division of our Fremont, Michigan plant. Month after month the whole year through, they provide baby with dependably uniform vegetable feedings at their freshest best.

Ask Your Doctor!

The convenience and economy provided by the Gerber Products is incidental. The big thing is—they are Better for Baby! Your doctor can best prescribe the feeding schedule most helpful to your own individual baby. He, too, will gladly explain why the Gerber special process of preparation under steam pressure with oxygen excluded conserves rich mineral salt and vitamin values lost through oxidation or through solution in cooking water in open vessel preparation. Ask for Gerber's at your grocer's or druggist's today. Look for the blue and white label and the A B C blocks. Don't accept a substitute.

Strained Peas ✓ Strained Spinach
Strained Carrots ✓ Strained Tomato
Strained Green Beans ✓ Strained Prunes ✓ Strained Vegetable Soup

Sold by Leading Grocers and Druggists Everywhere

Gerber's
STRAINED VEGETABLES

Gerber Products Division, Fremont Canning Company, Dept. GH-20, Fremont, Michigan

Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for which you will please mail me a black and white reproduction of the original Gerber Baby drawing. (*Please print clearly*).

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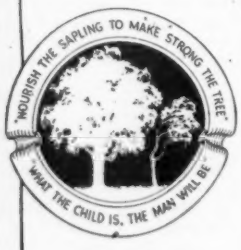
In using advertisements see page 6

There is no perfect substitute *for breast feeding*



How instinctively a hungry baby turns to its mother for proper nourishment. What freedom from nutritional disturbances it enjoys. How sturdily it grows. Breast milk satisfies every need of its body, for the milk of the baby's own mother is the food that Nature intended that the baby should have . . . and no artificial food has ever equalled it.

BETTER than any commercial product, breast feeding supplies the essentials of baby growth. Nine out of ten mothers can give their babies this start in life. They should look upon breast feeding, not as an inconvenience or duty, but as a glorious privilege and their babies' birthright.

Every nursing mother should counsel frequently with her physician. He alone should establish the hours of nursing, advise proper methods for stimulating and maintaining the milk flow, and make sure that the baby is neither under nor over-fed.

If you are unable to supply sufficient breast milk for your baby, the one best food for complemental feedings is cow's milk, properly modified to the baby's individual needs. The decision to give complemental or artificial feedings is so important that *only your physician should make it.* He knows that there are no standard babies . . . that there can be no standard formulas for modifying cow's milk.

Unless utmost care is used, the result may be a whole train of nutritional disorders . . . such as poor teeth, deformed bones, and weakened resistance to infections. Frequently these results of malnutrition do not manifest themselves for months or even years—but they are none the less serious.

As you love your baby . . . as you want it to grow strong, give it the benefit of breast-feeding as long as possible, and have your physician supervise its feeding whether breast-fed or bottle-fed.

* * * *

This advertisement has been reviewed and accepted for publication by the American Medical Association and by eminent pediatricians.

It is the fourth advertisement of a series.

"THE NATION MARCHES FORWARD ON THE FEET OF LITTLE CHILDREN"

Published in the interest of better babies by MEAD JOHNSON & COMPANY, *Evansville, Ind.*

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Lonesome River

"Good luck, then, my boy. . . . I hope to see you both in the morning."

The mask was fitted over his face; the old Indian woman, calm as a summer cloud, began to pour on ether as Dick directed. He saw at once that he would have no trouble with her. Although she had never given anesthetic before, she had seen Molly do so once or twice, and she would not lose her head, no matter what happened. Meanwhile Molly was preparing the skin with an alcohol solution.

Foster drifted off; at last his snoring breath and a glimpse of his eyeball when Needa rolled back the lid told Dick that his patient was in deep anesthesia. Instructing the Indian woman to keep dropping ether on the mask, he took a razor-sharp scalpel lightly in his fingers and made the first gentle stroke to the left of the breast bone, over the heart.

When Molly saw the flesh part and seep crimson, she flung back with a look of horror. "Dick, I can't go through with it!"

The surgeon cut deeper. "*Hush!*"

"*I tell you, I can't!*"

He glanced up briefly, and his eyes had a cold shine that shocked her like a dash of ice-water in her face.

"Don't say that again, please," his voice rasped. "Don't say anything till I speak to you."

Already he had forgotten who she was. He saw her not as an individual, but merely as part of the equipment of the operating room. When she perceived this, she seemed to brace up at once. This was psychological suggestion of a potent sort. Her pride was not hurt—she was too big for that—and to the contrary she began to feel herself just as he felt her to be—not Foster's daughter, not even a woman, but a puppet to hand him his tools and obey his orders.

Yet in some unaccountable way they were closer than ever before. She seemed to enter into his spirit—the spirit not merely of cold science, not of technical surgery, but of life-saving at all cost. Nothing mattered, nothing existed on the earth, but the work in hand. It must be performed quickly, smoothly, perfectly, and the patient brought back soon as possible from the twilight land of anesthesia.

DICK made his incision from the third rib to three inches below the costal margin. Then he cut across the cartilages connecting the ribs with the breast bone—three of these, one after another—his hand moving steadily, though with infinite care. Even now he was challenging death. One little slip of his instrument might injure beyond repair the delicate tissues beneath. This task completed, he placed a retractor to enlarge the wound.

One of the most delicate phases of the entire operation now confronted him—the pushing away of the pleura, the membrane connecting the lung with the wall of the body. It was delicate tissue, and if he injured it his case was lost. But pressing it gently with cotton swabs, he worked it slowly out of the way.

Below, exposed to view, was the pericardium, or heart-sack. Within it beat the heart itself, the secret fountain of life. Dick looked up with a queer, abstracted expression; his eyes were lanterns hung in the deep sockets.

"Scissors," he directed.

"What—"

"*Scissors, I said!*" The words cracked like pistol fire in the silent room.

She handed him the instruments, and he cut the pericardium as a seamstress might cut a skirt. When it was open its entire length, he applied sutures to keep it open. Now the heart itself was exposed to view.

Molly stared at it with widening eyes. There it lay, pulsing, throbbing, the inner altar of her father's being, the holy of holies, the mysterious nucleus of his physical existence. When had it started to beat? The wisest surgeon could not tell her: this rhythm she now watched was part and parcel of the infinite rhythm of creation; it had come down in the germ-plasm

"Please tell me . . ."

JEAN CARROLL'S Page on Hair Beauty

SOME women are born beautiful—but there are fewer of them than you'd think! Look at some woman who passes for a beauty—perhaps she has a chin that isn't so good—or a nose that's far from classic. But she's taken infinite pains with what she's got. And you'll see that she *always* has one thing—lovely hair. Maybe that wasn't so much either, to start with—who knows? But she's worked on it until it's shining with life, sparkling with a hundred little lights. Why—a woman who belongs to hair like that can't help being beautiful! And it's so easy to improve hair. Like a poor relation—hair is so grateful for *any* attention it gets; and with simple regular care, it reveals unsuspected radiance and charm.

"Now it just lies flat"

Dear Miss Carroll: I'll be ever so grateful if you can give me any advice about my hair. It used to be so thick and pretty—and now it has no life and just lies flat. It's so oily I can't keep a marcel in it—it straightens right out. And only a day or two after I wash it, it looks as if it never saw a shampoo. Isn't there anything I can do to make it look the way it used to?—Miss J. H., Esquimalt, B. C., Canada.

OF course there is! If your hair used to be naturally lovely, it's ten to one you can bring back that life and fluffiness. The first thing to do is to go after the excess oil which straightens your wave. Just as often as your hair gets oily, even if you've shampooed it a few days before, shampoo it again.

But use a shampoo *especially for oily hair.* I'd advise Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo; it's slightly astringent and will help to tighten up those relaxed oil glands. Don't be afraid of washing your hair often enough to keep it fluffy—every washing with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is good for oily hair. While your hair is still damp, why not put in some waving combs? With a little practice, you ought to be able to give yourself a lovely, soft, inexpensive wave.

Then—between shampoos, *massage your scalp* regularly. This is truly important; I'd suggest that you part your hair and apply a little bay rum directly to the scalp. Regular daily massage with a mild astringent lotion will do wonders towards making your hair fluffy once more and sparkling with life.

"So full of electricity"

Dear Miss Carroll: I am a nurse and you'd think I'd know all about what to do for my hair, wouldn't you? I cannot seem to manage it. It seems very *dry*, and simply won't stay in place, and it is full of electricity. It sticks to my fingers, and the comb, and my cap, and then stands up straight.—G. B., Boston, Mass.

IT *is* maddening, isn't it? But you have made the right diagnosis; over-dryness causes that condition which we call "full of electricity." You should use only a shampoo especially made for dry hair. I'm sure if you try Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, you'll find your hair silky and easier to manage after the very first time. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is a gentle vegetable oil soap and, in addition, contains glycerine. I don't need to tell a nurse about glycerine's softening qualities.

Between shampoos—the oil glands in your scalp need to be waked up; and extra oil should be supplied to them, until they are working normally again. Apply a few drops of oil of sweet almonds to your scalp. I've found it's easiest to do with a medicine dropper. Then get out your hair brush, and brush! And be sure to massage the scalp regularly each day—that's important.

"I don't know what to do! Please help"

Dear Miss Carroll: Please help me. My hair was a lovely golden blond; but since my last permanent wave, I've found dandruff in it and now it's turning to a regular ash color. I don't know what to do! My hair is dry and it's getting brittle and lustreless.—Mrs. H. DeR., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I AM glad you wrote to me! For dandruff is serious. If you want to save your hair's health, you mustn't lose a day in getting rid of that dandruff. I've found that it isn't generally known that dandruff may accompany, and even cause excessive dryness, as well as excessive oiliness, but it's true.

The first thing to do, immediately, is to shampoo your hair with Packer's Tar Soap. Doctors have been recommending it for years as a help in doing away with dandruff, for there's an ancient enmity between dandruff germs and pine tar. Repeat your shampoos every day for three days—after that, once every three or four days till the dandruff gives up the battle.

And do massage your scalp every day faithfully—and occasionally apply a little oil of sweet almonds, to your *scalp* (not to the hair).

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair beauty every Tuesday morning.

LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES

(10¢ for one; 25¢ for all three)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc.
Dept. 18-L, 101 W. 31st St., New York

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked:

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

I enclose_____cents (enclose coin, not stamps—10¢ for 1 sample; 25¢ for all 3).

Name_____

Street_____

City_____State_____

In using advertisements see page 6

For a lower gas bill and a hotter flame

When the gas-range burners wink and blink, they're sleeping on the job. Drāno will wake them up—open the tiny eyes—so the flame burns steady, hot and blue.

Drāno also goes to work with a will on any hard-to-do cleaning job—for it dissolves grease and grime, animal and vegetable matter, wherever it accumulates.

On sale at all grocery, drug, hardware stores and house furnishings departments. And, for a copy of our helpful booklet, "Making hard-to-do cleaning jobs easy with Drāno," write The Drackett Chemical Co., 5020 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Here's the easiest way to clean gas-range burners

(1) Place burners in shallow pan (any kind but aluminum). (2) Add enough water just to cover burners. (3) Sprinkle ¼ to ½ can Drāno on top of burners. (4) Let soak 1 hour. (5) Rinse and dry.

CAUTION: Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face and clothing.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

...keeps them free-flowing

Lonesome River

from the dawn of things. When would it stop? The next minute, if Dick made even the slightest mistake; but if this miracle of medical science was a success, perhaps not for years.

The crucial stage of the whole operation was now at hand. Dick's wrist moved, and to Molly's horror he took the pulsing, throbbing heart in his hand. He seemed to turn it a little, and draw forward, out of the pericardium, its point, or apex.

It seemed to Molly that at this point Dick's movements quickened. They were still cold and sure, but his fingers flew, and she could no longer follow every step of their work. Chancing to glance up at him, she felt as though his hand were clutching her heart, too. His forehead was beaded with sweat, his eyes indrawn and luminous, his face rapt.

No operating-room attendant had ever seen him like this. There was something in his countenance that had not been there before; something rare and fine, but which utterly evaded discovery. His stroke was different, too—but why, and in just what manner, human eyes were not keen enough to see. He was not operating on a guinea-pig, but on a man. He was not performing an interesting scientific experiment, but fighting to save life. He was not a mere vivisectionist, but a doctor keeping faith with his profession.

Quickly he placed two sutures, to control bleeding, in the point of the left ventricle. Again he called for a scalpel; gasping, Molly placed it in his free right hand. Without a tremor of his wrist he drove the point of the knife between the sutures into the heart itself.

It seemed to miss a beat and tremble in his hand. Then, as it resumed its steady throb, he passed a small hook—the same that he had prepared weeks before—into the incision, hooking one of the leaflets of the valve. The whole purpose of the operation was to remove this leaflet and enlarge the opening between the auricle and ventricle, hitherto restricted as the result of an attack of rheumatic fever years before. If he succeeded, free circulation of Foster's blood might be restored. If he failed, the patient could not live.

It was not enough just to cut the leaflet. In this case, it would go into the blood stream, float down the arteries like a piece of driftwood, strike his brain, and destroy it as a floating tree in a freshet destroys a bridge. He must hold it with the hook while he severed it, then withdraw it.

To accomplish this, he passed a small pair of scissors along the hook. Molly saw him snip them once and withdraw them. When he withdrew the hook, the leaflet came with it.

Sharply he called for needle and gut, and somehow she managed to hand them to him. With quick, steady motions he began to sew up the incision in the heart muscle. This done, he thrust back the apex of the heart and let it resume its natural position. A faint flush, as of dawning triumph, began to overspread the surgeon's face.

But it was premature. A rapid flutter of the patient's heart made Dick lean forward, his eyes narrowing. While he and his assistant held their breath in dread, the heart throbbed once more, then stopped.

IT STOPPED like a clock that had run down. There was not even a tremor to denote life. Verily there was no life; by every scientific definition of the term Doctor Foster was dead.

In the language of the profession he had died on the table. The shock of the operation had overborne him. Molly uttered a low moaning sound more poignant than any scream of despair. For a long second Dick was silent as the dead man himself, and as still. Then the blood rushed to his face and he turned sharply to his assistant.

"Hypodermic needle!"

Molly's mind was half-paralyzed from shock, and she did not hear him. She stood staring down at the lifeless clay, her hands clasped over her breast; Dick had to get the needle

To bring most Happiness...

Gifts long remembered

...Ones you'd choose for yourself!

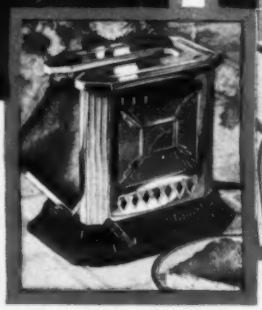
HERE are gifts of enduring beauty . . . gifts that will bring most joy and happiness to a woman's heart . . . ones she'll use every day and cherish with pride for long years to come.

If you wish your gifts to live—and to keep the memory of your affection fresh for life, then choose Hotpoint electric gifts. Gifts bearing this treasured name are built to an ideal of fine craftsmanship, for lasting service and ever-youthful beauty through the years.

Yet Hotpoint gifts may be purchased for as little as $2.50. Your electric company or dealer will gladly show you a wide selection from which to choose.

Hotpoint "Bordeaux" Percolator, for six cups of fragrant, satisfying coffee. CHROMEPLATE. Indestructible CALROD heating element, $13. Other models from $8.95; also urns and complete sets for almost any amount you wish to pay.

"What Mother Really Wants." 1931 model, Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range. Telechron timer-clock cooks while you are away. HI-SPEED CALROD heating element. Surprisingly economical. Ask your electric company about special Christmas offer.



Hotpoint Automatic Toaster. Toasts both sides at once, automatically . . *just!* Makes *better* toast; keeps it HOT. Adjustable to the degree of brownness you want. CHROMEPLATE. $12.50. Other Hotpoint toasters, from $3.95.

Hotpoint "Ambassador" Waffle Iron. *Automatic.* CHROMEPLATE, CALROD elements, $20. Others from $8.95. The indicator says BAKE when heat is right, and the automatic temperature control *keeps* it that way.

Hotpoint Super-Automatic Iron. Set for *any* heat. Fastest, most economical iron made. Button Nook; Thumb Rest; CHROMEPLATE; CALROD element, $8.80. Others from $3.50.

★ *Hotpoint*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Gifts

In using advertisements see page 6

Study of Child at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

BEYOND THE DOLL HOUSE

TUMBLING gaily over a pile of golden sand . . . bobbing wee blond heads above the absurd mane of some dappled hobby horse . . . hurling diminutive bodies valiantly into battle against wash-rags and "sleepy-bye" . . . our babies are pretty much what nature and heredity made them.

But all too soon the shouting, dreaming, reckless little things draw near the time when environment commences to play the major part. Then begin the habits of thought and feeling by which, justly or unjustly, people are bound to judge them. And here their fates are more than ever in our hands. For it is we who must choose and furnish the particular world that inevitably lies beyond their sand-piles and their dolls. Informed parents, faced with this problem, seldom fail to select, as an initial item of cultural equipment, an introduction to the most personal of all the arts, music. . . . And this for generations, in both Europe and America, has meant instruction on the Steinway.

The Steinway stands as the chosen instrument of nearly every great musician from Liszt to Paderewski. A creation of fine craftsmanship in polished woods and ivory, its mere presence serves to connect your children with the glorious part this Instrument of the Immortals has played in the history of art. It is so ruggedly constructed that it will serve two or three generations of children . . . permitting their young talents to develop without risk of the distortive influences lurking in practice on inferior instruments . . . fostering a colorful accomplishment that will help them to make friends.

Source of entertaining melody . . . medium of genius . . . the incomparable Steinway nevertheless is sold on terms that place it at the disposal of even the modest incomes.

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total as low as $875

As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price, naturally, must be "plus transportation" beyond New York and its suburbs.

10% down balance in three years

Used pianos accepted in partial exchange. If there is no Steinway dealer near you, write for information to Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York.

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS **STEINWAY**

Lonesome River

himself. Slowly, with relentless purpose, he drove the point into the dead heart.

In the syringe was a solution of adrenalin, that powerful stimulant which was discovered in that most mysterious and most marvelous of all laboratories, the body of living creatures. Its reaction on human blood is one of the chemical mysteries of all time. Yet how could it bring the dead back to life? Dick waited long, breathless seconds, the dead heart in his hand, and an iron look on his face Molly would never forget, but still there was no sign of animation.

At last the stimulant took hold. The heart fluttered a little—she could see it with her own eyes. But all too probably it was no more than a reflex of some sort, not the return of the vital spark. The flutter seemed to be passing off . . .

But Doctor Grant had willed that the vital spark should return, and he would not give up. What he had just done—the injection of adrenalin directly into the heart—was accepted procedure in surgical practice, recognized by authority and frequently practiced, but what he did now was sheer inspiration. He had never seen it done, although he might have heard of a surgeon attempting it. Heart-operations where it might occur have been rare in medical history, and only rarely could the opportunity arise. In any event it had risen now, and he seized it with a boldness and resourcefulness hardly short of genius.

With his strong fingers he began to manipulate the still trembling heart. He compressed and relaxed it, just as he would squeeze a rubber ball. If Molly breathed even once, while she watched him, she was never to remember it.

Again and again he compressed it, applying pressure in rhythm with a faint fluttering—the dimmest suggestion of contraction—within. Grosser fingers than his would have never felt that secret stir and, out of time, would have impeded the action of the muscles instead of helping it. Presently the tremor became stronger. A barely perceptible contraction grew into a distinct beat. Still he continued to squeeze the throbbing heart, in and out, in and out, until it resumed its normal action and circulation was restored.

The dead lungs began to breathe. The purple tints of death faded from the skin. Life—mysterious, transcendent life—returned and moved in Doctor Foster's clay.

Dick's hair crept on his head. His hands began to tremble, and for five long seconds he was forced to pause and steady them. He had been under strain greater than even Molly could realize. Then, with a visible effort of will, he rallied his scattered faculties and plunged again into his work.

COLD and sure once more, he withdrew his hand from the steady-beating heart and let it resume its natural position. Quickly he sutured the pericardium, Molly obeying his orders and handing him his equipment without an instant's hesitation or a single mistake. Part of this strength arose from her own brave heart. The rest came from Dick—the inspiration of his example.

The retractor was removed, and the cut surfaces of the ribs were allowed to come together. These he fastened with silver wire ligatures; then, working swiftly, he began to close the wound. His fingers flew as he sewed. The under tissue and the skin were drawn together, and the last knot was tied. The operation was over.

Was it a success? Dick dared to think so. The heart did not falter again, but beat like a trip-hammer, with a steady rhythm and growing strength. That the circulation of his blood was greatly improved was shown by the ease with which Doctor Foster emerged from the ether-trance, and the fading-out of the bluish tinge from his face and finger nails. He had weathered the shock of the operation itself. If there was no relapse, and if infection could be prevented, six weeks would find him well.

A "talkie" in the making

Why Hollywood is in Southern California

MOTION picture producers needed for the accurate picturing of life upon the screen the natural and scenic attractions of many varied parts of the world.

They needed tall mountains, evergreen forests, crystal lakes...in contrast, the desert...and ocean, with varied, picturesque coastline, sandy beaches, gay coast and island cities.

They required old-world, historic settings, foreign "color." Many films called for brilliant sport scenes, country clubs, golf, polo, race tracks and great stadiums. A large, cosmopolitan city was an essential. Perhaps most important of all was a suitable climate . . . plenty of sunshine the year 'round.

All these things they found in Southern California, and these same elements have combined to make Southern California the winter playground of those who know the art of getting the most out of life. No other area presents the features of so many vacations in one. And when the movies built gay Hollywood here, they added still another colorful lure for you; for here you'll rub elbows with the stars, and share their gay night life.

Plan now to come this fall and winter . . . see this colorful romantic land . . . rest and play in glorious day-long sunshine. Because Southern California is a year 'round vacation-land, you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. Ample accommodations. In fact, U. S. government figures show that costs of food, rent, fuel and light here are 15.2% less than the national average. These basic factors indicate that your costs while here may easily be no more than at home!

New Free Vacation Book

A month's stay, for instance, including hotels, meals, trips to every major point of interest, sports, etc., need cost no more than $215 while here. We have prepared a suggested itinerary for such a visit, outlining just what you can see and do. Includes dozens of interesting gravure photographs of Southern California scenes, map, information about routes, and itemized daily cost figures. Send the coupon now for your free copy of this remarkable book.

Outdoor sports all winter

Nearby Pacific pleasure-isles

costs need not exceed
$215
a month---while here
SEND FOR NEW FREE WINTER ITINERARY

Desert near Palm Springs

Ancient Spanish Missions

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Div. 12-G, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Check if desired). ☐ Please send me *free* Illustrated Winter Itinerary with itemized figures on costs while in Southern California.

(Check if desired). ☐ Four cents in stamps (postage cost) enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ San Bernardino
☐ Riverside ☐ San Diego ☐ Ventura

Name _____ *Street* _____
(Please Print Your Name and Address)
City _____ *State* _____

We have published another beautiful book picturing this Southland. It contains 71 interesting photographs by the best men of this land of "pictures." You may have a copy for postage cost.

EXECUTIVES and INVESTORS: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions...the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

In using advertisements see page 6

if you REALLY KNEW about PRINCESS PAT powder you'd surely try it

In the first place, Princess Pat, is the *only* powder that contains *almond*. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of *starch*. This change of *base* in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more *clinging* powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat is that it *stays on longer*. Every woman will appreciate *this* advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be produced with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application. So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of the finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So *point three* in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that every woman is enraptured.

And beyond all *these* advantages, Princess Pat —because of its exclusive almond base—is *good for* the skin. It helps to prevent and correct coarse pores and wonderfully improves skin texture.

There are two weights of Princess Pat—medium in the oblong box, familiar for years, and a wonderful new, lighter weight which adheres just as well as the heavier powder.

Princess Pat ★

CHICAGO, U.S.A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago. Dept. 139-C

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

Lonesome River

All this Dick determined by studying his patient and applying his medical knowledge to the case. But Molly had a much more direct route to the truth. She had no need to study and think—she knew! Dick had not fought this great fight in vain. He had not passed through the dark valley only to see his patient die. There would be an answer to the faith he had kept tonight. Whether it would come as the natural consequence of his inspired surgery, or whether it would be intervention from beyond, she did not know—she only knew that it would not fail.

She gave voice to this when she and Dick stood again at Foster's bedside, looking down at the sleeping patient. The anxiety and strain in Dick's face suddenly touched her heart. She took his limp, tired hand and pressed it against her heart.

"He'll live, Dick," she whispered. "He'll live and get well. I know it."

Then the room turned black before her eyes, and she slipped fainting into Dick's arms.

WHAT remains? Only the ringing down of the curtain, the darkening of the lights. Six weeks found Doctor Foster on his feet. Unless all signs failed, he was a well man and should live out a full span of years. But he would not attempt to go with his people to their new sanctuary on the far slopes of the Endicotts. Official Washington would relieve him of this duty and send a strong man in his place. Apparently a genuine effort would be made to preserve the last of what was once a savage glory.

Finally the day came when the professional services of Doctor Richard Grant were no longer required. If he remained and did not go forth out of Foster's and his daughter's lives, it must be in some other capacity than family physician. So he and Foster sat together beside the hearth and talked it over, man to man.

"Whether you go, or whether you stay, depends on Molly more than on me," the old doctor said. "For my part, I have forgiven you the wrong you did my son. You broke faith with your profession the night he died, but you kept faith and made atonement that crucial night six weeks ago. . . . But you must not count too much on this."

"I *do* count on it. It lifts an unbearable load from my heart."

"I didn't mean just that. I meant that you mustn't think that I'm speaking for both of us—for Molly and me. I'm speaking only for myself. She may see it in a different light. An old man's forgiveness comes easy, you know—especially when he is lonely and has no son to carry on his name or his work. I can understand how greatly you were tempted—there was a time when I, too, walked in the dark valley.

"You'll want to know why I let you stay on here, weeks after I knew you were not my son," the old doctor went on after a long pause. "Well, in the first place, I knew that I could not right the wrong by exposing you—you alone could do that. I knew, too, that my son had died through no fault of yours—this I learned from a friend of mine, in Seattle, whom I got to trace you and who put two and two together."

"I suppose he made my offence public in Seattle?" Dick asked, in a gray voice.

"No. It was all handled confidentially. Even then, months ago, I thought I could see in you the beginnings of regeneration—recreation—and I didn't want your life to be ruined through one great mistake. . . . And I was fond of you, Dick. Perhaps that mattered most of all."

SO AT the last, his fate lay in Molly's hands. Well, this was just—she had been its moving spirit since their first meeting under Alaskan skies. It was her love, more than any other power, that had resurrected him—the star that had led him home. If it shone for him still, he could go on. If it had set, he must lose his way in darkness.

Fear had ridden him day and night for six long weeks. This in itself was a full measure of punishment for the wrong he had done. He had watched Molly's face and hung on her words, but though she was gentle with him, and gracious, he could count on nothing more than her compassion. Now he must put an end to this. He must know the truth, no matter how bitter it was.

So he walked with her by the river ice and paused at last in the frozen silence of the forest. For a long time she waited for him to speak, wondering at his ashen face and the deep shadows under his eyes. "Molly, you remember what you told me the night after your trouble with Bear Claw?" he reminded her at last.

"I don't think I do."

"You don't? Molly, that almost makes me hope. You said—that if any one harmed or played false with your father—or your brother—you would hate him always and never forgive him. You—meant that, of course—didn't you?"

Her long eyes fixed on his. They slowly widened, and light grew in their depths. "Oh, that was what it was!" she cried. "That was what you were fighting all those weeks."

"Of course! But, Molly, I can't fight it any more—I've got to know whether it's true."

SUDDENLY her pale face began to glow. A smile, ineffably tender, touched her lips. Gently she shook her head.

"You mean—"

"I mean I *didn't* mean it. I thought I did, at the time, but it was only love speaking through my lips—and love doesn't always know what it's saying."

"You mean—love of your vanished brother?"

"No . . . love of the one who had taken my brother's place. . . . But you shouldn't make me tell you that."

"And your love isn't dead?" Dick could hardly speak. "It hasn't—changed—to hate—"

The radiance in her face answered him. The light passed slowly to his, and at his first eager reaching she slipped into his arms.

The moments came and passed, and he could not let her go. He kissed the happy tears from her eyes and the tremor from her lips, telling her his story in broken, breathless whisperings. His star had not set, but had just begun to rise. Youth—young hearts—love—hope—kisses—everything. . . .

Spent in his arms, but her heart fired by a splendor that she saw, she stopped his lips with hers at last and made him listen to her.

"I've always loved you like a sweetheart, not like a brother. Father realized this toward the end, and his last message before he took the anesthetic was about you. He said that I was to forgive you for the fault, and go on loving you, whether he lived or died."

Her eyes grew wide, and the throb in her tone told him that she had been visited by inspiration, perhaps never, in the light and shadow of her life, to come again.

"He didn't have to tell me that. I couldn't do otherwise, even if I wanted to. Love, real love, can't change to hate. They are forever apart. Love can't die, if it is once born."

And this was the final truth. She had found it, at last. Love can not die—whatever else passes away, this remains—eternal, immortal, infinite. And in its great heart there is always forgiveness for the penitent, even in the eleventh hour. It may not be revealed, but it is there.

Love is the Great Physician, who makes the blind see and the lame walk. He heals all wounds, cures all sickness, ends all pain.

THE END

For winter sports – DRY SNOW
for winter driving – DRY GAS
TEXACO-ETHYL, THE "DRY" ETHYL GASOLINE

SKIING—what thrilling fun when the snow is dry! But if the snow is wet, skis stick, move jerkily—sport becomes toil.

There's the same difference in winter driving. Some gasolines form a sluggish "wet" gas which resists the spark—causing coughing, sputtering starts and battery waste. For real winter driving pleasure and dependability you should insist on Texaco-Ethyl, the "dry" Ethyl gasoline.

Remember, the base in Texaco-Ethyl is the quick-starting *new* and *better* Texaco, the original "dry" gas. Because it's "dry" it vaporizes readily, responds to the first spark flash and follows through with smooth power even in zero weather.

You can drive the children to school in December as easily as you take them to the beach in July. Just fill with Texaco-Ethyl, the "dry" Ethyl gasoline and drive with a smile the winter through.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

© 1930, The Texas Company

TEXACO *the original* "DRY" GAS + **ETHYL** *nationally famous* ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND = **TEXACO-ETHYL** THE "DRY" ANTI-KNOCK GASOLINE

"'Golden pippins finely shred—the undercut of the sirloin—spices and fruit'

"There was a mince pie for you —" says Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company "—that delectable one John Ridd brought to the high-born Lorna Doone in the year of the great snow! 'Golden pippins finely shred', John unctuously described the mince meat, 'with the undercut of the sirloin, and spices and fruits accordingly, far beyond my knowledge.'

"And were great John Ridd alive today I think he would readily admit that the flavor and goodness of Heinz Mince Meat are even farther beyond his knowledge. Lean, tender beef and selected apples—raisins, currants, candied Leghorn fruits, citron, brown sugar, cider—juice and grated rind of lemons and oranges—nutmegs, cloves, cinnamon, allspice, mace. Fruits of such lusciousness, spices of such delicate flavor, John Ridd—and his rural neighborhood—never knew in those old days!

"Wouldn't you say that a mince meat of these ingredients, blended with the skill and experience so peculiar to Heinz chefs, couldn't be else than delicious? And wouldn't your holiday table rejoice to hold a generously thick, brown-crusted pie of this flavorful mince meat made by Heinz!

"There are two other delightful holiday desserts that you must not miss . . .

"HEINZ PLUM PUDDING • A rich, fruit pudding of wonderful flavor and goodness—so good indeed that the many women who have used it find no profit in making their own any more. Serve it with your favorite hard sauce—or with that excellent sauce whose recipe you will find on the label.

"HEINZ FIG PUDDING • Made especially light, from choice, luscious Smyrna figs. Rich as it is, you'll find it very easy to digest. It's a really delightful dessert—one that your family is sure to like—and one that you can serve to advantage all winter, spring and autumn. There's a recipe on the label for a delicious sauce."

H. J. HEINZ CO. • PITTSBURGH, PA.

Enjoy These Radio Talks . . .
Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time, Miss Gibson, Home Economics Director, H. J. Heinz Company, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.

HEINZ MINCE MEAT

Little White Dog

(*Continued from page 41*)

the window. "Say, I don't want him. Take him. Take him as a Christmas present. He bites."

"I'll buy him," insisted the young man.

"Paid three hundred for him. What'll you give?"

"Seventy cents."

"What? Say, you're joking. But if you make it a dollar, I'll call it square."

"Seventy cents."

George bellowed with laughter. He called, "Hey, Marion, here's a guy wants to buy the log for seventy cents."

Marion came and peered out through the window. "Why, it's Fred Dradman! It's Freddie."

"Is it?" George took a good look; then he began to shout with laughter. "That's a hot one."

He turned and shouted to the roomful of people:

"Hey, remember Fred Dradman who threw up his job with me to go out and make a million? Well, here he is busted down to the last seventy cents."

Faces crowded.

"Left me seven years ago. Couldn't stand it because I cut him out and took his girl. Went out to make a million, and here he turns up with seventy cents."

"Oh, George, don't talk like that," Marion said. "Remember it's Christmas time, and you ought to be willing to take seventy cents, and if you haven't any Christmas spirit, I have. I'll sell the dog for seventy cents," she told the shabby young man. "Wait a minute and I'll get his pedigree." She turned back into the room.

The young man counted on to the windowsill two quarters and two dimes. "I'd like a receipt."

George picked up the coins and put them in his pocket. He said to some one, over his shoulder:

"Write out a receipt, and I'll sign it. After all, it's Christmas, and he's busted."

Then he said to the young man:

"Come on in. No hard feelings. Come on in and have a drink."

"No, thanks."

MARION came again to the window and put down on the sill a jewel case in which—somewhere—she kept the dog's pedigree. As she rooted to find it, she spilled out several rings. One rolled through the bars into the street, and the shabby young man picked it up and handed it back to her.

"Poor but honest," said George, bellowing his great laugh.

"Now, isn't that funny!" said Marion. "That was your ring, Fred, the one you gave me when we thought we were engaged. Now, isn't that what you'd call a coincidence!"

"Give him back his ring," said George. "Why are you hanging on to that thing all these years? I can buy you a hundred rings better than that. Give it back."

"But I want to keep this one for the sentiment," said Marion. "I was very fond of Fred. You know I was very, very fond of you, don't you, Fred? Come on in and have a drink."

"No, thanks," said the young man.

Marion handed him the receipt and the pedigree. "Well, anyhow, Merry Christmas."

"Oh, sure, Merry Christmas," said George.

Some one shut the window.

"Well, that's over," said the shabby young man as he walked away with the little dog in his arm. "If I'd known that was George's window, I'd never have knocked."

The little dog looked up, understanding how unpleasant, how humiliating, this unexpected skirmish with George had been. He tried to say how grateful he was, talking with his eyes. After he had made quite a speech, he put his head down against the young man's coat and sniffed the pleasant smell of sheep wool and pipe tobacco, and the other pleasant smells, as though the coat had rested against tree trunks and on brown leaves where there was a salt wind from the sea. He sniffed great sniffs, drawing the pleasantness down deep into his lungs so that he would be able to scent it forty yards away and never mistake it, no matter where he might meet it in the whole wide world. He pushed his head down into the coat and sniffed and sniffed.

"Hey, hey! Who asked you to do any vacuum cleaning?"

The puppy brought up his head and blinked at the cold. Then he pushed down against the young man's arm and began sniffing again.

"Well, go ahead. Do you know you're going to be a Christmas present? A Christmas present for Freddie. No one could take seventy cents home on Christmas Eve, but seventy cents converted into six months of little white dog is quite a different thing."

THE dog brought his head out and looked up in agreement, but it was so cold he burrowed down again, wiggling until he brought his nose out under the back of the young man's arm. He squirmed a little and could see. The young man was walking so fast, the dog had the same sensation as when he had been forced to ride backward, perilously, on the hood of Marion's scarlet roadster, watching the country winding out behind as though it were being reeled off from some huge bobbin kept by Marion somewhere under the roadster. Taking a curve he had fallen and sprained his shoulder. But that was long ago, when he had been very little indeed.

Now he watched the snowy street being reeled off, and after a block or so he became aware that a short, round man without a hat was running after them, waving his arms and calling out, not very loud, because the running made him pant so much.

"Woof!" said the little dog to encourage the round running man. "Woof, woof, woof!"

The young man glanced over his shoulder; then he turned completely around and hurried back to meet the other man. The little dog was sure from the way he hurried that this other man was some one known well and liked very much.

"Been chasing you for three blocks," said this short, round man. "You chaps with long legs ought to be shackled with a ball and chain. Ought to be a handicap somewhere. Now, say, listen! Bevan is going to Chicago. Ever meet Bevan? Steady, methodical fellow. Been with me a lifetime. Now he's going to Chicago. Going into the paint business with his brother. Leaving me flat. Now, listen, you come over Monday and take his place. Don't have to stay if it doesn't suit you. But try it. Just try it, will you, Freddie?"

"But look here—"

"Well, can't you try it? I don't want to break in a stranger. It would be different breaking you in. Knew you since you were in rompers. Knew all your people. Very different. You could try it. Now what do you say? Will you try it?"

"You're very kind, Mr. Rice. I'll be only too glad to try it."

"That's a relief. I was up there just now in George's. Just got there as you were leaving the window. I came in just as some one put the window down. Well, I suppose I'll have to go back there. Didn't want to go there in the first place, but Marion coaxed me. Well, I'm her uncle. What could I do about it? When you're an old bach, every one knows you have no place to go on Christmas Eve. How's your wife?"

"I'm afraid she's been worrying a great deal. A smash like mine is hard on a woman. But she has lots of pluck. She's great."

"Nice girl." He took a step backward. "Well, I have to go back to Marion's. Don't like the way she's going on, but you might as well talk to the wind. Nothing *to* Marion. A silly, vain little girl, and now she's a silly, vain woman. Drinks like Jack-ashore and smokes like a bonfire."

Yes indeedy! there *is* a Santa Claus

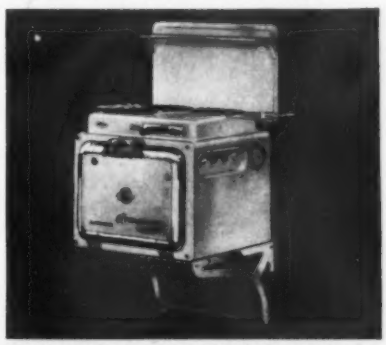
You will never doubt it if any of these Armstrong appliances are in your stocking on Christmas morning—for instance—

THE ARMSTRONG PERC-O-TOASTER

This one appliance gets breakfast for the family—makes delicious coffee, toast, waffles and with the aid of a small pan, cooks bacon, eggs, etc. Really four appliances in one. Easy to wash, heating element is not attached to the pot. Price $11.85. (Waffle Mold $3.00 extra).

ARMSTRONG TABLE STOVE

This is a grill, hot plate and toaster combined in one unit that helps you with the most delightful of informal suppers. Cooks three things at once. $8.85. (Waffle Mold $3.00 extra).



ARMSTRONG FULL AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

Of course, *this* is the gift de luxe. It is a full size domestic range, yet it is so compact that a refrigerator can be placed with it in the space needed for an ordinary range. Sealed-air insulation, breakfast nook, oven fully automatic both for time and temperature. At your nearest dealer or write for information.

Armstrong Appliances are sold by leading stores or shipped in U.S.A. upon receipt of price.

Armstrong SINCE 1899

ARMSTRONG Electric & Mfg. Corp.
Huntington, West Virginia

In using advertisements see page 6

the most USED . . . the most USEFUL . . . of all GIFTS

WHAT gift could compare with that of KitchenAid . . . the electrical servant that makes smooth sailing in the kitchen every day in the year? A beautiful, efficient electrical unit with attachments to perform the laborious duty of preparing the food for the daily meals and assuming the extra burden when company comes.

In the giving of KitchenAid one gives a service that endures . . . at one stroke you do away with the array of old-fashioned tools such as your grandmother used . . . the old style grinders, mashers, whippers, slicers, cutters and odds and ends of out-of-date utensils which clutter up the work-table and cupboards . . . and your home kitchen goes on a modern efficiency basis.

Almost any food preparing task can be done with KitchenAid at a snap of a switch . . . better, easier, quicker and in a more sanitary way than human hands can do. KitchenAid removes the dread and uncertainty of preparing the meals . . . leaving to the home manager only the fascination of planning.

A suggestion to modern minded womenfolk! Send in the coupon and receive our attractive folder, "Extra Help in the Kitchen". Let it lay around where "he" will read it. Drop a hint or two and see what happens . . . this Christmas.

MORE THAN A "MIXER" A COMPLETE FOOD PREPARER – KITCHENAID

Beats—eggs (1 or 10), icings, batters for cakes, waffles, etc.

Whips—cream (little or much)

Mixes—dough for bread, rolls, biscuits, pies and pastries

Extracts—juice from oranges, lemons, grapefruit

Grinds—coffee and cereals

Strains—fruits for butters, jellies, sauces

Sieves—vegetables for soups and purees; pumpkin, etc.

Slices—potatoes (thick or thin) vegetables, firm fruits

Chops—meats (cooked or raw) nuts, raisins, figs

Freezes—ice cream, sherbets and other frozen dainties

Makes—mayonnaise, candies, fruit whips, applesauce (without paring or coring)

Shreds and Grates—vegetables, cheese, cocoanut, chocolate, etc.

Chips Ice—**Shreds Cabbage**—**Mashes Potatoes**—**Creams Butter**

All these things—and many more

The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co.
221 Olive Street **Troy, Ohio**

Subsidiary of the Hobart Manufacturing Co., Manufacturers of mixers, peelers, slicers, mills and choppers for kitchens and stores.

Sales agencies in principal cities—consult telephone directory.
Distributing agencies: 173 King Street East, Toronto, Canada; 38 Charterhouse St., London, E. C. 1, England.
(145)

★ **KitchenAid**
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.
Electrical Food Preparer for the Home

The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co.,
221 Olive St., Troy, Ohio.

Please send your pamphlet "Extra Help in the Kitchen" to:

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Little White Dog

"I didn't know it was her window I was knocking at."

"Embarrassed you, did it? Don't let it. You got a lucky break when she turned you down. Hope you know it."

Suddenly the little man put both his hands to his head. "Good Lord! Here I am out in this cold without a hat. I never take a step without a hat, and here I am three blocks from my hat and three blocks to get back to it. Six! The top of my head feels like an igloo. And looks like one, I suppose you're saying."

"Take my hat. I never feel the cold."

"Well, don't brag. Don't brag."

He took the young man's hat and put it on as far as it would go, which wasn't very far because his head was large and round and held the hat as though it were a gob's cap on a corner of the full moon.

"The trouble is, you fellers with hair seem to forget the rest of us weren't born bald. I suppose you don't believe I ever had hair. I had a shock of it. All the girls used to admire it because it curled. Don't you believe that? Why, your mother used to admire it before she married your father. He was jealous of my hair, and after she married him she stopped admiring it. That's a fact."

He began walking back toward George's. I'll send this hat by messenger. Where are you living now?"

The young man gave him the address.

"I don't know how to thank you."

"No thanks due. That's a nice pup you have. Give him plenty of milk. Don't let any one tell you milk ain't good for dogs. Meat and milk. Feed him plenty. Well, see you Monday. Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, and a lot of thanks—a lot!"

They began to go in opposite directions.

"Woof!" said the little dog after the round, short-legged man.

"Merry Christmas to you, too."

"Merry Christmas," called the young man for the little dog.

BOTH men walked away fast. The wind blew. *The little dog brought his nose in closer under* the young man's arm. When he poked it out again, the houses were low, and there was a great deal of sky. Stars had come out, and the little dog had never seen them so close. "Woof!" he said to their clear, winking points of light.

"That's all right," said the young man. "We're home now." He lifted the little dog around and looked at him. "And we're never going to tell who owned you. Understand? We don't want Margaret thinking, every time she looks at you, that you used to belong to Marion. No, sir! We want Margaret to forget Marion just as completely as we have, so we're not going to mention names."

"Woof!" said the little dog in perfect agreement. He wanted to forget Marion, too, and George, especially George.

They went into a house and up three flights of stairs and rang a bell. The little dog could not see who opened the door, but suddenly arms were around the young man so tight the little dog had to fight to get his breath.

"Darling, let me put the dog down."

"A dog? Oh, where did you get him?"

The young man put the dog down on the floor. The dog looked up at the lady and saw she was the very same one who used to come past the window leading the small slow boy. He looked around, but the small boy was nowhere in sight.

"Why, he looks exactly like the little dog up in the apartment-house window," said the lady.

"That's where I got him. They wanted to get rid of him."

"They gave him to you?"

"I bought him. Seventy cents. All I had, but he's a great pup."

"He's a duck. But seventy cents? How in the world did they ever let him go for seventy cents?"

Give Telechron time this Christmas!

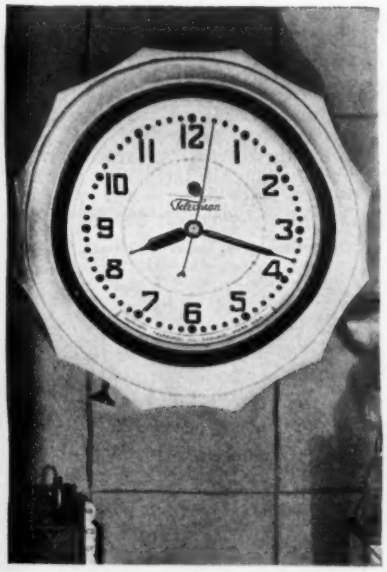
WHAT gift could be as acceptable—or as permanently useful—as a Telechron Electric Timekeeper? Every minute of every hour—day and night, it's on the job—keeping fresh by faithful service, grateful memories of the giver.

Give Telechron Clocks and you give to the entire family. They compensate for a good many neckties, carpet slippers and boxes of candy. They eliminate many sources of family friction—the alarm clock that fails father because he forgot to wind it—the mantel clock that makes the children late to school—the kitchen clock that brings dinner to the table too soon.

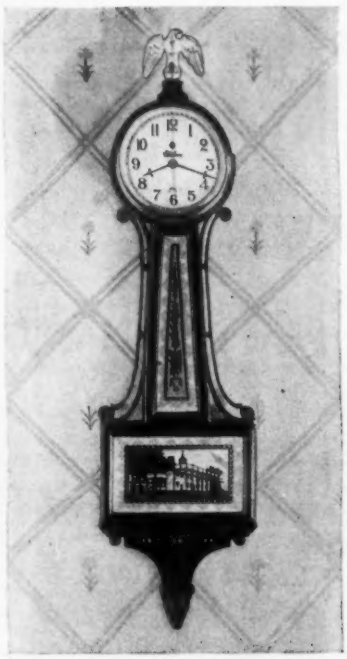
Telechron means convenience, accuracy and efficiency to the most absent-minded household. It never needs winding, oiling, cleaning or regulating. Plugged into the nearest electric outlet, it transforms impulses of alternating current into time that can't be questioned. Its uncanny precision is the result of Telechron Master Clocks, placed in America's power houses by the Warren Telechron Company.

Give Telechron, because it is the true, the original electric time. Because it offers the greatest variety of models (for every room in the house). Because it provides the widest range of prices ($9.75 to $55). You may be sure you are getting genuine products of the Warren Telechron Company when you see the word "Telechron" on the dial of a clock. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures grandfather's clocks and chiming clocks of all kinds, equipped with Telechron motors—at prices ranging up to $1200. There's an authorized dealer near you, listed in your classified telephone directory. The Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Company, Toronto.

* Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in U. S. Patent Office, of Warren Telechron Co.



No. 454—Six colors. Chromium fittings. Price, $9.75



No. 691—Mahogany case. Decorated door. $50

No. 357—Modern. Black and chrome finish. Price, $15

Telechron

In using advertisements see page 6

A Far *Whiter, Softer* Bathroom Paper

Created to meet modern ideals of luxury

. . . . Made from the Same Material as Silky, Soft Rayon— this Bathroom Paper is Indescribably Soft—Immaculately, Wonderfully White

TODAY a new-type bathroom paper is supplanting old-type "toilet papers" in thousands of better homes. Because it meets their demand for entirely new standards of health, luxury and fastidiousness.

This new-type bathroom paper has the softness of fine silk; the immaculate whiteness and great absorbency of a hospital absorbent. *It is made from the same material as silky RAYON!*

You note the difference the moment you open a roll. For it looks different, feels different, from probably any other bathroom paper that you have ever seen. Some 254 Health Commissioners in 45 different states endorse this new-type paper. *Especially for homes where there are children.*

Banishes The Harshness of Ground-Wood Papers

It differs from old-type "ground-wood" bathroom paper—paper in which millions of minute splintery particles of ground-wood are imbedded—in this way:

It is COOKED from the same material from which RAYON is made. NOT ground from splintery masses of raw wood as are ordinary "toilet papers".

It is cooked some 8 hours under 302° temperature. And it is softened to supreme gentleness. *Then every sheet is 20 times sterilized in manufacture* . . . every roll protected by a sanitary wrapper. Its importance in health protection is a major one.

Same Cost

It is called "NORTHERN TISSUE." Its price, the same as ordinary toilet paper —only 10c the roll. Most groceries, department stores and druggists have it. Try it. Ask for "Northern Tissue" next time you buy. You'll never again put old-type bathroom paper in your home.

NORTHERN TISSUE
With the Blue Core 262R

December 1930 Good Housekeeping

Little White Dog

"Drunk. But I got a receipt and his pedigree. Now he's ours."

"But seventy cents! Perhaps they'll come after him when they're sober."

"Then I'll have them arrested for cruelty."

The little dog sat up and begged, keeping his head high and holding his funny, clumsy paws up close to his chin. He was trying to tell them he hadn't had anything to eat since the day before.

"Isn't he sweet, Fred? Do you suppose he's hungry."

"Sure. He's half starved. Look at his ribs. But sit down, Margaret, I've got something to tell you."

The young lady flew at the young man's coat lapels and began shaking him by them.

"Tell me! Tell me!"

"Well, I've got a job."

"Oh!" The young lady let go the coat lapels and went bang into a chair and began to cry.

"Don't cry about it. It's a good job. Bob Rice is giving it to me. I don't think you ever met him, but he comes from Plainview, too. Knows all the people I used to know. Well, I ran into him on the street, and he handed me this job on a platter. Gosh, what luck! After all the months of trying. But don't cry."

She cried harder.

"Don't cry."

"I'm not crying about that. I'm crying about something that happened this afternoon. I couldn't cry then. I was afraid to let myself go. But now I can. Now I can afford to."

"Go ahead, darling. Cry all you want."

"IT HAPPENED this afternoon when we were passing the window up there and Freddie saw this dog, and he asked for a dog. He smiled up at me such a trusting smile, as though he was sure I could give him everything, and it struck me as never before how absolutely he trusts us. He thinks we're gods or something. He doesn't suspect how young we are. He thinks we're old and capable and able to take care of him."

"Well, we are able to take care of him. Everything'll be all right now."

Again the little dog sat up and begged.

"I think he's hungry. Can you give him something, Margaret?"

"There's only a little bit of cereal for Freddie and his lamb chop, and some cheese that we're going to have tomorrow and a can of tomatoes."

"Why, that's enough to feed an army."

"That's one of the sweet things about you, Fred. You pretend so cheerfully."

"Well, you sound abundant. Like a whole delicatessen."

"We're going to have the cheese done in a gorgeous way on toast. A cheese dream."

"That's great."

"And with it we're going to have mock stuffed tomatoes."

"Great! But why *mock?*"

"Because you can't stuff the tomatoes that come out of a can, but you put in stuffing just as though you were stuffing them, although of course you're not stuffing them at all."

"Page Einstein. That's over my head."

"It's very simple. After it's all cooked up, you pretend that you had nice, large, whole, fresh tomatoes, all properly stuffed, but that you baked them too long, and they broke down and let all the stuffing run out."

"I get you. As soon as I see them tomorrow all broken down over my plate I must thunder, 'How often must I tell you not to bake the life out of a tomato!' "

"You're sweet, Freddie."

"Sweet, yourself."

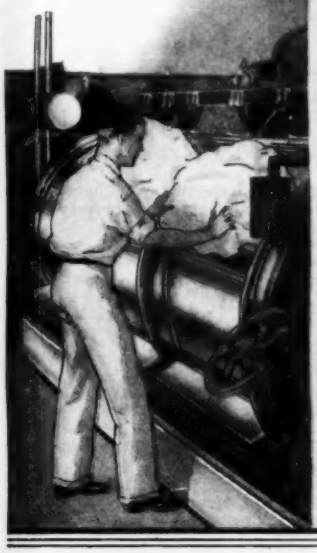
There was a long ring of the doorbell. Margaret ran to open the door, and there stood a messenger boy with a hat.

"Fred, is this your hat?"

Fred signed for the hat, and the messenger boy went away.

"It's my hat all right. I told you I met Bob Rice in the street. Well, he'd forgotten his hat,

MONEL METAL
Protects the Nation's Laundry



MONEL METAL WASHERS

are made by these

LEADING MANUFACTURERS

See them at your dealer's!

Barlow & Seelig Manufacturing Co., Ripon, Wis.
Brammer Washing Machine Co., Davenport, Iowa
Chicago Dryer Company . . . . Chicago, Ill.
L. M. Decker Company . . . . Omaha, Nebr.
Dexter Company . . . . . Fairfield, Iowa
General Utilities Manufacturing Co., Detroit, Mich.
Grinnell Washing Machine Corp., Grinnell, Iowa
Horton Manufacturing Company, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Hurley Machine Company . . . . Chicago, Ill.
Nineteen Hundred Corporation, Binghamton, N. Y.
One Minute Manufacturing Co. . . Newton, Iowa
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Beatty Bros., Ltd. . . . . Fergus, Ont.
Bernard Washer Company . . Joliette, Quebec
J. H. Connor & Son, Ltd. . . . . Ottawa, Ont.
Easy Washing Machine Company . Toronto, Ont.
Happy Home Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
Thor-Canadian Company, Ltd. . . Toronto, Ont.

WHETHER you send your family wash to the laundry . . . or do your wash at home . . . it can now have the sure protection offered by Monel Metal — the standard washing machine material.

For fifteen million pounds of Monel Metal equipment are used by commercial laundries . . . and more than a dozen leading manufacturers make home washing machines of this lustrous, silvery metal. Ask your dealer to show you the Monel Metal washer he sells. Here is what you'll see:

A washer that gleams with the rich beauty of fine sterling . . . surfaces so satin-smooth they will never harm a thread of your sheerest fabric . . . a tub that can't rust . . . that defies the attacks of soap and hard water . . . that is amazingly easy to keep clean! And you will discover, also, that these advantages are permanent. Monel Metal has the strength of steel, with no coating to wear off. Its original beauty survives a lifetime of severest service!

Now that you may choose from nearly a dozen leading makes—there's no longer any reason to deny yourself the joy of owning a Monel Metal washer. And once you use one, you'll never be content without a Monel Metal sink, with its silvery beauty and permanent attractiveness. Consult your architect and plumber and mail the coupon for interesting booklet about Monel Metal in the home.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 73 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The International Nickel Company, Inc.
73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me literature checked below:

Check
☐ Information on Monel Metal Washers
☐ Booklet—"Planning the Modern Kitchen"

Name_____
Address_____
Occupation_____

G H. 12-28

MONEL METAL
MODERN AS TOMORROW

Send for your copy of this helpful booklet. Mail the coupon today.

Monel Metal is a registered trade mark applied to a technically controlled nickel-copper alloy of high nickel content. Monel Metal is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by International Nickel.

INCO MONEL METAL

In using advertisements see page 6

"Look what's in MY Lunch-

Brer Rabbit Gingerbread

Cream together 3 tablespoons butter and ½ cup sugar. Add 1 beaten egg. Sift together 1½ cups flour, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon each ginger, cinnamon and soda, and add to first mixture alternately with a mixture of ½ cup milk and ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Pour in a buttered shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 45 minutes.

Gingerbread!"

VINCENT'S father owned a Cadillac. Edwin's mother had two maids. The Johnson twins had all their clothes bought for them in one of the grandest New York shops.

But what were these compared with the things Jimmy had?

Jimmy knew a secret for taking off warts . . . he owned a real Indian arrowhead . . . his father let him have a trapeze in the barn . . . and his mother —well, if you could have seen the things she put in Jimmy's lunch basket!

There was one day when she always put in fresh gingerbread—three big luscious, spicy squares of it, so richly golden brown in color, so tender and tempting and fragrant that the other boys all hung around and offered to lend Jimmy things, and said, "*You know* ME, *Jimmy.*" And the rich little Johnson twins watched him eat so solemnly and wistfully that in the end he always gave them each a piece.

"That's nothing," he would say proudly, "Gee, my mother makes me gingerbread any time I ask her to!"

• • •

Gingerbread, made with Brer Rabbit Molasses—the real old-time New Orleans molasses—there isn't anything better for children!

Brer Rabbit Molasses is rich in iron and lime . . . iron for building good red blood . . . lime for making strong bones and teeth. There's more than twice as much iron, more than four times as much lime, in a tablespoonful of Brer Rabbit Molasses as in a serving of fresh spinach.

The very cream of the fresh-crushed Louisiana sugar-cane juice is in Brer Rabbit Molasses—that's why it gives your gingerbread such a gorgeous tang, such delicious golden goodness.

Get a can of Brer Rabbit Molasses at your grocer's today, and make your family some delicious Brer Rabbit gingerbread.

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New Orleans, La.

Please send me my free copy of "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies"

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Little White Dog

and his bald head was frozen, so I lent him mine."

"There's a note with it." Margaret unpinned an envelope from the hatband.

Fred was afraid to open it. "You don't suppose he's taken the job back?"

"Open it."

The envelope was very fat, and it made a great noise as it was being torn open. In case there should be anything in it to eat, the little dog sat up and begged.

"Why, Fred, it's money! It's full of money."

"Listen to this." There was a note with the money. "It says, 'Here's a month's salary which you'll please accept as a guaranty that you intend to keep the job that long.' "

"Oh, oh."

"All right, darling. Cry if you want to."

"I'm so happy."

"That's right. You cry all you want to. Gosh, we're going to have one swell Christmas!"

"And no mock stuffed tomatoes. No mock anything."

The little dog thought the light in Margaret's face was loveliest through her tears.

"I'm going right out and buy a turkey."

"A chicken. We couldn't eat a turkey in a month."

"A turkey. A large turkey. A huge, noble fowl with enormous legs to stick up very grand in the air."

"I'm so happy, Fred."

"I'm dizzy, myself." He put on his hat. "You ought to have seen Bob Rice under this lid."

"He's wonderful, Fred. I'll love him forever."

Again the little dog sat up and begged.

"That pup's hungry."

"Get a lamb chop, too, Fred, because I'm going to cook Freddie's for the little dog now."

"Wake Freddie and let him see the dog."

MARGARET went into another room and came out with Freddie in her arms. He hadn't come awake, and his head was hanging over her shoulder, bumping around like a ball on a string.

His father said: "Wake up, Freddie. Here's a puppy dog who's come to stay with you."

An eye came open.

"A puppy dog, Freddie."

Both eyes came open.

"Look."

He looked, saw the dog, and was all awake. He slid down his mother, using her like a toboggan, and rushed to the little dog, grasping him by his ears, by his neck, by his tail, trying to find the very best place to seize on and secure possession. Then he dropped to the floor and gathered the little creature into his arms.

The little dog reached up and curled his tongue over the round, red cheeks.

"He's making friends with you, Freddie."

"Don't hold him so tight."

"Aren't you going to say 'Thank you, Daddy?' "

"Thank you, Daddy."

Then Daddy went to buy the turkey, and Mummie went to cook the lamb chop. Freddie stroked the little dog, and stroked, and stroked.

In the pleasant smell of the frying the little dog sat up and begged whenever he could escape the stroking hand. The burnt place on his nose pained only now and then, and he was very happy. He hoped that he would live with these people always, and that life would be full of different days like this one.

Ruth Bryan Owen

Daughter of the Great Commoner, member of Congress from Florida, is the author of a bill to coordinate in one department the Federal Government's work for children and the home. Mrs. Owen explains her bill, and the great need for the department she proposes, in an article specially written for the January Good Housekeeping

EDICRAFT WAFFLE BAKER

. . . which Rita is giving to the Hubers

Bakes the smart new diamond-shaped waffles automatically! Perfect waffles assured by the Edison Bitka Heat Regulator.

Rita's *Christmas list reads Edicraft . . . Edicraft . . . Edicraft . . .*

TRUST Rita to make the most of the new fashions! It's true her gift list shows a great many repetitions—but then every ditto mark represents a friend who's going to be mightily pleased this Christmas.

Rita, of course, is an ardent enthusiast for "Edicrafting" – the fascinating new art of Table Cookery. And why shouldn't she be? With Edicraft Products it's practically impossible to be anything but a marvelous cook. Everything turns out delicious because these appliances are automatic . . . There's no fussing – no failures. And they're so good looking that they're distinguished ornaments to the table.

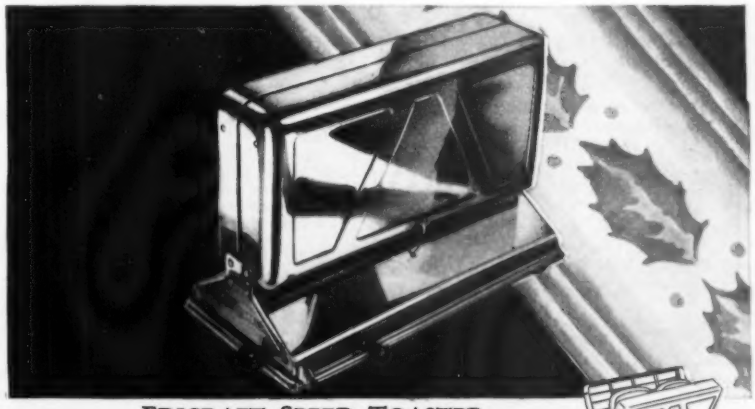
In addition to day-in and day-out family use, there are bridges, teas, after-the-movie "snacks", Sunday night suppers – why just dozens of occasions when Rita's friends are going to find her gifts absolutely indispensable!

So, more than ever, Rita's gifts are going to be smart this year. If your Christmas list is to be equally a success, visit the best electrical store in your city now and see the new Edicraft Products.

EDICRAFT SANDWICH GRILL

. . . for Mary and Jack

Not only browns two slices of bread on both sides at once—but broils chops, bacon, ham, etc., right at the table!



EDICRAFT SPEED TOASTER

. . . which goes to Sue

★ Toasts both sides of 2 slices at once. Opens when the toast i done. Swift! Sure! No watching!

EDICRAFT

EDICRAFT PRODUCTS ARE DESIGNED AND BUILT IN THE LABORATORIES OF Thomas A. Edison

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Orange, N. J. Please send me "Table Cookery".

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In using advertisements see page 6

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SALEM MASSACHUSETTS

Gita

(Continued from page 47)

joined the onlookers and the betting. They had come to tell the gypsies to stop fighting. But wrestling matches were so exciting that they remained there to bet, to takes sides and quarrel and dispute about the holds the gypsy boys were using. Every other minute an old peasant interfered to tell a gypsy boy that nobody wrestled like that in their country. They knew about wrestling, the men of Bivolar. It had been the natural sport of that part of Roumania since the Romans had occupied the shores of the Danube—two thousand years ago.

The other wrestling couples broke up and still Voda and Stan tugged at each other. They were of the same age and the same weight. They had wrestled before, in a friendly way, and each knew the other's holds so well that an hour passed and neither had gained any advantage. Voda was bleeding from the nose. Both panted for breath. They were wrestling slowly now. Their legs had spread wide apart and their arms were hanging limply. They were so tired a child could have toppled them over. Still they were unwilling to give up.

SUDDENLY Petru, Stan's father, called out: "Gita, they will be fighting here until daylight. Tell us: Which one have you chosen?"

The two young wrestlers stood side by side. Gita looked at them both and said loudly so that everybody should hear:

"Neither of them. They are women in men's clothes."

The men resented her insolence, but the women were pleased. The girls laughed over their shoulders, and followed Gita to her tent.

"That is what they are, Gita. Women in men's clothes. Well said!"

Stan gritted his teeth and called after her as he shook hands with Voda,

"You'll pay for that, Gita."

Petru walked over to where Takia sat and said:

"Ten gold pieces for Gita as a wife for Stan. What say you?"

Takia did not answer. She drew a long breath from her pipe and blew a large column of smoke in the air.

The gypsies surrounded them. What an exciting night! The two tribes had met, had sung, had fought. And now Petru was buying Gita as a wife for his son.

"The first wedding," the old women whispered.

"Hey, fiddler. String your fiddle. Put new hair in your bow," the boys called.

"Hassan—you flute player—where are you? A new tune, hey! Think up a new tune for Gita's wedding."

"Twenty gold pieces," Petru offered to Takia.

"He is offering twenty gold pieces," the gypsies cried out.

"And a younger pair of horses for her wagon," Petru added magnanimously. "She needs a pair of younger horses."

Still Takia did not answer. It was as it should be. No one expected her to answer. Twenty gold pieces and a pair of horses was no price for a girl like Gita; a girl for whom two sons of chiefs had fought. There weren't many like her. It was wise of Petru not to offer at once all he intended to offer.

"Fifty gold pieces," said Stan, who had put his shirt on and had joined the circle around Takia. Petru looked at his son. There was a dark fire in the boy's eyes. He was impatient.

"So fifty be it, Takia. What do you say?"

They were all silent now. That amount was approaching the value of any woman in their camp. Instead of answering, Takia scrambled to her feet and made ready to join her daughter. At that Nae and his son Voda joined the circle. The old chief interfered and counseled the widow. It was better to rid the camp of Gita as soon as possible. That girl would create more trouble than his tribe had ever seen. She was like a whirlwind. He had watched her while his son had wrestled his blood brother's son. He had watched the gypsy boys closely. They were all fascinated by her . . . and she knew it.

"While fifty gold pieces for Gita is not the right price," he said to the widow, "say how much more you want? Stan is a better man than she will meet in a year's travels."

Takia looked at the chief and said loudly, "And Gita is a better girl than he and the likes of him will meet in ten years' travels."

"A hundred gold pieces," Stan called out.

It was all he had saved in the years of work beside his father. He was giving all he had. He wanted to have her. To tame her. To make her repent for the insult she had hurled at him.

"Five hundred," said Takia finally. "Five hundred gold pieces—and that if she be willing."

A loud burst of laughter greeted Takia's price. The woman was crazy! Who had ever heard of five hundred gold pieces for a girl! Five hundred gold pieces for Takia's daughter! One could buy a queen and a kingdom for less than that. It was the price of a hundred horses.

"Five hundred gold pieces she wants," the gypsies yelled, and clapped their hands in derision.

"Five hundred gold pieces for Gita!"

"Five hundred gold pieces for Takia's daughter. As if gold pieces were kernels of wheat. Did you ever hear such a thing?"

At that moment Gita's voice rang clearly in the air: "Five thousand gold pieces for Gita. And all his father's horses. And all the horses of his tribe."

Men and women were stupefied into silence. No one laughed. Somehow it appeared that five hundred gold pieces was too high a price when asked by Takia and five thousand was not too high when asked by Gita.

Petru leaned over to Nae and said with smacking tongue:

"If her father were alive I would have bought her from him without asking her at all. That girl has to be tamed."

"We can't do that to the widow," Nae explained. "The law of our tribe says that an orphan marries whom she wants."

Nae was a little unwilling to let Gita go from his camp. He did not know why he felt that way, unless because she had set so high a value on herself!

After Gita's outburst the gypsies withdrew one by one to their tents, leaving Stan to sit on the ground and beat the soil with his tired fists, raging at his humiliation.

In the morning Petru, his son and his tribe were gone.

ALL summer long Nae and his people traveled, caravaning from fair to fair and from market place to market place, joining for a little hour or two other gypsy camps on the road, sitting with them around camp fires, telling stories, and swapping horses. Before the first autumn wind had blown there had been three weddings in the camp. There had been many wrestling matches and races and fights with peasants and encounters with gendarmes and police. An unusual animation had seized Nae's people. His people had never been so excitable, had never been so anxious to leave one place for another, or to make merry at the slightest provocation. Every youngster was eager to outshine the other; to outdance, outsing, outplay, outride the other.

The whole summer Gita had lorded over the young men and the girls. Though there had been many bids for her, and Petru had sent word that he was ready to offer two hundred gold pieces for Gita, all that he and his tribe possessed, the gypsy girl seemed to give no thought to marriage, though pleased and happy every time two youngsters fought for

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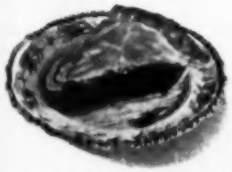
Betty Thomas



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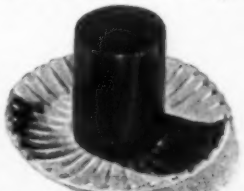

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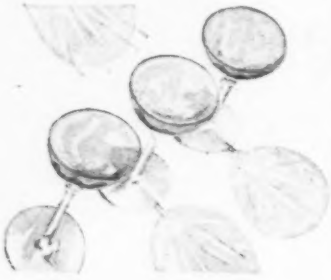

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Azure is used on linen of a slightly different blue in this unusual dinner setting. Rose and Crystal cocktail glasses are shown at upper left, Ebony demi-tasse and smoking accessories at upper right.

Gita

her, or some one approached her mother to bargain for her as a wife. It had become the sport of the gypsies, when tribes met, to bid for Gita. And many a man bid more than he could pay because of the certainty that his bid would not be accepted. Serban, a wise, middle-aged chief offered a thousand gold pieces before he was stopped by his friends who were afraid Takia might say yes. A thousand gold pieces for a wife. Serban, wise Serban, offering a thousand gold pieces!

Gita became the priceless possession of Nae's tribe; a jewel no one was rich enough to buy. Wherever Nae's people went, they had hardly pitched camp before the bidding for the girl began. Even the children were bidding for her, when there were no grown-ups around.

And Gita, more commanding than ever, though more detached, grew more beautiful from day to day. The two old and lean horses dragging her mother's wagon seemed to have become younger and swifter because she drove them. Had it not been for Nae she would have entered them in many a race against younger and better horses.

In the quiet hours of the night many a gypsy husband turned to his wife to talk about Gita. Who will marry her? No one would dare to offer less than a thousand gold pieces after Serban's offer had been refused. There were not a dozen gypsies in the country that had as much gold. Was she waiting for a prince or a king to come and offer more? Was she expecting ten tribes to pool their wealth to raise money enough to buy her, for one of them, as a wife?

The wives were outraged. Why were their men thinking about Gita so much? How had she managed to dig herself into their minds? She was beautiful, true enough. But there were more beautiful ones in their own camp. What had made her so attractive to men was that she had grown beautiful suddenly, not gradually . . . Unexpectedly . . .

Toward the end of that summer Gita, trading on her own now, came into possession of a young black stallion. She would stretch herself out full length upon the back of the horse and, holding on to its mane, ride it over the fields. When a white foam covered her mount, she galloped splashing into the near-by river and dived wildly into the cool waters. And the stallion wasn't fast enough for her nor the waters cold enough to quench the thirst of her body—to cool its fever. An unbridled desire to dominate men and animals drove her on . . . A desire for the unattainable, the impossible, made the men she met appear weak and puny, made gold look like dross and jewels like grains of sand. Five thousand gold pieces indeed. Fifty thousand! Ten times fifty thousand.

NAE'S people were sitting around the campfire one night, resting from a long day's travel. The dry leaves of the trees were being whirled around into the flames. The green branches crackled and hissed. The smoke travelled low in heavy black spirals. The air was cold and wet. There was snow on the mountains.

Suddenly Nae called to Hassan. "Many days have passed since we have heard you play on your reed pipe, Hassan."

"Yes. Let him play," other gypsies called out. They were tired of talking all the time about Gita.

Hassan took the reed pipe out from under his coat, blew into it, fingered it tenderly for a few moments, and began to play a long, soft, wailing tune. He was sad. They were all sad. The summer had been all too short. Winter was knocking at the door of their souls.

Gita looked at him with anger. He was only a few years older than she was and an orphan. She had heard him play during the summer. He had played at all the weddings, yet she had paid no attention to him. She hadn't even looked at him. Winter was here. They'd soon be huddled in a hut or a tent. The summer was gone. She was still Takia's daughter. The youngsters of her own tribe now treated her like a sister and married other girls.

Hassan was the only boy of her age who had paid no attention to her. He had taken part in no contests and no wrestling matches, and neither he nor his mother had even in jest made any offer for her. He had treated her as if she did not exist. Was it because of his poverty or because of disdain? Was he in love with another girl?

From a soft wailing prayer the tune rose and changed into a tripping gay dance. The boy's face changed with the mood of the tune, sad when he had played a mournful melody, animated and gay when the rhythm changed. His eyes were sparkling when he blew a tripping dance tune.

She had considered herself so superior the whole summer that she had not been jealous of any of the girls. Men married other women because she had refused them. The recently married girls knew it and hated her for it. Looking at Hassan, she became jealous of his flute. She had never been as jealous of a woman as she was of that flute. His lean, long fingers rising and falling upon the reed pipe, seemed to caress lovingly an unseen body while his lips kissed the mouth passionately. He wasn't playing on a flute. He kissed beautiful tunes out of it. There wasn't a woman in the tribe as beautiful as that flute in the hands of Hassan. No woman had ever been held as dearly and loved as much by a man as that boy loved the reed pipe upon which he played. His eyes had a far-away look. Gita did not exist for him.

HOW was it that she had not noticed him during the summer months? He wasn't playing to her. He wasn't playing to any other girl. He wasn't playing to amuse the men. He was kissing that flute. He was caressing it. He was in love with it. She remembered now that he had played night after night without being asked. He had not sat around the campfires when other gypsies had joined them, but had withdrawn to his own camp wagon, leaned on a wheel, and had played. There was the strongest man she had met. Hassan. There was the most difficult man to conquer, the man who had already bound himself to another love. Hassan! She knew now why she had refused so many men. She had waited for him. He had always been there but she had waited for him. She would not spend the winter alone.

Gita went over and sat down beside the flute player. The gypsies looked at each other in amazement. Hassan did not have a thousand gold pieces to pay to her mother for her! He had nothing more than an old mother and several younger brothers to take care of and two old nags drawing their rickety wagon.

"Won't you play something for me?" Gita asked coyly. "For me alone," she added in a whisper.

Hassan laid the flute on the dry grass and looked straight into her eyes. But as other people urged him on to play he began to improvise a new tune.

He was not playing for her. She knew he wasn't playing for her. The manner in which he had turned aside indicated that he was playing for everybody but her. Not once during that summer had he looked at her. He had not noticed her existence any more than she had noticed his.

A beautiful clean odor rose from his body and mingled with the pungent scent of dry leaves, and the scent of the second mow of clover and hay, of ripe wheat and corn. She had never been near any one smelling so good. Her body tingled in response. She was rich enough to give herself to a poor man. Any man was rich if she loved him. Let them tell to that world that Gita loved the man she married well enough to refuse a kingdom for him. Quivering, she felt her throat swell. Her fingers crisped themselves in a wild desire to

TANGEE

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Gita

touch him. And he played on without looking at her, without realizing that the most desired woman desired him.

Gita left the circle, and throwing herself upon her black stallion she began to circle the wide ring of gypsies that lay around the campfire and listened rapturously to Hassan. The younger men turned to watch her. Her nude limbs were drumming the black stallion's back. Her bare brown arms encircled its neck.

"Hey, ho," the young gypsies yelled, clapping their hands to encourage the animal to run faster and faster. They had never seen Gita so excited, so daring, so beautiful.

Gita did not hear them. Hassan was still playing upon the flute. He was not looking at her. He would not look at her as long as he had that flute with him. When a white foam of lather covered the fuming stallion, Gita drove him into the river. The youngsters of the tribe joined her, running after her, splashing, playing, and calling to her.

"Gita. Gita. Gita!"

Only a few of the older men and women had remained around Hassan. His tune had become gayer and faster and louder; as if he were happy that the others were gone.

Dripping wet, her clothes clinging closely to her body, to her hips and limbs, Gita came back to the campfire and sat down opposite Hassan.

"Is that boy blind or was he born yesterday?" she asked in a mocking tone.

Hassan looked at her and shrugged his shoulders. She was not worth answering or bothering about. Why did the woman of a thousand gold pieces disturb him?

A YOUNG gypsy boy took up Gita's mocking tone and teased Hassan.

"He hasn't yet learned to speak. His mother still feeds him at her breast."

Hassan rose to his feet, put the flute back into the inside coat pocket, and was about to walk out from the circle, when the gypsy boy held him back by the sleeve and said:

"You can't go away like that. You can't carry your sweetheart away under your coat. Let us have a look at her. I have never seen it. Is it really a flute? Come, show it to me, Hassan."

Hassan closed his coat tighter about him.

"You can't go away without showing us your flute," the young gypsy repeated. "Come. Show her to us—show us the young lady nestling under your arm."

"Let him play us another tune," another gypsy said. "A tune for us—for the young *chais* of the tribe."

"Yes, let him play us another tune before he goes to sleep," another voice added.

"Let him play a tune to Gita. Play a tune for Gita."

They had surrounded him and were tearing at him. He was defending himself. But they tore at him viciously and would not let him walk away.

"I will play you a tune then. A tune for fools like you," and pointing his flute directly toward the boy who had first teased and angered him, he imitated the screech of the owl, the greatest insult a gypsy could offer another.

"The screech of an owl!"

"Hassan had made the screech of an owl upon his flute."

The next instant a young gypsy was upon Hassan, and having torn the reed pipe out of the player's hands, he broke it upon his knee. Hassan gave a loud cry of pain and threw himself like a tiger on the older and larger boy who had broken the flute. He seemed to have grown bigger; to have outstripped the other boy. His arms were like flails. He picked up the older boy, raised him above his head, threw him down, lifted him up again, and smashed him to the ground, yelling and screaming:

"You have broken my flute. You have broken my flute."

Gita looked on. How was it that she had

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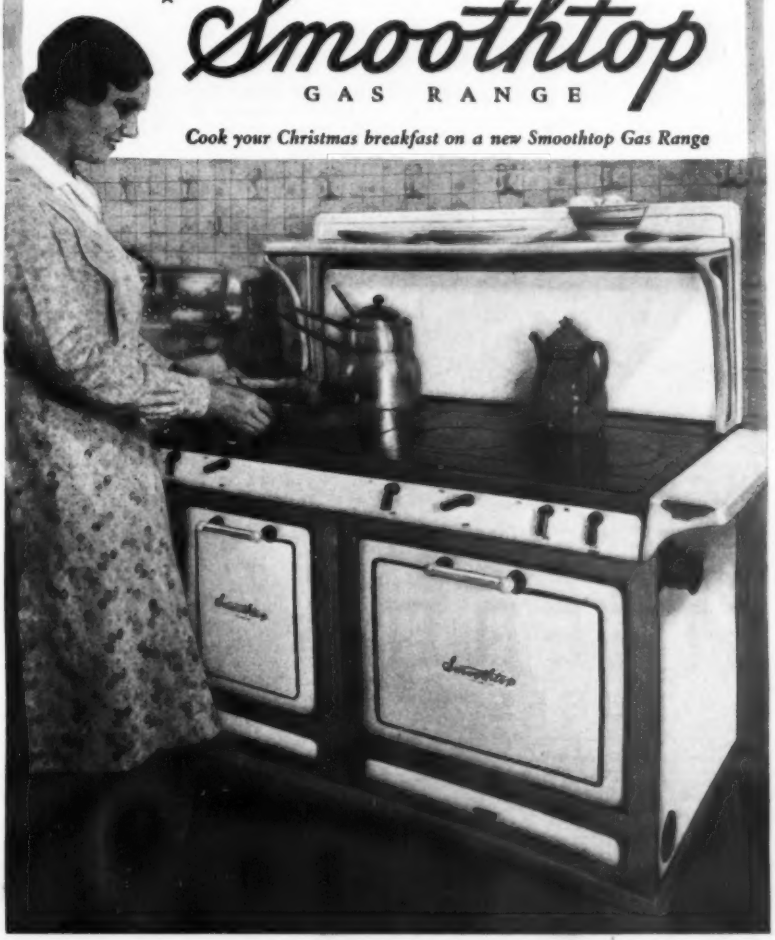

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Gita

not expected that from him! She had seen him every day. He was the handsomest and strongest of all. Were she a queen or a princess she would offer to his mother a thousand gold pieces to have him only look at her. Nae commanded one hundred men; some other chiefs ruled over a thousand. But Hassan was the master of a whole world. Instead of being beside her, instead of speaking to her, he had played upon his reed pipe.

He lifted the boy into the air again, held him, and shook him as she-wolves shake their whelps. A giant!

But his wildness was not for her. He was not fighting because of her, but for someone else; some one he loved—some one dearer to him than anything—the flute.

When he had flung down the man he had beaten, he turned on the bystanders, snarling, hissing, ready to annihilate them all.

"Come—who wants to wrestle with me? Who wants to fight? With bare hands, knives, or pistols. . . . Come."

He picked up the two broken pieces of his flute and held them tenderly in his hands. He looked at them. He looked at the scared youngsters, and at the amazed gypsies. He turned and saw Gita. He had fought. He had won. He had thrown the strongest boy. The joy of conquest coursed rapidly through his veins. He had never known such joy before. It was new, intoxicating, exhilarating. He had fought and won. What had he won? What was the price?

Gita looked at him. He took a whip from one of the gypsies' hands and cut the air with its long leather lash. The swish tasted good, like hot, strong wine. He had conquered a man by his strength. And Gita looked at him. He seemed to remember that he had fought for her, for her only. Her eyes told him so. Her whole panting body told him so. The flute indeed! He could cut himself another one—a better one— He liked the handle of the whip better than any flute. He liked the swish of its lash better than the sound of a reed pipe.

"I haven't got a thousand gold pieces to give you, Takia," he called to the girl's mother. "Instead of wearing earrings and bracelets and necklaces of gold and silver she will be driving my horses and broiling meat for me. And if anybody wants to take her from me, let him try it now."

"And will you love me?" Gita begged.

"To your tent, woman," he called. "Go to your tent. We leave at dawn."

Golden Phoenix

(*Continued from page 34*)

and Golden Phoenix answered his every question without hesitation and correctly. And after a while, smiling, His Majesty bade Golden Phoenix return to her place.

When the garden party was ended at last, Ming Te called his Grand Councilor.

"The maiden Golden Phoenix finds favor in my eyes," he said simply. "It is decreed that she come to court to become my Empress!"

"Has Your Majesty forgotten that Ma Su, father of Golden Phoenix, is an evil old one, suspected already of plotting against Your Majesty in order to make himself Emperor?"

"I have forgotten nothing. But my people are happy, and there is peace in the land. I shall keep my people happy. There is no danger for me, and if any should arise I shall be strong enough in the hearts of my people to save myself, and the throne. It is my wish to wed with Golden Phoenix. Perhaps she has sufficient influence with the honorable Ma Su to change his views, so that he becomes an open friend of the throne instead of a secret enemy. There is nothing more to be said. The words I have spoken are law!"

All the nobles, being informed, bowed to the Imperial Decree—and Golden Phoenix, loveliest of all the maidens, became Empress.

The court wedding was one of the most magnificent known to history, for Ming Te knew that he loved Golden Phoenix, that he had loved her since first he had singled her out from among all the others. Love had been kindled in the heart of Ming Te when, at the fateful garden party, his eyes had looked deeply into the eyes of Golden Phoenix. And she confessed shyly, after the ceremony, that she, too, had loved Ming Te from the beginning.

"But I am afraid," she also told him. "My father has an evil reputation. There is nothing I can do to dissuade him from his cruel ways. I am afraid that I, his daughter, shall cause you endless trouble."

"What does trouble matter, when we love each other with such a love as two people never before have known?" replied Ming Te. "We shall meet trouble when it comes, together—together until the end of our days, which can be nothing, ever, but happy beyond words to express!"

THE union of Ming Te, the handsome young Emperor, and of Golden Phoenix, the intellectual and beautiful, was an idyl of love. They lived for each other. Ming Te, though Emperor, listened raptly to the advice of Golden Phoenix. Their worship was mutual, and their love story was one that caused lovers' hearts to beat faster with soft sympathy all over the Middle Kingdom.

But . . .

Even though his daughter was Empress, Ma Su was not satisfied. He wished himself to become Emperor. Now that his daughter was Empress, he could make his plans and build his plots more boldly—for His Majesty would not lightly destroy the father of the woman he loved as he loved nothing else, even the memory of his Imperial Parent. Moreover Ma Su knew the dynastic law: if a man were proved traitor to the throne, he was decapitated at once, and all his family with him! For it had been the law forever that it was not proper to destroy the tiger and spare the cubs. If Ming Te destroyed Ma Su for treason, then according to the old laws he must destroy his own Empress whom he worshiped.

And when the word fled the length and breadth of China that a child had been born to Golden Phoenix, Ma Su was thrice pleased. It was a great event—the birth of an Imperial Heir always was. Golden Phoenix had been fortunate above all women. She had borne Ming Te a son!

While all the country was aroused over this, gleeful and singing, Ma Su performed his master stroke. He mustered malcontents under the banner of red revolution—and within a week of the birth of the Heir, the people were slaying and being slain in one of the most dreadful civil wars China had ever known.

The Grand Councilor and the Ministers sought audience with Ming Te. Again the Grand Councilor acted as spokesman for the kneeling officials.

"Your Majesty!" he cried. "Ma Su has at last proved himself a traitor. China is steeped in bloodshed. The people cry out against civil war. The people blame Her Majesty, the Empress. They believe that she has influenced her father against Your Majesty for some reason of her own—perhaps so that her son, if Your Majesty is forced to relinquish his throne, may become Emperor, and herself regent until he is of an age to rule! And from behind Her Majesty's regency Her Majesty's father will rule China. He will be almost Emperor. Who knows, Your Majesty? Perhaps he may even destroy Your Majesty's son to make himself ruler in very fact!"

"What are my people's demands?" said Ming Te softly.

2 to 1 you'll like it

SOME people, mostly those who have never tried it, believe they *don't* like it. So it isn't a sure thing. But, judging from experience, the odds are easily 2 to 1 that you will be *delighted* with the color, the taste, and the *creamy*-ness of coffee creamed with Carnation Milk . . We want you to try it, Sunday morning at breakfast, when there isn't any hurry and tension. Fill your prettiest cream pitcher with thick, golden Carnation. Cream your steaming-fragrant cup of coffee—and taste . . The taste is just a bit different, as if your coffee had been made some new, delightful way. The color is perfect—and the consistency too. Carnation seems to *blend* better with coffee than ordinary cream does. That is because its double helping of butter-fat is "homogenized" into minutest particles and evenly distributed through every drop . . There are several other things which you will like about Carnation. There is its *uniformity*—its never-varying, double-creamy richness. There is its *dependableness*—for with Carnation in the pantry you need never "run out" of cream. There is its *economy*—no small item, for Carnation costs two-thirds less than cream. And *some* like the idea that, though Carnation is twice as rich as whole milk in all milk nutrients—a *balanced* food—it is less rich than cream in butter-fat, and hence *less fattening* . . Carnation is simply pure whole milk from selected herds of "Contented Cows." Part of the natural water is evaporated, but *only* water is taken out and nothing added. You can use this wholesome, delicious milk in place of cream not only for coffee, but for fruits and cereals; to fill baby's bottle; and for finer results in all cooking and baking. The homogenized butter-fat gives foods a butter-richness and cream-smoothness unmatchable with ordinary milk . . It is "milk in a modern package"—indispensable in the well-regulated modern household. Not merely for emergencies, but for use every day in every way . . Let us send you two very interesting and helpful books about this good milk—the Carnation Cook Book; the Carnation Baby Book. Write to Carnation Company, 1226 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wis.: or 1326 Stuart Building, Seattle: or Aylmer, Ont.

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Carnation Coffee, Cocoa, Chocolate

COFFEE ⅛ cup coffee, ¼ egg, ¼ cup cold water, 3 cups boiling water, ¼ cup cold water.	Mix egg and ½ cup cold water and add to coffee in pot. Add boiling water, boil up once, stir with spoon, boil up again. Add ¼ cup cold water to settle coffee. Serve immediately. Cream with undiluted Carnation. Serves 8.
COCOA 3 tbsp. cocoa, 3 tbsp. sugar, 2¼ cups Carnation Milk, 3 cups hot water, few grains salt, ½ tsp. vanilla, 6 marshmallows.	Mix cocoa, sugar, salt. Add ¼ cup hot water; cook over low fire 3 minutes. Add Carnation diluted with 2¼ cups hot water; cook 10 min. longer. Add vanilla. Place marshmallow in cup, pour hot cocoa over. Serves 6.
CHOCOLATE 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, ¼ cup hot water, 3 tbsp. sugar, few grains salt, 2 cups Carnation Milk, 2 cups hot water, ½ tsp. vanilla, 5 marshmallows.	Shave chocolate into saucepan; melt over hot water. Add ¼ cup hot water; cook over low flame till smooth. Add sugar, salt, Carnation, 2 cups hot water; cook 10 minutes longer. Add vanilla. Place marshmallow in cup, pour hot chocolate over. Serves 5.

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Carnation Milk is recommended by the highest authorities on baby feeding because it is *easier to digest* than any other form of cow's milk. It is just as nourishing as the best bottled milk and contains *all the vitamins* that any milk is depended on to supply. Only the usual supplements are needed, such as orange juice and cod-liver oil.

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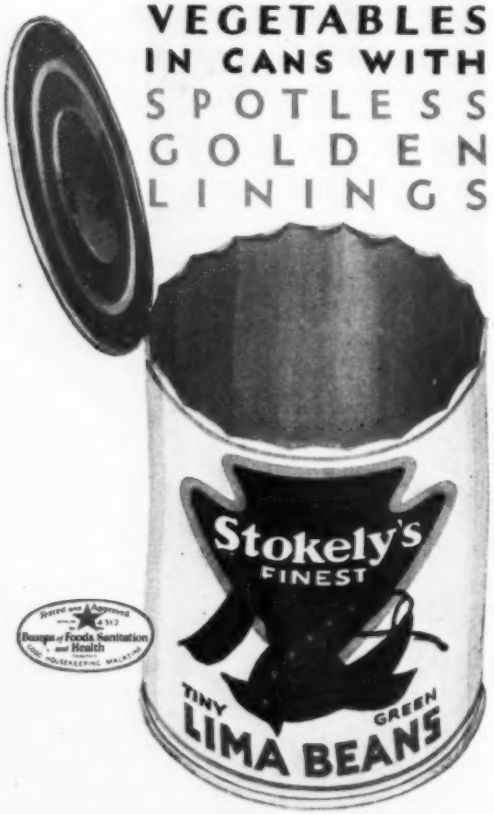

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Stokely's Tiny Green Lima Beans served plain with butter, in a molded gelatin salad, or as a cream soup. ★

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Stokely's Cranberry Sauce plain with meat course, in pies or tarts, or combined with strips of cake as an ice-box cake.

Golden Phoenix

"They demand that Ma Su be sent into exile, or be decapitated, and that Her Majesty be ordered to commit suicide! They know the ancient law, that the root must be destroyed with the branch, the tiger cub with the tiger. Ma Su must be destroyed, and Her Majesty is his daughter! If both die, then China will have peace again, and the blood of her people no longer flow in a monstrous civil war."

Ming Te was grave as he pondered the matter for a moment. "If I believed that the people desired Ma Su as their Emperor, I would gladly abdicate and go myself into exile—with Golden Phoenix, who is more in my heart than all my people, my throne, my own life—because she is my life!"

"Your Majesty is the divine ruler by direct descent. Your Majesty is China's rightful sovereign, and the people will not let you go. But if Your Majesty does not act against Ma Su and his daughter, then the people will storm the palace and slay Her Majesty, or force her to commit suicide."

"Would my people slay me? I should permit harm to come to Golden Phoenix only in the event of my death!"

"The people slay Your Majesty?" said the Grand Councilor in a voice vibrant with horror. "Who does not know the penalty for raising violent hands against the sovereign? Who so raises hands against Your Majesty will die himself by violence, and suffer for ninety and nine years of unbelievable torment!"

"What would you have me do?"

"We have spoken already with the voice of the people. Banish Ma Su forever or order his decapitation, and order Golden Phoenix to commit suicide!"

"I must have time to decide," said Ming Te softly; but deep in his heart he knew he could never part from Golden Phoenix of the golden heart.

Deeply troubled, he discussed the matter with Golden Phoenix. She smiled at his perplexity. Her soft palms touched his cheeks with the light caress of love.

"China is greater than our love, O Ming Te," she told him. "You must hearken to the voice of the people. I am not afraid. I shall commit suicide so that our people's wrath be appeased."

"I shall never permit you," groaned Ming Te. "Rather will I doff my robes of power, go forth from my palaces and my beloved country, into exile with you—even in rags!—than be separated from you!"

"But the people will not let you go! And if you go, my father, whom I know to be an evil man, will rule—and his rule will be a catastrophe for our country. It is simple then. Order me to commit suicide, and I shall obey. We shall be separated but for a little while—when you mount the Dragon Throne on High, we shall be together, for in death none may ever part us again!"

"I know not what comes afterward," groaned Ming Te, "nor that there is truly no separation in death. Suppose, my beloved, that death were the end, and that, once separated by the grave, we must remain forever separated? Our spirits would journey for eternity up and down the earth and never find peace—because we could not find each other! I must have time to make a decision."

NEXT day he called in his Grand Councilor and his Ministers and addressed them.

"I have discussed this grave matter with Her Majesty. She is not afraid to die. She places China's happiness above her own life. She will die by her own hand if I bid her. Tell my people that, so that they shall know the greatness of Golden Phoenix! But I myself can not at once decide. I wish ten days in which to meditate. To appease the people, Her Majesty will be given into your hands to be imprisoned. At the end of ten days I shall issue a decree of judgment."

A truce was declared when the word went forth, and for ten days the great civil war tarried. The people praised the greatness of Golden Phoenix, but did not relent toward her. She would become a saint if she committed suicide for their sake, and throughout the Empire monuments would be erected in her honor, and she would be worshiped and mourned forever by her people.

BUT still she must die. In that the people were adamant. Her greatness turned even the hearts of Ma Su's followers partially against him. If Golden Phoenix sacrificed herself for her Empire, Ma Su's followers themselves might rise against him to destroy him. So Ma Su, having overreached himself, waited in fear and trembling for those ten days to pass.

Golden Phoenix went to prison within the Forbidden City, where she could be watched and guarded. Her son, the Imperial Heir, was given into the hands of serving maids and court ladies to be reared.

For two days His Majesty mourned Golden Phoenix as though she were already dead; but he knew she was not and that he could not live without her. Then late in the night he garbed himself as a commoner, and like an ordinary felon followed the shadowy aisles of the Forbidden City until he arrived at the prison house of his beloved. His heart smote him as he noted the iron bars across the windows. Within that dark and dreary place slept his Empress, garbed in rough garments, fed through the bars like any common prisoner.

His Majesty's tears were flowing as he stepped close to the bars and gently spoke his beloved's name.

"Golden Phoenix! My precious Golden Phoenix! Can you hear me, beloved?"

A sound of some one stirring, and Golden Phoenix came to the window—just as the moon came out from behind the clouds and peered down upon the Forbidden City.

How changed was Golden Phoenix, even after but two days of absence! Her hair was uncovered, all the black, rich loveliness of it, and hung about her pale face like a shroud. But her eyes were glowing in the moonlight, and her slim hands came through the bars to caress the cheeks of Ming Te with their soft and gentle palms.

His Majesty knew that Golden Phoenix was garbed in ragged blue cloth such as coolie women wore, yet she hid it from her beloved. He knew that her food, rough rice, was thrust to her through the bars as though she had been a murderer; that she ate it with chopsticks of rough wood, when she had been accustomed to chopsticks of jade; that she ate from wooden bowls when she had always had plates and bowls of jade and gold. But of all these things she said nothing. Her only words of greeting were,

"I love you, Ming Te!"

His tears fell softly, and in the darkness, unseen by Ming Te, fell also the tears of Golden Phoenix. But she seemed to be happy for his sake.

"I am not afraid," she told him. "It is for our country's sake. Have you arrived at a decision?"

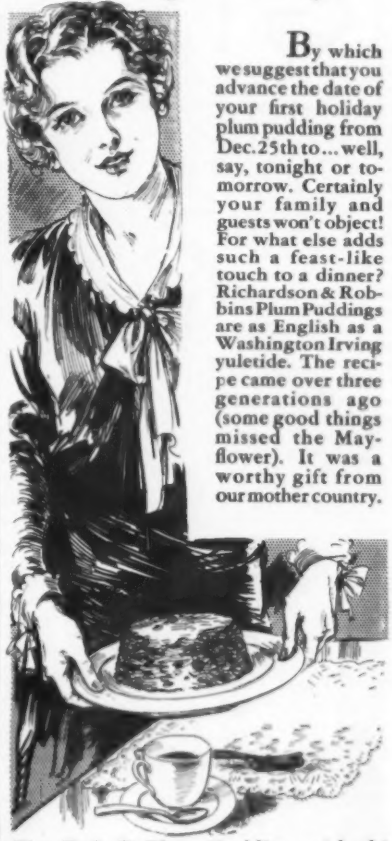
"No, my beloved, save this: I can not give you up! Every way I turn, seeking some solution, I am confounded. Ma Su must be destroyed. His family must be destroyed with him. It is the old dynastic law from which there is no escape—as binding upon me as upon my people!"

"Then it is simple, Ming Te," replied Golden Phoenix. "Have courage—and faith. We shall be separated for but a little while!"

So for a long time they stood there, clasping hands through the bars of the window, mingling their tears—while the compassionate moon looked down.

"I ask but one thing, my beloved," whispered Ming Te at last. "That you do not destroy yourself without orders to spare me the necessity of rendering judgment!"

Do Your CHRISTMAS eating early



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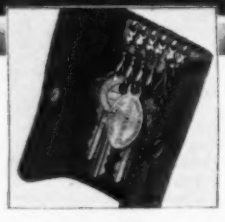

Golden Phoenix

"I am my master's slave," said Golden Phoenix. "His slightest wish it is my delight to honor."

And so they separated, lest spies discover them and bear tales. But he came again the next night and the next, and always they spoke of their love—as though by speaking of love they might forget the awful shadow which hung over them. Never did Golden Phoenix complain of her lot. She was her country's daughter and knew its inexorable laws. To her there was but one thing to do. However it might trouble the heart and soul of Ming Te, he must in the end decide, and the law itself governed his decision—and there was no escape.

From his Grand Councilor he learned that Ma Su—sure that His Majesty would not destroy the woman he loved, had agreed to abide by His Majesty's decision. In Ming Te's mind a plan began to form.

ON THE morning of the tenth day a nation in arms awaited the words of Ming Te almost breathlessly.

His Majesty was calm and regal as he sat on his throne to receive the Grand Councilor and the Ministers who spoke with the voice of the people.

"Has Your Majesty decided?" asked the Grand Councilor, when the grim silence of waiting could be borne no longer.

"I have decided," replied Ming Te, "but there are still questions to ask before rendering judgment."

"We shall answer them, Your Majesty, if we are capable."

"Is it true that Ma Su will abide by my decision in the matter?"

"It is true, Your Majesty."

"Is it law that when a man is punished for treason, all his family must suffer with him?"

"It is the law, Your Majesty."

"Is it true that whosoever causes the death of the Emperor must suffer in Purgatory for ninety and nine years?"

"It is likewise true, Your Majesty."

For a long moment His Majesty bowed his head in thought, while his Ministers tensely waited, kneeling there with heads bowed—as, outside throughout the country, His Majesty could visualize the millions of his people, waiting, too. Then Ming Te raised his head. He seemed not in doubt as to the words of judgment he must speak.

"Then hearken to me, your Emperor," he said. "It is decreed that Ma Su be decapitated, and all his family destroyed with him!"

There for a moment he left it.

"Her Majesty will be ordered to commit suicide!" went on Ming Te after a moment.

The Ministers, on their knees, began to sway to and fro.

"His Majesty is mighty!" they muttered. "He sacrifices his all for the good of his people! O mightiest of all rulers!"

"It is further decreed that my son shall also be slain!"

"What, Your Majesty? Your Majesty's son is the Imperial Heir! He must live to rule after Your Majesty, and to worship at Your Majesty's grave!"

"He is the grandson of Ma Su!" replied Ming Te. "I destroy the root with the branch, the cub with the tiger. It is the law. My people have spoken!"

Consternation fled through the ranks of the Ministers. The Grand Councilor's eyes blazed. His hands trembled as though with the palsy.

"It is madness, Your Majesty," he cried.

"My son is grandson of Ma Su and must die with him!" came inexorably from the lips of Ming Te. "My people know the law and have invoked it!"

"But Your Majesty's son will be the next Emperor!"

"He is not yet Emperor, and his destruction will cause no souls to suffer ninety and nine years!"

the soul is never empty of the loveliness it gives

GIVE YOURSELF at Christmastime

"Elusive, subtle substance of the soul,
that ever gives of self, and yet remains intact."

Give your best, your highest ideals, your tenderest emotions, expressed in a thing of beauty. The best of you should reach those who receive your gift • This beauty you thought you wanted for yourself — if you would keep it — you must give it! Beauty grows as it is shared. An ancient proverb says:

"There must be two to bring any beauty into the world.
One to say it — and one to hear it."

The great desire for loveliness has been planted in our hearts, impelling us to gather beauty — just to scatter it again! Thus we glimpse the Cosmic purpose, the divine pattern in our yearning to be beautiful. This is the ebb and flow, the rhythm of the Universe! • So give your beauty gladly — with prodigal abandon — in laughing and loving and high endeavor to soothe and bless the world. The soul is never empty of the loveliness it gives.

● ELIZABETH ARDEN'S BEAUTY BOXES are filled with the loveliness every woman longs for. You may have a luxurious leather traveling case, completely equipped. Another charmingly satisfactory small gift is a box of rose lacquered metal... just enough for a week-end. And, in between — special cases for motoring... for short visits, and long ones... each ingeniously fitted with those preparations you are sure to need. $3.85 to $125

● PERFUMES... the woman who receives one of Miss Arden's exquisite perfumes for Christmas will be truly thrilled. Four irresistible fragrances. $6 to $125

● COMPACTS... for loose powder in the preferred style. ARDENETTE — gold, flat, octagonal, and cleverly engineturned. $3

DOUBLE-ARDENETTE — the same glistening case, including a tiny compact of rouge and an unbreakable chromium mirror. $4.
BLACK and SILVER ARDENETTE — the same case interpreted in enamel, black, silver and a touch of gray-blue. $4

● POUDRE D'ILLUSION... Elizabeth Arden's famous powder... indescribably soft and fine... in a satin-lined box. Six shades. $3.
Mat Foncé, a marvelous day-time shade in a striking silver box. $3

● BATH SALTS... rose, pine or nirvana, as you prefer. Invigorating crystals in transparent jars, with satin bows that give a real holiday air. $1.75, $3, $5

● FRAGRANT SOAPS... An enchanting variety from which to choose a gaily practical gift.

● *Elizabeth Arden's book, "The Quest of the Beautiful," will tell you how to secure for yourself the precious gift of loveliness through the scientific care of your skin. Miss Arden will be happy to send you a copy.*

ELIZABETH ARDEN ★

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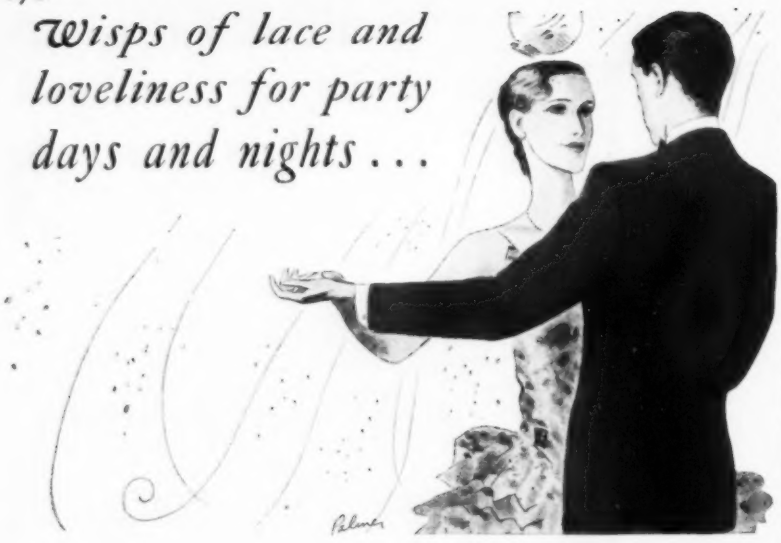
In using advertisements see page 6

Wisps of lace and loveliness for party days and nights . . .



. . and these whitest, fluffiest of soap petals to give them gentle care

YOU KNOW that only the very purest of soaps can protect the soft colors and delicate fabrics of your party things, your sheer hose and gossamer handkerchiefs . . . and that's just why you'll want to know all about Kirkman's Soap Chips.

To know that these feathery petals of soap do the two most important things in washing—*dislodge the dirt and prevent the dirt from re-depositing.* That just as fast as each dirt particle is floated into the rich bubbly suds, a tiny soap globule surrounds it—and holds it in a state of suspension—so that no dirt can re-deposit on your finery, so that all dirt is washed out in the rinsing water—so that chiffons and ribbons and laces stay freshly and colorfully new . . . as safe as in pure water alone.

For a generous free sample of Kirkman's Soap Chips, and the newest of practical handbooks on modern laundering, simply fill out the coupon below. Kirkman's Soap Chips are sold by grocers everywhere.

Soft, white petals of purest soap

KIRKMAN'S SOAP CHIPS

A-8-DEC.

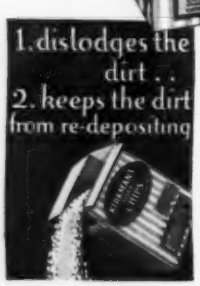
KIRKMAN & SON, INC., BRIDGE AND WATER STS.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me without charge your regular bathroom package of Kirkman's Soap Chips and "Modern Washing of Clothes and Dishes."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____



Because there is no substitute for purity there can be no substitute for Kirkman Products

Golden Phoenix

The Ministers could find nothing to answer His Majesty, and for once even the Grand Councilor was empty of words.

"My son is Ma Su's grandson!" thundered Ming Te. "Is it not true?"

"It is true, Your Majesty!"

"If my people demanded, instead of the life of Golden Phoenix and the life of Ma Su and all his family—*my* life, and I laid it down, what would it mean to my people?"

"They would never dare!" cried the Grand Councilor. "The hosts of China demand justice for Ma Su and his family. If they demanded the life of Your Majesty, and it were given them—then all the people of China, after death, would suffer ninety and nine years of torment!"

"Yet," said Ming Te, "this they demand of me—and it shall be given! My son is Ma Su's grandson. According to the dynastic law, since Ma Su is a traitor, all his family must be punished with him—thus destroying my son! And I give myself up to my people, upon their express demand, to be decapitated—or to commit suicide, as they wish!"

"But they do not make this demand of Your Majesty! All China would be guilty of treason, and of violence against the person of the Son of Heaven!"

"It is for them to decide. I have decreed according to their wishes!"

"But Your Majesty is not of the family of Ma Su!"

"Is my son not his grandson?"

"He is!"

"Is he not also my son?"

"He is, Your Majesty!"

"Is my son not also of my family?"

"He is, Your Majesty!"

"Could my son be a member of my family, and a member of the family of Ma Su—and yet Ma Su be no member of my family, nor I a member of his? Through Ma Su's grandson, my son, I am a member of the family of Ma Su—and must be destroyed with him, with Golden Phoenix, and the Imperial Heir! My people have spoken. I have decreed with the authority of the throne!"

"But," gasped the Grand Councilor, "Your Majesty's decree dooms all China to Purgatory for ninety and nine years, because all China has forced this judgment from your Majesty!"

For the first time Ming Te smiled. "I have issued the decree my people cried for. I only await their pleasure. Further decision rests with them. It is my final judgment, and I make no other!"

WHEN the people of the Middle Kingdom heard the words of the Emperor they marveled that so much wisdom dwelt in their young ruler. And they quickly decreed that Ma Su, that maker of discord, should be banished from the country forever. They likewise decreed that the lovely Golden Phoenix, who had proved herself willing to lay down her life for the kingdom's welfare, should return in all honor to the eager arms of her lord and master.

So Golden Phoenix in resplendent robes of state came back to Ming Te. As she swayed gracefully toward the Emperor, she seemed to him more beautiful than ever before, her pale face illumined by glowing eyes beneath brows as delicate as slender leaves of the willow.

"Ming Te!" she cried. "Beloved!"

And as he caught her to his heart, Ming Te murmured:

"You are in very truth my Precious Pearl among women. Never again shall we be parted, Golden Phoenix."

And the Emperor's words came true, for Ming Te ruled for forty and seven years and his Empress with him, so that they grew old peacefully and wonderfully, side by side—and died with hands tightly clasped together, on the same day.

And his son ruled afterward in the place of his father, Ming Te.

Hexylresorcinol Solution S.T. 37

HEXYLRESORCINOL
SOLUTION S.T.37
LIQUOR HEXYLRESORCINOLIS 1:1000
12 FLUID OUNCES
S & D
A powerful non-poisonous antiseptic for open wounds, burns, scalds and the hygienic care of mouth and throat. Kills bacteria almost instantly on contact
SHARP & DOHME
BALTIMORE PHILADELPHIA

There is a satisfactory mouth wash

Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 stands the exacting scientific tests of investigators whose work is given below

IN the laboratory of a great university, twenty-seven mouth washes now on the market were tested for antiseptic strength. They . . . "were examined full strength or in the strongest dilution recommended on the label for use in the mouth . . .

"None of the twenty-seven mouth washes examined were found to be capable of destroying the test organisms under these conditions even on five minutes' exposure, whereas all the three dilutions of Solution S. T. 37 were found to be completely germicidal in fifteen seconds, one-twentieth part of this time." Quoted from *Dental Cosmos*, September, 1927. (*Every mouth contains organic matter. These tests were carried out in the presence of organic matter to simulate conditions in the mouth.*)

Hexylresorcinol, the active ingredient of Solution S. T. 37, is seventy times stronger than carbolic acid. Yet this powerful solution is non-irritating in open wounds—harmless, even if swallowed.

The majority of infectious diseases, medical records indicate, gain entrance through the mouth. To guard against them, you should make it a practice to rinse your mouth and throat twice a day with Solution S. T. 37.

Make it a practice to use Solution S. T. 37 after exposure or whenever there is irritation in nose or throat. It is odorless, stainless, and has a sweet, pleasant taste. It may be poured full strength on all cuts and raw surfaces—it will not burn or sting, it is actually soothing.

• • •

Ask your own doctor and dentist about Solution S. T. 37. Exclusively prepared by Sharp & Dohme, who have served the medical profession since 1845. Get a bottle from your druggist today. 50¢ and $1.25.

This product and advertisement accepted by the American Medical Association

In using advertisements see page 6

"It Put My Little Girl on Her Feet Again!

When I was sure I was losing her"

A Discovery from Switzerland, World-Leader in Child Development, that has Swept from One End of the World to the Other . . . Employed Now by Children's Experts in Over 50 Different Nations

PLEASE ACCEPT 3-DAY SUPPLY . . . NOT A MEDICINE
— A SUPER-DELICIOUS FOOD CONCENTRATE

SWISS scientists have made a further notable discovery in child building. A discovery that has swept over 54 different nations. A way 20,000 doctors are advising.

Will you accept a test, if only to prove or disprove the claims thousands of mothers make for it? New to America, it has become almost a national beverage through all of England and other European countries.

It may make your child over—especially if nervous or underweight. Backed by leading scientific authority of the world, it deserves, at least, a trial.

What It Is

Ovaltine is a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to child health, *including, of course, the Sunshine Vitamin D.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in easily digested form so that a child's system can absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but actually increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprises over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
★ *Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula*

"Now, he drinks 4 cups of milk a day instead of his unwanted 2"

I sent for Ovaltine to see if I could get my three-year-old boy to drink one quart of milk instead of his unwanted two glasses per day. Result, he does drink four full glasses and I am delighted.
Mrs. Anna Sandlofer, 1702 Clay Ave., New York City, N. Y.

"Ovaltine put my little girl on her feet again when I was sure I was losing her"

My little girl 2½ years old had the flu with measles following. As the result of this she was very puny and nervous, cried all day, bit her finger nails, and refused to eat her meals or drink milk. At night she was restless. Altogether she was in bad shape.
I was afraid she wouldn't be with us long when I saw an advertisement for Ovaltine and got a trial package. Now I must say I'm the happiest mother. I cannot say enough in words for Ovaltine.
For Ovaltine put my little girl on her feet again when I was sure I was losing her. She is getting well again. The roses are coming back in her cheeks. She sleeps and eats regularly, does not bite her finger nails any more, plays out in the sunshine all day and is altogether a different girl.
Mrs. John Rosen, 8416 Garfield Blvd., Cleveland, O.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

722R

THE WANDER COMPANY
180 N. Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Ill. Dept. M-14

Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

SPECIAL OFFER
Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. UncleWiggily Mug, and 3-day package, 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.) C

Name _____
(Please print name and address clearly)
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(One package to a person)

Here's To a Merry Christmas Dinner

(*Continued from page 85*)

one-half teaspoonful of each to every cupful of brown sugar. Arrange in a baking pan and bake in a hot oven of 400° F. for 1 hour. Baste frequently with a sirup made by bringing to the boiling point 2 cupfuls of sugar, ¼ cupful of vinegar, ¼ cupful of water, and 1 teaspoonful of mustard. Serves 10 to 12.

For *Creamy Sauce*, cream ½ cupful of butter and gradually add 1 cupful of confectioner's sugar, 1 egg well beaten, and 2 tablespoonfuls hot water. Heat in the top of a double boiler, beating continually until it thickens. Then add 1½ teaspoonfuls vanilla and serve. Serves 6.

Then there are those who would not think it a real Christmas dinner unless they had roast beef. The following menu is a favorite at the Institute:

Oyster Cocktail
Roast Beef — Pan Roasted Potatoes
Buttered Squash — Mushroom Gravy
Celery and Olive Relish
Steamed Chocolate Nut Pudding
Sterling Sauce

IN PREPARING this menu, the squash can be baked, the mushrooms and celery cleaned, and the cocktail sauce made, all on the day before. Canned squash, canned mushrooms, and bottled cocktail sauce may be used if desired. For *Pan Roasted Potatoes*, pare 8 medium potatoes and cook them 10 minutes. Then arrange them around the roast beef and bake 40 to 60 minutes or until tender, turning them from time to time and basting with the fat in the pan. For *Celery and Olive Relish*, prepare 2 cupfuls of diced celery. Add ½ cupful chopped stuffed olives, ¼ cupful minced green pepper, and ¼ cupful French dressing. Chill thoroughly and serve. Serves 6.

For *Steamed Chocolate Nut Pudding*, cream ¼ cupful shortening; then add gradually ⅔ cupful granulated sugar while beating constantly. Next add 1 well beaten egg and 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Sift together 2¼ cupfuls flour, 4 teaspoonfuls cream of tartar or phosphate baking powder or 2 teaspoonfuls aluminum baking powder, and ½ teaspoonful salt. Add this to the sugar mixture alternately with 1 cupful of bottled milk. (½ cupful evaporated milk diluted with ½ cupful of water or 4 tablespoonfuls of powdered whole milk dissolved in 1 cupful of water may be used instead of the bottled milk). Last, add 3 squares of melted chocolate and ½ cupful of chopped nutmeats. Pour into 1 large greased pudding mold or individual greased pudding molds and steam 1 hour. Serves 8.

For *Sterling Sauce*, cream ½ cupful of butter; add gradually 1 cupful of brown sugar, beating constantly with a spoon. Next add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and 4 tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, drop by drop, beating constantly to prevent separation. Serves 4 to 6.

There will be many business housekeepers with only small kitchen facilities who will wish to entertain "at home" on Christmas day. This is not at all impossible, for the grocer's shelf offers many ready-to-serve foods which can be combined as a delightful meal.

Halves of Grapefruit
Sautéed Canned Squab — Buttered Canned Rice
Canned Spanish String Beans
Canned Asparagus Salad — French Dressing
Sliced Fruit Cake — Foamy Sauce
Coffee

THE squab and rice can be purchased in tins already to heat, season, and serve. The fruit cake can also be purchased. For the *Canned Spanish String Beans*, slice 2 small onions in a saucepan. Add 2 tablespoonfuls butter or margarine, 2 cupfuls strained canned tomatoes or tomato sauce, 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 diced seeded green pepper, 2 whole cloves, and 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar. Simmer 15 minutes, then remove the bay leaf and cloves and add 2 No. 2 cans of drained string beans. Heat well and serve. Serves 6 to 8.

These Wamsutta boxed sets make gifts of real distinction

WAMSUTTA PERCALE sheets and pillow cases make just the kind of gift that people recognize as being unmistakably nice and thoughtful. They are so beautifully fine and smooth to the touch, and so lovely looking in their ribbon-hinged green and gold boxes. And they're such satisfactory things to fill the gaps in almost anyone's linen closet or to furnish a guest-room bed in smooth, luxurious comfort for years to come.

The Christmas sets of Wamsutta Percale are made up with either two sheets and two pillow cases in a box or simply a pair of pillow cases. But you may have your choice of seven pastel colors, Color Woven borders, or hand embroidery to make every set different if you want to.

You'll find you can check off a surprising lot of these names on your Christmas list with Wamsutta Percale sets, quite reasonably, from your point of view, and quite delightfully from theirs.

For making such gift selections of Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases, a wide variety of styles awaits your choice at your favorite department store.

WAMSUTTA MILLS, *Founded 1846*
New Bedford, Mass.
NEW YORK SALES OFFICE
40 Worth Street

WAMSUTTA PERCALE SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

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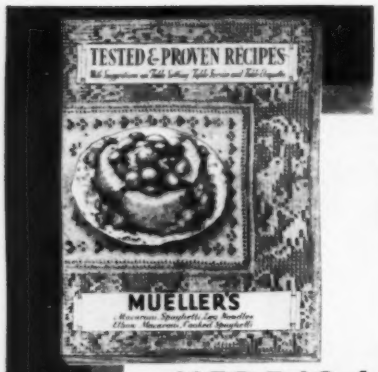

HERE IS A
BOOK
You Really Need

What a book for the housewife! The new Mueller Recipe Book is just the kind of a book you have often wished for. It contains scores of tested and proven recipes and a host of suggestions on table setting, table service and table etiquette.

New Recipes
and Etiquette Suggestions

The new Mueller Recipe Book is illustrated throughout in full, natural colors. By following the simple directions given, you can easily prepare dishes as tempting to the eye as they are pleasing to the taste—and every dish will abound in nourishment. The etiquette suggestions in this remarkable book will help you to entertain faultlessly. Mail the coupon for your copy today! It is **FREE!**

For Assured Success

Be sure to ask for Mueller's when you order. Your grocer has it or can get it for you.

AS A CHANGE FROM POTATOES
MUELLER'S
MACARONI · SPAGHETTI
EGG NOODLES · ELBOW MACARONI
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Largest Selling Brand in America

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C. F. Mueller Co., Jersey City, N. J.
Home Economics Dept. G. H.
Send me your FREE Recipe Book with suggestions on table setting, table service and table etiquette.
Name.....
Address.....
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Just the Right Book

(Continued from page 94)

at Washington? Then he would welcome those intimate letters of the military aide, Archie Butt, which are now published in two volumes under the title "Taft and Roosevelt" (Doubleday, Doran, $7.50), giving an inside account of the Taft administration. If the friend is a politician himself, he will be interested in the intrigues and the machinations of the bosses. If he is a student of politics, he will be interested in this first-hand account of how the rift between Taft and Roosevelt widened, and appreciate the revelation of the character of Taft. If he has a curiosity about social life in Washington, here he will find its daily gossip reported. The reason why Major Butt, who went down on the *Titanic*, was one of the most popular Presidential aides ever stationed at the White House is clearly shown in the charm of these letters to his sister-in-law. It was Roosevelt to whom he played Boswell, but he was Mr. Pepys about all else.

But the friend may rather turn his attention to things long past. He may be the kind who, when told a bit of news, says, "Ah, yes, that reminds me—", and proceeds to retail a similiar incident that happened when he was a boy. If so, then "The Outlaw Years" by Robert M. Coates (Macaulay, $3.00) is just the book to give him, for in these tales of the Natchez Trace, as the road from the East to New Orleans was known, he will discover a new phase of frontier life. The viciousness of these land pirates may appall him, but he can not remain uninterested as the story of their depredations unrolls to their final detection and punishment. The author so presents them that fact follows fast upon fact with no wasted words. It is as if he scorned to produce effects, yet when the reader has hurried to the end of the book he puts it down with an understanding he did not have before of what courage and despair, nobility and knavery are, never guessing perhaps that economy of words, selection of incident, arrangement of them, dispassionate presentation of scene, was responsible for it. One has only to consider for a moment what some one else might have made of this material to appreciate what an artist Robert M. Coates is.

Linking Past and Present

If the friend is a woman who loves to reminisce, and especially if she is one who takes pride in her Revolutionary ancestry, "Five Generations" by Margaret Armstrong (Harper, $5.00) will appeal to her. Margaret Armstrong has done what every one with pride in family would like to do, given the material at their disposal that she had. "Moving less," as she says, "than is usual in America, we have accumulated much drift from the letter-writing age, and not only letters, but diaries and notebooks, ball tickets and visiting cards, original verses and copies of hymns, newspaper clippings of births, deaths, and marriages." Delving in this family treasure she has reconstructed the lives of five generations of her forebears. Sometimes she resorts to straight narrative, but more often she lets the letters tell the tale. The result is a book which not only contains the life stories, sometimes tragic, sometimes brilliant, of people who did not know all they were revealing, but that makes us see them and know them as they knew each other; and feel as if we were contemporaries of these people. There are letters from Nieue Amsterdam, New Jersey, and Carolina, old New York and Philadelphia and New Orleans, letters from abroad, from the new city of Washington, that tell us how the people who lived in them regarded them and how these people looked and what they did. Books like this link the past to the present and make us realize that it is not a room set apart with the door closed.

But the friend may not care a hang for the past. He may be crazy about his radio, talk about the atomic theory, or quote the latest news from the scientific front. Then he will rejoice at receiving "Crucibles" (Simon and Schuster, $5.00), with which its author, Bernard Jaffe, won the Francis Bacon Award for the Humanizing of Knowledge. The terms of this award tell better than any description the kind of book this is. The publishers and the *Forum Magazine* sponsored a prize, $7,500, for that book that should best "carry on the conscious adventure of humanizing knowledge"—by which, I suppose, is meant writing of the things scientists and thinkers have discovered in such a way as to make that knowledge available to the least educated among us. From the several hundred manuscripts submitted, the judges—among whom were the late Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, Dr. Will Durant, Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, and Count Hermann Keyserling—selected this book. Most of the names of these scientists are new to the layman: Trevisan, Paracelsus, Becher, Priestley, Cavendish, Lavoisier, Dalton, Berzelius, Avogadro, Woehler, Mendeleeff, Arrhenius, Moseley, Langmuir, the Curies, and the Prince de Broglie. But as Mr. Jaffe introduces them to us, with their struggles after knowledge, their disappointments and their successes, they become important ones. We see that the knowledge we take all too easily for granted was bought at the price of many long days and nights spent in laboratory and study, by men who passed, one by one, unsung, along the corridors of time. And a new appreciation of our heritage comes to us. To each one, from the alchemist who sought unavailingly the philosopher's stone, down to the last who found that matter was but a wave, we stand evermore in debt. Not that Mr. Jaffe preaches. He merely presents biographies, with scientific explanations worked deftly in. But the thinking reader must draw his own conclusions. And this, I take it, is the humanizing of knowledge. All those who enjoyed Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters" (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) should read this book.

If He Likes Art

Perhaps the friend for whom a gift is desired has a fondness for pictures; perhaps he is always haunting galleries, or now and then brings home a treasure. He may even have been heard to say, "I don't know a thing about pictures, but I know what I like." But ten to one he wishes he could justify his tastes. What a boon, then, the gift of "Art Principles in Practice" by Henry Rankin Poore (Putnam, $4.00) would be to him! For it would give him just the knowledge he desires, or put him on the way, at least, of acquiring it for himself. Undoubtedly he would soon purchase for himself the two other books in Mr. Poore's trilogy: "Conception of Art" and "Composition of Art." For he would discover that this author really does what he sets out to do, namely, presents the principles underlying all art so that any layman can grasp them. A book for the amateur photographer, the architect, even for the woman who tries to make a picture of her home.

To the friend who is accumulating a permanent library, any one of these books would be acceptable. For they are all books that he would be

One Of The Best Books

is not mentioned in this article. It is called "The Creation of a Home" (Farrar & Rinehart, $3) and would make a fine present for any one to give or receive. Mrs. Blair did not review it because she wrote it herself—which means that it is a very good book indeed. We gladly recommend it

Quick as a jiffy ..... easy as saying "dessert"
... here's summer sunshine and flavor for any winter meal!

..and so many ways to serve them too!

Of course, you know what a handy, delicious dessert DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches are, served in their own rich syrup. But because they're so good, right out of the can—don't ever overlook the many *other* wonderful treats they offer.

For instance—how long since you've enjoyed a tasty peach cobbler? Or a peach pie, or shortcake?

Or again, perhaps you're planning a plain custard or rice pudding tonight, or a lettuce-and-cottage-cheese salad. Then here's a suggestion. Dress it up with a few slices of DEL MONTE Peaches. It's a *party* dish in a twinkling!

DEL MONTE offers real economy, too! Only the best, in every can. Nothing to waste. All ready to serve on your table. No work or bother. Millions of careful housewives know that it pays to *insist* on this brand—in peaches and more than a hundred other dependable varieties.

SLICED or Halves, DEL MONTE Peaches are just the most delicious fruit your table can enjoy. Carefully selected—picked only when golden-ripe. Peeled, cut and cooked in our own modern canneries. Packed in just the right degree of pure syrup. A delightful fruit treat, always in season.

DEL MONTE packs both Peach Halves and Sliced Peaches. Both come in 4 sizes of cans—a convenient service for *any* size family. When it comes to Peach Halves, you have a choice of several sizes of fruit—Banquet (colossal fruit), Melba (extra-large fruit), and Regular Halves (large size fruit), all come in the large No. 2½ can. Slightly smaller fruit, graded to fit the container, in the smaller No. 2, No. 1 and Buffet size cans. The number of pieces in the can of course varies according to the size of the fruit. Regardless of size or number of pieces—you're always sure of the same delicious tree-ripened fruit, the same high quality, in *every* DEL MONTE can.

Don't fail to get the enjoyment DEL MONTE can bring to your table! And be sure to write for the DEL MONTE Fruit Book and the DEL MONTE Peach recipe book. They're full of fresh menu ideas you'll appreciate. With them we'll send 7 other books and folders of recipe suggestions, all free of charge. Just address Dept. 249, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Just be sure you get

★ DEL MONTE

THE VICEROY

. . . Oriental lustre at a remarkable new low price!

OF course you've wanted one of the lovely new American-Orientals! Here then is your opportunity to own one in room size—at a price hitherto unknown. Only the resources of a great mill like Mohawk could produce such rug value even now ● We've named this new rug the "Viceroy." Its soft lustre adds immeasurably to the beauty of its rich, Oriental design. You have a choice of 20 color combinations and patterns—each inspired by a museum masterpiece that money couldn't buy. It's a seamless rug, woven of heavy wool and has a deep rich pile—truly an astounding achievement in rug weaving. ● If the beautiful Mohawk "Caliph" has seemed beyond your budget allowance, then here is your chance to lay Oriental luxury on your floors at absurdly low cost. Your local Mohawk dealer carries the "Viceroy." See it to-day—feel its texture—test its softness under-foot—compare it with any rug of its price in America. You'll agree that your home deserves a "Viceroy."

There is a copy of Mohawk's new illustrated booklet, "Building Home Beauty," awaiting your request. This book was specially written by Lucy D. Taylor, acknowledged authority on interior decoration. You will find it practical and very helpful. Please send 25c in stamps to cover the cost of mailing. Address: Mohawk Carpet Mills, Dept. 1120, Amsterdam, N. Y.

MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS

The "Viceroy" rug shown is No. 5700-33. It is a reproduction of a Joshaghan rug in the celebrated Austrian Commercial Museum in Vienna—a veritable gem of eighteenth-century Iran, evoking in imagery and color an epoch when such rugs as this were created on royal looms, under the patronage of the Persian Shahs.

Just the Right Book

happy to find upon his shelves. If, however, he should have some special hobby; if he were collecting books on some special subject, or on some particular period, or of one group of literature, an addition to that collection would doubly please him. If, for instance, he is interested in poetry, Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Glory of the Nightingales" (Macmillan, $2.00) would delight him, for whatever this poet writes belongs on every poetry shelf. If it is the drama he is collecting, "The American Scene" edited by Barrett H. Clark and Kenyon Nicholson (Appleton, $5.00) would please him for two reasons. It would bring into his library some one-act plays he would not otherwise have. And it is a unique book in that the editors have selected plays that together present a complete picture of the pageant of American life. It is designed somewhat as a composite epic of America, to enable us to know our country. For this reason even those not addicted to the reading of plays will find it rewarding. For those friends who belong to drama clubs or are interested in little theatres it would make an ideal gift.

An excellent gift for the man or woman who constantly collects quotations to spring on all occasions would be Christopher Morley's "Book of Days for 1931" (John Day, $2.00). It is a desk book like any other, with a day to a page, and on each page a selection. But the selection of the quotations raises it far above a mere calendar, for not one reader in a hundred thousand—if so many—will find himself familiar with half a dozen. They range from the ridiculous to the sublime. Yet each one is pungent and leaves a thought.

Some of these books may prove too expensive for those who have a long list of friends and are limited in the amount they may spend for each gift. They need not, however, despair of finding the right book. For there are available now at low prices books to suit every taste and interest.

Every One Likes Travel Books

A number of good travel books are published by the Century Company at one dollar and a half, among them Frederick O'Brien's "Atolls of the Sun," Lowell Thomas' "Beyond Khyber Pass," Eleanor Elsner's "Spanish Sunshine." "From Immigrant to Inventor" by Michael Pupin and "My Musical Life" by Walter Damrosch may be purchased at one dollar each in a Scribner edition. For the essay reader, Dutton issues several small essays at one dollar each, among them "Conversation" by Andre Maurois. The Blue Ribbon Books at one dollar each include such titles as "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" by George A. Dorsey, "Mother India" by Katherine Mayo, "Black Majesty" by John W. Vandercook, and "Benjamin Franklin" by Phillips Russell. Among the Star Dollar Books new titles are H. A. Franck's "Vagabond Journey Around the World" and W. J. Durant's "The Story of Philosophy." Simon and Schuster offer for one dollar "The Art of Thinking" by Ernest Dimnet.

Even the fifty-cent pasteboard-bound volumes of Albert & Charles Boni are not to be scorned when they can bring such treasure to a student of affairs as James Truslow Adams' "Our Business Civilization"; to a student of science Jean-Henri Fabre's "This Earth of Ours"; to a lover of biography or history Margaret Goldsmith's "Frederick the Great."

But perhaps the friend does not care for books like these. Perhaps he prefers the novel. Most people do. But which of the many to choose from will be the right one for him? It would never do to give a light, sentimental love story to some one who loathed sentiment, or, to one who loved it, a carefully detailed cross-section of life in the drab.

Again we must ask ourselves some questions. Does the friend love to celebrate birthdays and anniversaries? Is she fond of kittens and babies? Has she a weakness for young lovers? Does she think this is the best of all possible worlds? Then "Rhododendron Pie" by Margery Sharp (Appleton, $2.50) is just the book for her. For it begins with a birthday celebration and unfolds a love story. More, it enables her to take Ann's part against her snobbish family in her fight to wed a practical, everyday bank clerk; to scorn their dilettantism as the author pillories it, and to approve the author's leanings toward the substantial as against the precious. And all the while she will be charmed with a lovely old house and be amused by the foibles and the antics of the aesthetics.

Or if she likes her sentiment compounded after a more subtle recipe, she will prefer "Miss Mole" by E. H. Young (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), in which the heroine of the story, housekeeper to a motherless, nonconformist minister's family, not only knows that she is sentimental, but glories in it, the while one part of her mind sits back and laughs at herself. This, as well as the adroitness with which she conquers difficulties and sees through every one else, deftly disguises the ingredient but leaves the savor of it on the palate.

Or does a friend watch the curious patchwork of life with interest? Is he always reporting incidents that amused or entertained or interested him? Is he a spectator looking on life as an absorbing puzzle? Then "Angel Pavement" by J. B. Priestley (Harper, $3.00) is the book to give him. For he will be vastly entertained by the way Mr. Priestley fits the various characters that one meets upon the London pavement into a pattern with Mr. Golspie at the center; touching them all for good or ill, himself unaffected by the contact. A friendly book for all the writer's sardonic detachment, it not only makes the congenial reader feel that he, too, has walked that pavement, but stimulates him to gaze more keenly at those he meets on his own.

But if the book is designed for a woman striving courageously to live her life, Margaret Weymouth Jackson's "Jenny Fowler" (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00), the story of a woman who suffered all the slings of fortune yet won through to peace, who made mistakes again and again yet paid for them valiantly, would be a better choice. Not a cheerful story, and in some ways an irritating one, it yet leaves the reader with a sense of the richness of all experience and an appreciation of honesty and valor.

If, however, she is one to whom beauty has more appeal than force, she would be better pleased with "The Rector's Daughter" by F. M. Mayor (Coward-McCann, $1.50), the tale of a life, which, although frustrated and dreary enough as seen by others, is revealed to us, by this writer's exquisite handling, as lovely with the loveliness of nocturnes and twilight summer evenings and pale old pictures of river scenes.

The Delight of Old Houses

For those who have the historic sense, who hunt old furniture and visit old mansions, there is "The Tides of Malvern" by Francis Griswold (Morrow, $2.50), tracing the rise to fortune of a family of the old South down to the present day. And tracing it in such a way that the life that passed in and out of Malvern, the great house a family cherished generation after generation, epitomizes for us a manner of living and thinking that has passed even as did the family of Sheldon.

Another great house is memorialized in "The Edwardians" by V. Sackville-West (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), in which a daughter of the house of Knole reveals to us how the burden of great possessions, great traditions, rob their heir of initiative and freedom and make of him only a symbol. Although its literary appeal will be to those whose sophisticated taste savors the oblique phrase, the erudite reference, since marble halls have their own irresistible attraction for those who live in cottages, and here

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IN new reversible colors, soft pastel shades, or plain and Scotch Plaids, Mariposa Blankets bring a touch of summer sunshine in the bedroom the whole winter long.

Under their lovely colors, is the most delightful sleep imaginable . . . sound, relaxed, refreshing sleep. There is perfect warmth without weight.

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In using advertisements see page 6

Clean inside-well outside!

and they look it!

"Gitty-Ap, Dad!"
"Easy with the whip there, Son!"
Here's the beginning of a happy and life-long partnership.
Well, why not? They're healthy! They feel fine. Things that bother other grown-ups, don't upset Father. Things that tire other children don't worry Son. These two have extra patience—extra strength—extra ability for success and happiness—because they're healthy.

DOCTORS pretty well agree that most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside."

Just as doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it for as long as you need it, as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping in the best of health all the time.

Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health." One: Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect. Two: Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you.

Here's a way to get a result you know is good for you, without using drugs which you know are bad for you. Don't you think it's worth trying?

Nujol ★

health

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Just the Right Book

there pass across them the intimates of kings introduced by one of them, it should be popular. It is a presentation of life as lived by the privileged class in the reign of King Edward VII; even a coronation is included, not to mention the intimate house-parties about which even the scullery maids have their curiosity.

But the friend may be more interested in present-day problems than in the past. Perhaps he is one of those persons who seeks an answer to all debatable questions, likes to take sides, and wants facts and figures to support his position. Nothing should please such a reader more than Charles G. Norris' "Seed" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). One of the most hotly debated subjects today is Birth Control, and in this long, detailed story of three generations of a large California family the author has presented impartially every argument for and against it. More, through the fates and fortune of his characters, he has shown its effect, both in the breach and the observance, on the lives of men and women. While Mr. Norris is frank in presenting the most delicate of human relationships, his fastidious taste makes him stop short of the offensive. Some readers may feel that he "stacks the cards" against his characters, but his admirers, of whom there are many, may aptly retort that the task he has set himself demands it, and the comprehensiveness and fairness with which he deals with his problem should offer compensation. Those interested in the family as a social institution will find in this book much to make them think.

For the reader who likes best the novel that presents some phase of American social life there is a new novel by Booth Tarkington, who, if he does not know more types of Americans than any other writer, at least depicts more of them effectively and withal in such a way that there remains even for those who care nothing for the American scene a dramatic story. In "Mirthful Haven" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00) he takes for his theme the snobbishness of our self-styled upper class and develops it by contrasting them with the natives of a New England summer resort.

Plot, Above Everything

For the friend who likes plot above all else, there is a new book by Marian Bower, "Glory Place" (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), with a new-style villain and a new-style heroine to invoke our sympathies, but with the old-time villainy to be prevented and the old-time fortuitous circumstance coming to the rescue, all set in a picturesque English country village dominated by an old family and house.

For the one who prefers the novel of character there is Alice Duer Miller's "Green Isle" (Dodd, Mead, $2.00) with Linda Fenwick turned inside out by an author who knows women and is not afraid to tell the truth about them by means of a story that holds the reader to the end.

For the detective story addict there is "Charlie Chan Carries On" by Earl Derr Biggers (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00), with such a number of suspects so cleverly gathered together in a touring party that the reader can accompany them around the world without discovering the murderer until the moment that the trip is finished.

These, of course, are only a few of the books that might be chosen for Christmas gifts. But by means of them I have tried to indicate the method of arriving at the right one. It requires, it will be seen, a little time and thought. But who would not take it when it will bring to a friend, not alone an expression of love and affection, but happy hours of diversion or refreshment. The presentation of a book is more than a gift. It is entertainment offered just as truly as a dinner or a night at the theater. It is a sign of one's understanding of his friend. It is a tribute to his tastes, a recognition of his interests; in short, a symbol of what friendship means. That is what makes it the perfect gift.

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TEN minutes a day. Certainly that is not so very much time to scare up even during this busy and festive season. Yet, if you chew WRIGLEY'S no more than this—but be sure it is every day—you will be astounded how young and attractive you will always keep your lips. Sufficient chewing, which the modern daily diet sadly lacks, is an age-old Beauty Secret. It forestalls those unbecoming lines that are so apt to form about the mouth, brings glistening health to your teeth and keeps your lips lusciously rosy and well-shaped. Try DOUBLE MINT, delicious new style PEPPERMINT . . . the aristocrat of flavors.

In using advertisements see page 6

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Carolina Christmas

(Continued from page 31)

began, the stately, dignified dances of those days.

"Gay, joyous old days," wrote Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel in her life of Eliza Pinckney, "enjoyed alike by master and man, by mistress and maid, when the feast begun in the hall was continued in the servants' quarters, and the negroes without took up the dance and footed gaily in the piazzas and on the lawn. All are gone now, but the memory of the old tale survives."

All this, it may seem, has little to do with a deer hunt on a Carolina plantation in this twentieth century or with Christmas on a plantation today. Yet this is what one sees in his mind when the hunting horns are sounded and a company of light-hearted gentlemen ride away under the moss-hung trees. Or perhaps the vision conjured up is of a later time and the riders vanishing under those huge wide-spreading oaks are destined before long to put on gray uniforms and ride with Stuart's and Hampton's cavalry on the battlefields of Virginia. It is a land of visions and of memories, and something more than a mere memory of the old days has come down.

They have gone, those spacious days, but their influence lives on. Over all this plantation country, with its old houses, its old gardens, its old parish churches deep in the woods, the enchantment of a strangely romantic past hovers like a dream. Here rose and flourished one of the most picturesque civilizations that this continent has seen—the civilization of the great Low Country rice and cotton plantations, upon the wealth of which was built, with Charleston as its urban center, a society as gallant and as gracious as any then to be found in North America. That civilization perished when Sherman marched to the sea, but it has left its mark.

The traditions still hold, old manners and customs have survived. Christmas in Carolina is still in spirit what it was then—the merry Christmas of the Cavaliers, a time of happiness and unbounded hospitality, a festival to be celebrated with all the joyousness and the laughter of the old English Christmas of long ago.

"Lo! now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly.
Each roome with yvie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas Blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak't-meats choke,
And all their spits are turning."

Parties are held in the Big House; guests come from neighboring plantations and from the city; there are songs and dances in great rooms gay with red-berried cassina and holly, with great bunches of mistletoe and long loops of smilax wreathed about the deer-horns on the walls. In the negro cabins, too, there is a spirit of joy and of merry-making; but on the night before Christmas most of the cabins are deserted as their occupants gather for the Christmas Eve service, which will last beyond midnight and perhaps even until the dawn.

Prayers and Hymns

Prayers are spoken or intoned, long prayers but not too long for these ecstatic worshipers. From the Great Book the story of the First Christmas is read to the accompaniment of tears of joy. The leaders line out the beautiful old spirituals and resounding hymns. The ecstasy rises as the holy hour approaches until walls and floor shake with the surging rhythm of exultant voices, the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet. Far off through the lonely woods floats that unearthly chorus, softened and made even more beautiful by distance, until the whole world seems to rejoice, and dawn lightens in the east, and the Great Day has come.

In the Big House it will be a day of many varied activities with the Christmas dinner as the climax; but the first hour of Christmas Day belongs, as it does everywhere, to the children—and then to the servants. The latter, and such other negroes of the plantation as feel themselves intimates of the family, come stealing into the house almost with the dawn. They move softly so as not to be heard, for they are playing a game; if they can see some member of the family before they themselves are seen, they cry "Christmas gift!" and thereby win an extra present for themselves.

It is an old game and nearly always a successful one, and its success is followed invariably by bursts of uncontrollable laughter—laughter which sets the keynote for the day. There are presents for all who come, and many of these bring presents for "their white folks"—chickens or eggs or vegetables or fruits; and this is perhaps one of the most beautiful features of Christmas in the Carolina Low Country, for it is a reminder that here there is no race problem, no ill feeling between white and black, but, on the contrary, much warm affection and mutual respect. The negro is happy here—happier perhaps than anywhere else in America—because in the Low Country time has been content to stand still, and the relation between the races is today in practical essentials almost exactly what it was before the Civil War.

The Christmas Deer Hunt

But it is the Christmas deer hunt—sometimes held on Christmas Eve, sometimes on Christmas Day itself—which, more than anything else, brings back the glamour of the past. Down the long avenue of over-arching live-oaks the hunters ride with their hounds under the trailing banners of the moss; and watching them or riding with them, one's thoughts leap back to the brave old days, and for a while one lives in that older time. Most of the hunters ride to certain points in the woods—"stands," they are called—which the deer are likely to pass when they are jumped by the dogs. Two others, who know the country well, go with the pack to beat the coverts where the game is probably lying.

These two, the drivers, have the harder, more hazardous part. They must be good riders, and their horses must be sure-footed and active, for they may have to race at breakneck speed across rough country to turn a deer or stop the dogs. For the hunters at the stands there may be only the leisurely task of sitting or standing still and watching with ready gun. Yet they, too, must be prepared for anything, for sometimes, when an old and wily buck takes an unexpected course, only a swift dash through the woods can turn defeat into victory.

There is fascination in watching at a stand during a deer hunt in these teeming Carolina woods, a fascination no whit less strong if the watcher has no intention of killing a deer. There is no telling what he will see, what glimpses of wild life will be afforded him; and there are few better ways of spending Christmas with the birds.

I was watching, one sunny December morning, at the foot of a great pine in open forest. The dogs had been "put in" at the head of a narrow, densely wooded swamp not far away, but the drive had taken another direction, and for a long while I had heard no sound from the pack. Presently I left my post at the foot of the pine and walked through the woods to the edge of an abandoned rice field, a wide waste of fresh, shallow water partly overgrown with rushes and other water-loving plants.

All the shimmering expanse of flooded rice land was alive—a world of blue, wind-ruffled water thronged with feathered argosies whose varied colors shone and glinted in the sun. Squadrons of big green-headed mallards floated there, slender pintails riding the little ripples with swan-like elegance and grace, widgeons whose white crowns gleamed with a silvery sheen, little blue-winged and green-winged teal resting idly or swimming slowly about in

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Room by Pierre Dutel, a leader of the French Provencal revival.

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There's Tintedge (as shown in the painting) and Tintall. And now—the newest and smartest of all—Pipedtint and Paneltint! Pipedtint sports but a "hint of a tint"—a tiny piping of pastel shades at the hems (reminiscent of the fine art of needlework of the earlier days.) Paneltint—a really stunning sheet, has a broad Roman stripe of color down the sides and along the hems. To see them is to want them! And it's nice to know that besides being so smart they also wear long after ordinary sheets are gone and forgotten.

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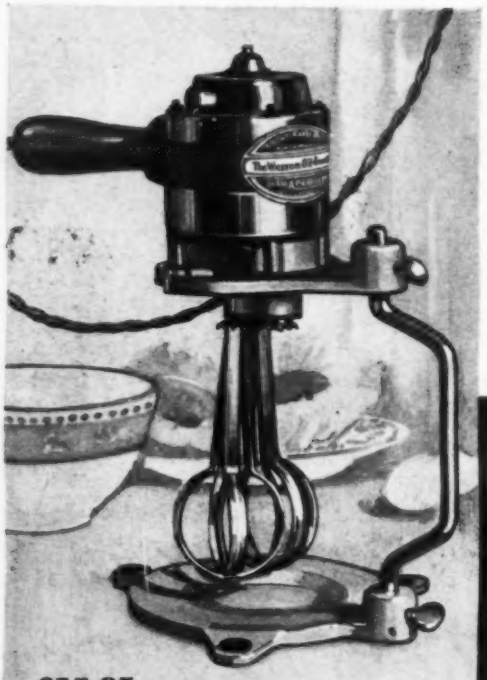

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Carolina Christmas

small, compact companies. Overhead passed other squadrons of ducks, some of them speeding on without pause on swiftly-beating wings, others swerving in the air and swinging down against the wind to join the flocks already floating in the shallows. Companies of coots, their white bills shining like nickel, swam, with an awkward bobbing of heads and a ceaseless gabble of conversation, near the reedy shores. There also a flock of bluebill ducks floated and, near them, three hooded mergansers, two females and a splendid male with fully erected crest.

Flocks of red-winged blackbirds swept over at frequent intervals; killdeer plovers passed from time to time, sending down their mellow cries; kingfishers darted swiftly by or hung poised on beating wings above the waters. A great bird came from the east and passed a hundred yards to my right—a lone wild goose. Snipe rose before me with their short, harsh cries; a king rail showed itself for an instant amid the reeds; out from a little rush-bordered cove a fleet of twenty-five wood ducks, most of them gorgeous males, drifted toward the open water. Marsh hawks were nearly always in sight, gliding on up-curved wings low above the rushes, while again and again in the upper air I saw red-tailed and red-shouldered hawks soaring in circles and, high above them, three great bald eagles sweeping round and round without a movement of their mighty pinions.

The eagles were too far up to be an immediate menace to the coots, yet the latter watched them closely, knowing that at any moment one of them might fold his wings and drop like a meteor from on high. Then, if any coot had ventured too far from the rush-grown edges, a tragedy of the rice fields might be enacted. I witnessed no such drama that morning, but drama was not needed; the panorama of life spread before me and above me was sufficient in itself. Yet that panorama was not unusual. On many a winter morning, when the ice has its grip on the North and all life seems to have perished, the lover of wild nature may see here in the Carolina plantation country sights to delight his soul.

Suddenly I heard far away the voices of the dogs. Listening, I made sure that they were drawing nearer, heading apparently for the same swamp where the first drive had been started, the swamp for which the big pine where I had been posted was the best stand. Leaving the feathered squadrons floating on the rice-field waters, I hurried through the woods and resumed my station at the foot of the pine. Sitting there, with my back against the trunk of the tree, I watched eagerly the sun-dappled forest aisles before me.

Deer in the Pine Wood

Down those long aisles I could see a dense wall of greenery—myrtle, bay, smilax, jessamine, and other evergreen growths—marking the edge of the swamp. There was an opening in this green wall directly in front of me and perhaps a hundred yards away; and suddenly, a little to the left of this opening, something moved.

It was almost invisible amid the lights and shadows of the pine wood; for a moment I was conscious only of movement and could discern no living shape. Then, all at once, I saw them—two deer, a doe and a young buck with slender arching antlers—standing motionless, their heads lifted high. At that moment there came a burst of louder music from the dogs, and instantly the two deer wheeled and went bounding away through the forest.

I sat motionless at the foot of my pine and, with quickened breath, watched them go. Seen far off amid the straight boles of the pines, they were like phantoms floating through the wood: they were not running, it seemed, but floating along above the ground, rising and falling in long, graceful curves. For some moments they moved along the swamp edge, the doe in the lead; then they swung away from the swamp and out into the pine wood, and I feared that in another moment they would be lost to view. They were going away, bearing to my left; but when they had almost vanished, they veered again in a wide arc so that once more they were running, or rather floating, broadside to me, with that swift, undulating, birdlike motion which reminded me of swallows on the wing.

From the swamp came another louder burst of sound. My eyes were on the deer, and I could see their speed increase. Back of me a long, narrow tongue of marsh thrust far into the pine wood, and this marsh could be crossed easily only at one place where an abandoned causeway traversed it. In order to reach this causeway leading across the marsh, deer driven out of the swamp by the dogs generally ran close by the pine where I was stationed. The two deer that I was watching had evidently decided at first upon a different course; but suddenly, for some reason known only to themselves, they changed their minds and, wheeling in full flight, came bounding on straight for my pine.

They did not see me. Sitting motionless against the trunk of the tree with which my brown corduroys harmonized perfectly, I was all but invisible. Thinking not of danger in front but of the increasing clamor of the pack in the swamp behind, they dashed on to what would have been almost certain death if I had been one who had come to kill.

Passed Swiftly By Me

Many a hunter, waiting thus at his stand, has seen deer coming directly toward him just as these deer were coming; but he does not see, he *can not* see, the litheness and the gracefulness and the wonder of them as they come bounding on, for he is thinking of them only as game, and his brain is fevered with the desire to kill. Shutting my eyes, I can see them now, coming straight to me out of the heart of the forest, floating, gliding, bounding high, buoyantly rising, gracefully descending, not like earth-bound creatures, but like swift-winged birds in the lightness and the soaring splendor of their long, curving leaps. They passed within ten feet of me, and if there was any sound of hoofs I did not hear it: to me it seemed that they did not touch the ground at all, but passed like impalpable shapes of misty sunlight, and in an instant were gone. So ended for me that Christmas deer hunt.

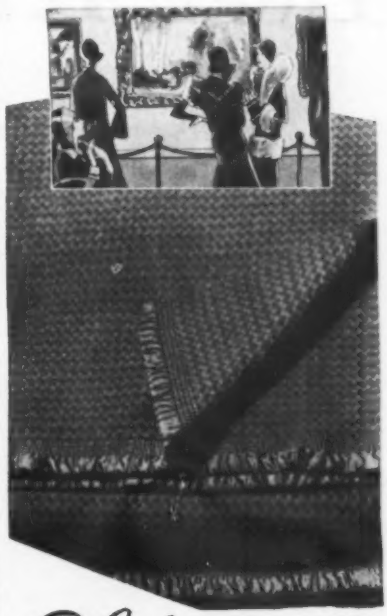
It does not end thus for most of the hunters. Deer are abundant in the plantation country and deer hunting is now, as in the old days, a favorite sport. Nor does the Christmas deer hunt, whether it is held on Christmas Eve or on Christmas Day, really end when the horns are sounded to recall the hounds and the horsemen. It will be lived over again around the table, groaning with many good things; all the incidents of the hunt will be recounted, and every hunter will have some interesting happening to relate. Then comes the climax of the day's merry-making, for if the Christmas dinner is true to tradition, it may well be a feast rivaling in variety that with which King Arthur's knights are said to have regaled themselves at Christmas time:

> "Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
> Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
> Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan, and bustard,
> Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine,
> Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies, and custard,
> And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine."

That is a noble, although to our modern notion, a somewhat outlandish menu; but a real, old-fashioned, plantation Christmas dinner should provide an equally potent inspiration

COROT

SYMBOL OF BEAUTY IN ART



Lady Seymour

The Deauville
Pastel Shades Interwoven With White

SYMBOL OF BEAUTY IN BLANKETS

How the signature of a master confirms your estimate of the beauty of a painting . . . how it establishes, beyond all question, its value. In a similar manner, the Lady Seymour label distinguishes a fine wool blanket. It is your assurance that the beauty of the blanket lies in more than its glorious color, its smart design, its deep-napped fluffiness and buoyancy. It tells you that the blanket is all wool, *all carefully selected, fine, long-fibre wool.* It tells you that it is the work of craftsmen who know how to place and weave the fibres to enmesh the greatest number of the warmth-giving air cells. It tells you that Lady Seymour Blankets, will retain their lovely color and shape. Single and double weaves, reversibles, plaids, coverlettes, crib blankets. Reasonable. Beautifully boxed. At your dealer's.

Lady Seymour BLANKETS

Free—A Valuable Book About Blankets
Write today for Lady Seymour's free booklet: *"How to Choose and Care for Blankets."*
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Please send Lady Seymour's free booklet to:
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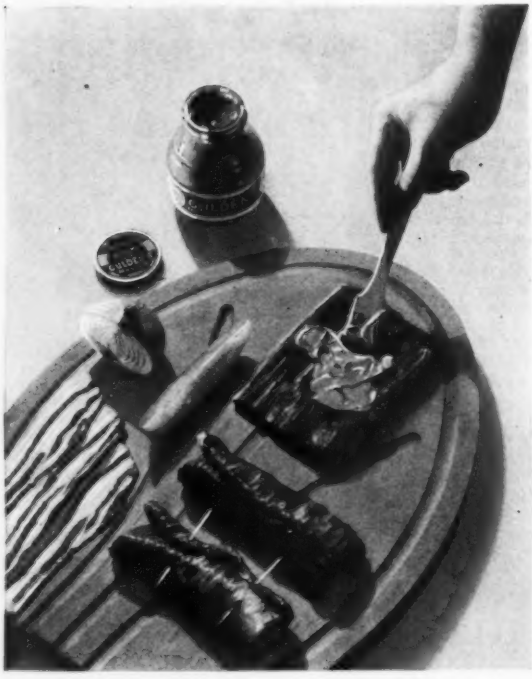
In using advertisements see page 6

Savory Beef Rolls



Skilfully Seasoned to a Man's Taste

Spread flank steak with Gulden's Mustard. Cut in strips. Place slice of dill pickle, a slice of bacon and a slice of onion on each strip, roll and fasten with tooth picks. Sear in hot fat. Nearly cover with water and pot roast for 1½ hours.

Here is a wonderful dish for cold weather appetites—nourishing meat skilfully seasoned to exciting perfection. And of course that is the secret of all cooking—to season so that the most ordinary food tastes like the creation of a famous chef.

It is so simple when you use Gulden's Prepared Mustard. Here is an all-in-one seasoning that brings out a hidden goodness in meats and fish, gives new appeal to sauces and gravies and makes left-over dishes better than the first time.

Rare and delicate spices from far lands and the finest mustard seeds from the richest soil combine to make Gulden's the most delicious blended mustard. Since 1864 Charles Gulden, Inc. have been making mustard—and *nothing but mustard*—and in all those years Gulden's is the only prepared mustard that has taken prizes at World Fairs and Institutes.

★

New Recipes Free

Send for our recipe book of seasoning secrets compiled by expert cooks, and the new leaflet of appetizers. Enclose ten cents if you also want a 2-ounce bottle of Gulden's Mustard.

CHARLES GULDEN, INC., DEPT. J-54,
50 ELIZABETH ST., NEW YORK CITY

☐ Please send me a free copy of "Seasoning Secrets", containing 76 recipes with a new taste-thrill, and the new leaflet on appetizers.
☐ I enclose 10 cents for a 2-oz. sample bottle of your delicious seasoner, as well as recipe booklet.

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Address.....
City.....*State*.....

GULDEN'S Mustard » » »

USE IT AS A SEASONING IN COOKING

Carolina Christmas

for the poet who worships, if only for the occasion, a gastronomic muse.

Wild turkey, venison, and roast pig; wild ducks from the rice fields, black bass from the old rice-field backwaters, woodcock, quail and snipe; calapash, perhaps, if the weather has been warm enough to bring the terrapins out—a marvelous dish composed principally of terrapin baked in the shell; hogshead cheese and sausage and home-cured ham; rice, of which there should be great plenty, for all plantation people are worshipers of rice; Hoppin' John, which is spelled in several ways, all of them correct, and which is made of boiled cowpeas, rice, and ham or bacon; candied sweet potatoes, macaroni and vegetables of various kinds; plum puddings, mince pies, and fruit cakes—all these are plantation dishes held in high esteem, and many of these, though hardly all of them at once, are likely to adorn the board on Christmas Day.

Later, perhaps, there will be a dance in the largest room of the old house, or huge bonfires will be lighted out-of-doors, and the negroes from the cabins will come and sing their beautiful spirituals under the moss-curtained branches of the oaks gleaming now silver and now saffron in the flickering radiance of the flames.

The fires burn low at last—the bonfires under the oaks and the great logs in the wide fireplaces of the Big House. The holly and the mistletoe will wither, the red cassina berries will shrivel slowly and fall. There will be few more plantation Christmases like those of the old days, for now the times are changing fast. But the old house of many memories has one more precious memory to cherish—another Christmas celebrated under its roof with gladness and with laughter, those great gifts of the Giver of life, who surely desires that his children shall be happy on Christmas Day.

"Once Upon a Time—"

(*Continued from page 25*)

who had been born in Bethlehem had returned.

"The ass grew sleepier. Benjamin tried to keep him awake by asking him more questions. There were so many things he was anxious to know; it was so long since he had talked to any one. He was anxious to learn why a man as old as Joseph had married so young a woman, and why Mary was so tired when all day the little ass had carried her.

"The ass became sullen. 'Do stop talking!' he grumbled. 'It'll soon be morning.'"

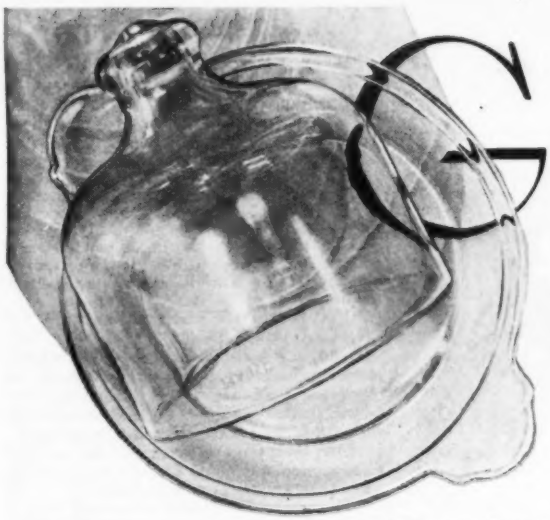
"He wasn't very friendly, Daddy."

"Neither are you, Doodles, when your eyes won't stay open and the sandman has made his rounds. When Benjamin could find out nothing more he cuddled close to the ass for the sake of warmth."

"Was it cold in the stable, Daddy?"

"Bitter. But soon the stable began to grow mysteriously warm; not only warm—it became fragrant with flowers, rousing memories of palace gardens. Benjamin wondered what could be happening. He turned quietly so as not to disturb the other animals. Darkness was vanishing. From the stall which the old man and his young wife were occupying, a faint light was glowing and spreading. Every minute it grew stronger, flooding roof and rafters. The little ox was seeing a sight too wonderful to explain to anybody. In the stall which the poor couple had entered, he saw the woman sitting, balancing a naked, new-born baby on her lap as though he were a lamp. It was from the baby that the light shone, piercing and dazzling. Benjamin glanced at the other animals that he might guess what they were thinking. They were deep in slumber and had not stirred. He felt he ought to do something quite different from anything that he had ever done before. Twisting about so as to face the child, he put his little knees together and knelt."

"Did he kneel, Daddy, 'cause the child was Jesus?"



GIFTS
sparkling with beauty that work menu-magic

THESE shining gifts of Pyrex ovenware enable good cooks to work veritable menu-magic by bringing extra flavor to everyday foods . . . cutting dishwashing time almost in half, and adding new beauty to the dinner table.

The luscious dishes baked in gleaming Pyrex resistant glass have a savory taste that the cookery of old-style kitchenware can never quite duplicate.

Foods baked in Pyrex ware go proudly . . . directly . . . from oven to table, eliminating many pots and pans. And each one is served at its peak of perfection. Stuffed tomatoes, baked apples, crumb-crusted dishes au gratin, cooked *and served* in Pyrex dishes, run no risk of breaking apart before they are passed!

These good-looking gifts that never wear out will cost you as little as 10¢ apiece for the popular custard cups, or $5.15 for the 10-piece set that completely equips the bride's kitchen for all regular baking needs.

In the center illustration at the bottom of the page are the new Refrigerator Dishes . . . each one designed to do the work of three. The lucky lady who finds these under her Christmas tree can prepare dinner foods in the morning . . . keep them iced and fresh all day . . . bake them to succulent goodness . . . and serve in tempting style . . . *all in the same dish!*

PYREX BELL-TOP DISH seals in the juice and flavor and serves foods piping hot. Eggs, fruits, mushrooms and meats cook to perfection in this graceful dish. Both pieces, $1.25.

COVERED CASSEROLES are ideal for savory meat dishes, baked fruits or vegetables, and deep-dish pies. Two-quart size, round, square, or oval, is $2.00. At slightly higher cost you may order engraving on entire dish or cover only, as shown here.

The new Divided Dish and the Pyrex Two-Piece Dish are winning a golden reputation for usefulness . . . and the captions under their pictures give just a hint of the menu-magic that they hold for clever cooks!

Among the glass and china of the hardware and department stores in your own city, you will find all these Pyrex dishes and a host of others. Many pieces are engraved in graceful designs similar to that shown above . . . a smart touch for Christmas giving.

FREE . . . Book of 30 Menus

Write Corning Glass Works, Dept. P-76 Corning, N. Y., for booklet of meals cooked in 20, 30, 45 minutes.

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT NAME)

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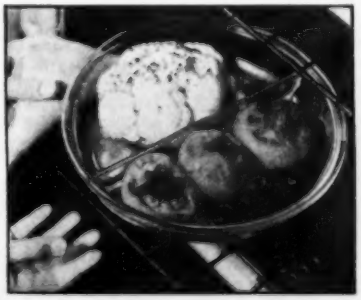
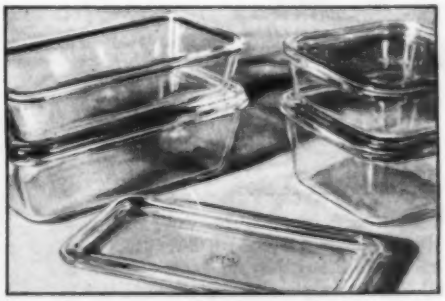
Prices slightly higher in the West and Canada.
Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE DIVIDED DISH bakes two foods at once or cooks one food in two ways. The same dish au gratin and plain, to please all the family; food highly seasoned for grown-ups and in simple form for youngsters . . . are everyday duties for this dish. Only $1.50.



THE PYREX REFRIGERATOR SET will do triple duty for busy housewives. Any one piece in the set of four takes the place of mixing bowl, icebox dish, baking pan and serving dish. Cooks to perfection almost any kind of meat, as well as fruit, vegetables and puddings. In four styles and sizes, from 85¢ to $1.40 each, or only $4.40 for the set.

THE TWO-PIECE DISH bakes foods the new, waterless way . . . healthful and flavorful. The steam drips down from the top of the dish and foods simmer slowly in their own juices. Or, turn the top over and there's a matched set of good-looking dishes that cost only $2.00!

In using advertisements see page 6

Wouldn't you like

to try the

SUN-BROWNED *cereal*

. . so delicious
that millions of children and grown-ups welcome it eagerly every morning.

. . so nourishing
that doctors have urged it for over 50 years.

. . so quick-cooking
that it takes only 2 minutes to prepare. ★

. . so inexpensive
that it costs less than 1¢ a dish.

Tastes Good

Wheatena

The delicious SUN-BROWNED wheat cereal

3 delicious servings FREE

We want you to taste the delicious flavor of this wonderful SUN-BROWNED wheat cereal—Wheatena. Just mail this coupon and we'll send you 3 generous servings FREE.

Name.....

Address..... GH-12-30

The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

"Once Upon a Time—"

"He knelt because the child was the son of God. He, the poor little despised ox, was the first creature on earth who ever knelt to the son of God. And the baby smiled at him. Benjamin was quite sure that he smiled. To the end of his life the memory of that smile lasted."

"Why lasted, Daddy?"

"It sort of healed him, Doodles. It made him forget that he was nobody and that everything was unhappy. It promised him that nothing unkind in the future would really matter. Here's what it did truly: it protected him against ever again having his feelings hurt too much."

"That's what the smile of Jesus does for everybody, isn't it, Daddy?"

Daddy caressed the silky head. "Of course, Benjamin wanted all the other animals to share that smile. He nudged the little ass, but he was far away in sleepy-by land. So were all the hard-worked beasts in their separate stalls. It didn't seem right to Benjamin. He was still kneeling and wondering what he ought to do, when there came a humble knocking."

"The shepherds," Mackie whispered.

"Precisely. When Joseph opened the stable door, there they stood with their crooks and woolly coats, glittering with frost. The first thing they did on seeing the baby was to fall down on their knees; then one of them told breathlessly how they had been watching their flocks beneath the stars, when an angel had appeared to them, announcing that in a stable at Bethlehem the long-awaited Savior had been born. The heavens had opened; they had seen and heard a host of other shining angels singing, 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.'

"While they told their wonderful story, the little ox joined them in kneeling. All the while he was thinking, 'No angels appeared to me, but when the Savior was born I was the first to kneel to him.'

"When the shepherds had worshiped, they returned to their flocks. Joseph closed the door. The animals settled back to sleep. All again was silence.

"How long did the silence last? Suddenly it was broken by a rush of feet in the stable yard, the muttering of voices, the tinkling of camel bells."

MACKIE trembled with excitement. "Did all these fings happen the same night, Daddy?"

"You and I are poets, Doodles. All the poets and painters have liked to think they did, and the Bible doesn't say that they didn't. This time the knocking on the stable door was more important. When Joseph opened, there stood three kings in their robes and jewels, their richly clad servants crowding behind them. The oldest, who was even older than Joseph, spoke for them. They had seen a star in the East which had beckoned to them. And, lo, the star which they had seen had gone before them and had halted over the place where the King of kings was resting."

"The King of kings was Jesus, wasn't he, Daddy?"

"Of course. When their eyes met those of the baby, as he sat on his mother's lap filling the stable with glory, they threw themselves to the ground. From their robes they produced presents—gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Then they delivered a warning: in their search they had visited Herod, who was king of the Jews, you remember. He had been alarmed when they had shown him the star. They believed that if he discovered the young child, he would harm him."

"But why harm, Daddy? He was only a teensy-weensy baby."

"There couldn't be two kings of the Jews at the same time, Doodles. Herod felt that his reign might not be sure. To all this Benjamin listened, crouched on his little knees. He didn't gather the full meaning of it, for he was thinking proudly:

"'Because you've traveled so far you

E. H. Frederick
Formerly Administrative Ass't to Chairman U. S. Shipping Board

E. H. Frederick
formerly of the United States Shipping Board
tells why

He did *not* give up coffee

"I had for some years been up against the indigestion and sleeplessness that often go with coffee drinking," writes Mr. Frederick. "I could not indulge in any brand of regular coffee, nor even coffee substitutes. As a last resort I tried G. Washington's. Now I drink it regularly for breakfast and dinner—often taking two cups at a meal. I can drink this coffee without distress and insomnia, and cannot drink regular percolated coffee . . . Our household is most enthusiastic about G. Washington's."

* * * *

G. Washington's is real coffee—with all the invigorating, stimulating qualities of real coffee!

Yet it is coffee specially prepared so that you make it in the cup, instantly, by merely adding hot water! And because every cup is fresh-made in exactly the same way, every cup is clear, rich-flavored and wholesome.

G. Washington's coffee contains no bitter oils, no accidental woody infusions or unwanted rancid parts to upset digestion. It is pure coffee in its most modern and scientific form.

For a FREE SAMPLE write the G. Washington Coffee Refining Co., 404 Hanover Avenue, Morris Plains, N. J.

Mrs. Jennie Parkinson, Director of the Albany School of Cookery, says, "G. Washington's fine rich flavor, ease of preparation, deliciousness and economy, make for a product desired by discriminating housewives."

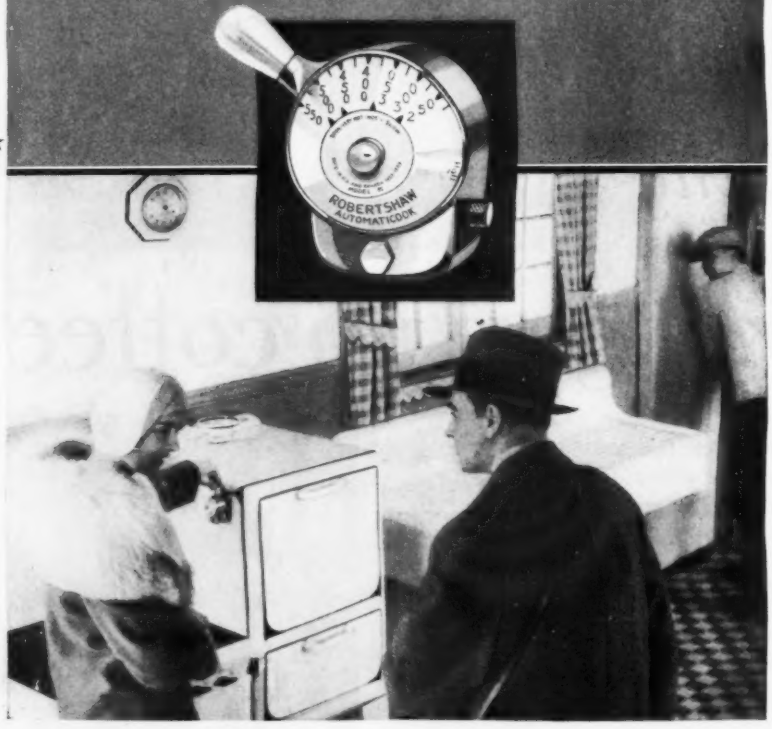
Dillon Wallace, Editor of the Camping Dept., of the Hunting & Fishing Magazine states, "Not only have I used G. Washington's upon exploring trips and on the trail during these many years, but I always have a can on hand at home."

The Boston School of Cookery reports, "The new G. Washington's coffee is certainly a labor saving product far more uniform in quality than the average 'Coffee-pot Coffee.' Everybody will appreciate the ease with which it can be served, as well as the unvarying quality."

* G. Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee part of the coffee bean

In using advertisements see page 6

ROBERTSHAW
AutomatiCook



Go take the ride
But Leave the Dinner in the Oven!

FORGET about dinner and don't give the turkey a thought. Enjoy the bracing air of these last autumn days. Winter will come soon enough. Stay outdoors while you can. Drive where you will. Come home as leisurely and carefree as you choose—the dinner will be ready to serve.

➤There's no mystery or magic about it—just the ever trustful Robertshaw, governing your range and controlling your cooking with modern, scientific, never-failing precision. The Robertshaw is that trim little device alongside the oven with its full-vision dial, gleaming porcelain handle, and clean chromium finish.

➤ In these days of good living, every woman has the right to a range that will serve her with a mechanical conscience. And there are a hundred good makes of ranges to choose from, all fitted with the Robertshaw by the makers. You always have full faith in the Robertshaw for it renders a one minute temperature check with clock-like precision.

➤The Robertshaw is part of the range and cannot be sold separately. Let your range dealer show you what a priceless helper it is!

Another cook book, yes, but one you would not even loan. Just send 25c to pay for packing and mailing.

Know the fine things controlled cooking will do for you—and the newest menus for Fall & Winter dinners.

ROBERTSHAW THERMOSTAT COMPANY
YOUNGWOOD, PENNA.

"Once Upon a Time—"

believe you are the first; the shepherds thought the same before you. But *I* was the first who ever knelt to him.'

"With courtly ceremony the three kings left the presence of Jesus. The tinkling of the camels' bells grew fainter. Till they were almost out of sight Joseph stood beyond the stable door, his eyes following them. This time, when he came in, he was troubled; he sighed when he latched the door.

"Darkness again. The little ox kept watch; he was waiting for something even more marvellous. All he heard was the old man muttering in his sleep.

"Toward dawn the old man wakened. He roused his young wife and spoke in excited whispers. To him, too, an angel had appeared in a dream—perhaps the same angel who had appeared to the shepherds. The angel had bidden him arise and flee with the young child and his mother into Egypt because Herod would seek the young child to destroy him."

"What a cruel man, Daddy, to want to kill a baby! But go on."

"Joseph and Mary quickly got ready to go away. The tired little ass, who had drowsed through everything, was coaxed to his feet and saddled. The woman was placed on his back with the baby hidden beneath her robe. Very stealthily Joseph approached the door for fear it would creak in the opening. Benjamin was the only animal who was awake to witness their going. Their visit seemed a dream when they had vanished."

"Is that all?"

"I'm afraid it is, Doodles. I can't think of anything else."

"But what happened to the little ox?"

"I don't know, son. If you do, tell me."

"I do, Daddy. It hadn't been a dream. Benjamin never thought it was. When his unkind master waked him with a kick, Benjamin didn't feel 'sulted. When he'd harnessed him to the cart and pricked him to make him go faster, Benjamin didn't feel even cross. He didn't care—and that's the trufe, Daddy."

"Why didn't he care, Doodles? He used to, most awfully. When the Roman lords in glittering chariots flashed past him, he'd have given anything to be a horse. When caravans of tinkling camels shuffled by him, he used to pretend he was a camel sailing across the desert."

"But he didn't any longer," Mackie corrected. "He was pleased to be a tiny ox no bigger than a calf."

"What had brought about the change, Doodles? I don't understand."

"He always bemembered, Daddy, that when the dear little Jesus was born—"

A tap fell on the door. Nannie stood on the threshold. "Bath ready, Monsieur Mackie."

Mac clambered down from his father's knee. Halfway to the door he turned.

"You see now, don't you, Daddy?"

"Perhaps I do."

"He always bemembered that when the dear little Jesus was born, he was the first person who ever kneeled to him. That was someting to make him proud, wasn't it, Daddy?"

With a wave of his pudgy hand he was gone.

DIAGONAL

By Daniel Henderson

I KNOW *a field, neglected by the town,*
That has a timid path obliquely through it:
As if a dingy ribbon fluttered down
To thwart a dandelion or a bluet.

IT TELLS *a story, yonder twisting road*
Through grudging grasses. Take a poet's guess:
'Tis not a short cut to a man's abode—
'Tis his long trail into a wilderness!

Alluring etched glass... by Heisey... *the most expressive gift*

Magnificent, surely, is the gift of fine glassware . . . that betokens gracious living and elegant hospitality. What an air this exquisite etched glass gives to holiday tables! And after, how treasured a possession!

Here is a creation by Heisey that evokes instant admiration ... a touch of smart originality in its design . . . adornment of delicate tracery . . . and, through sure artistry, a complete beauty that will always charm.

You may choose the sparkling crystal, or there is the interesting *Sahara* color to add a soft gleam of gold to the picture of one's table. An appealing combination of *crystal* and *Moongleam* is offered, too. In complete table services, these are being shown by leading *department stores*, *gift shops* and *glassware stores*, along with other designs of Heisey's superb glassware.

"*Gifts of Glassware*" contains a wealth of suggestions to help you choose a gift to delight another . . . or one that you, yourself, will cherish. Write for your copy.

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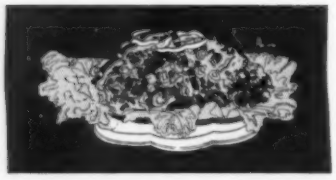

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My Story

(*Continued from page 29*)

CHAPTER XV

I DID not want a career. The word has never been used in the family and never will be. I "work" in the intervals when I am not doing anything else, but there is no real career and never has been.

But I began to work now, to write fast and furiously, to listen with a sinking heart for the postman, to glance at the mail in a maid's hands and know at an incredible distance the envelope containing a returned manuscript. Now and then one was accepted. The checks at first were small, from ten to thirty dollars, but I was learning a new profession and being paid while I learned.

I had everything but time. That came in scraps, a few minutes here, a half-hour there. My husband was busy with his practice, and the best hours were in the evening, while he made his rounds.

To bolster up my faulty craftsmanship I resorted to plot, that crutch of the beginner, that vice of the experienced writer. I devised weird and often horrible plots. I could think faster than I could write, devise plots and put them on paper with amazing speed.

That first year I sold a total of forty-five stories and novelettes, at prices ranging from six dollars up. And at the end I found that I had earned a total of eighteen hundred and fifty-two dollars and fifty cents!

Then I committed my first extravagance. I went out and paid twenty dollars for a large, flat-topped desk. Most of that early work had been done on a card table.

All this time I sat in my house and looked out at life. Yet it had extended somewhat; I had gone to New York once or twice, knew Bob Davis well and one or two other editors casually. I was still making the children's clothing, doing the mending, even struggling with my own garments. Soon I was to work on a play with David Belasco through a hot summer and was to see him smile with amusement when I told him I had myself made those summer frocks!

Nor had tragedy quite abandoned us. My sister's child was born, a beautiful girl, to die as a very small child of poison she had found. They buried her from our house, and it seemed to me that God had become Jehovah again. It was not possible to let her go away, so far and so alone, that baby.

It almost killed my sister, and my mother was definitely saddened.

OTHER things were happening. Aunt Sade, in that pretty house near Cincinnati, was dying. She had a cancer. Uncle John sat quietly by the bed or stormed about the house. When I went to see her, she lay in her bed, still patrician, still dignified, with her lovely hands folded on her breast.

"I'm not going to get better, Mary."

"Oh, yes, you are, dear."

"Do you think it is cancer?"

"Certainly not. That's ridiculous."

Going out to cry in the hall, washing my eyes with cold water, and going back into that room.

"When you're better, you must come and see the boys."

"I'd love to see them."

Then, when she came, to look at her lying in her casket in our living room and really think about her. Had she been frail, after all, all these years? Had we been kind enough? And what had life given her, in those quiet, orderly houses, that she should have been taken like that?

My religion was still compounded partly of fear, partly of superstition. After Ted's recovery from what had been apparently death, I had commenced to go to church again. We took a sitting in a near-by Presbyterian church, and now the boys were old enough to go to Sunday school, for the Sabbath had now become Sunday. On Sunday mornings I dressed all three and took them to Sunday school; they went, little hostages to a possible enemy who could yet be both loving and kind. Surely since they were so small, so endearing, the God who came when two or three were gathered together in His name would look after them.

At night they said their prayers. Their father stood by, or I did, and they repeated the childish prayers, praying for long lists of unexpected people to make it interesting.

When the second boy was somewhat older, I discovered that he had fine hair, like my father's, and as my father had been bald, I suggested that he massage his scalp once a day. He chose the time when he was saying his prayers to do this, arguing that he could do it without thinking about it, and I can still see that small figure reverently kneeling and vigorously rubbing its scalp!

I NEVER worked when the boys were in the house, or their father. In those early days I was still writing at home, but the slam of the front door—all four of them were door-bangers—the shout of "Mother"—was the signal to stop. I still do that. My early determination never to let my work interfere with the family life continues. Once in a while under pressure I disappear for an hour or so, but those times are rare. The family came first; it always has—it always will.

In those early days I wrote at a small mahogany wall desk, not too comfortable, which I had brought with me on my marriage, and later at a card table. I used large notebooks, and at last I had a typewriter. Uncle George had given it to me. He was "Uncle George" to the boys, but he was my husband's cousin, and Saturday nights were Uncle George nights. Bedlam broke loose then, pillows were dragged from the beds and hurled up and down stairs after flying figures, the two men and the three children shouted and shrieked, and more than once a pillow burst and for days we were gathering up feathers. And Uncle George owned a typewriter, an old one. It had what was called a scientific keyboard, and as it did not resemble any other keyboard on earth, I have never used a typewriter since. I learned that one, using the forefingers of each hand, and first I wrote my material in longhand, and then copied it in type.

It was a painful process. Sometimes I tried a bit of copying while the baby was about, but he had a habit of rushing up and smacking down a key or two, with odd results. I gave it up at last, but not before I had copied all of "The Man in Lower Ten" on it, and a multitude of short stories. It was curious about those stories, and in a way it is still curious about my work. I had at my finger tips a wealth of material which I would not use. I knew better than the average the weaknesses of mankind, the errors. I had seen human relations at their most naked, human emotions when the bars were down and the soul peered out, heroic, cowardly, or defiant. Yet I could not write of these things. I did not want to recall them. To this moment realism is easy for me, much easier than other writing. Why should it not be? I knew life as it is and not as we would want it to be.

I had a hundred stories in my own experience. I had not lived for two years in the Tenderloin without knowing them. I had cared for prostitutes, for kept women, and after their habit they had poured their tragedies, hates, and passions into my ears. I knew the feeble self-deceptions by which they justified themselves. I had looked after a young college woman, intelligent and beautiful, brought in from such a house after taking poison. I knew a nurse who had entered such an establishment, the only nurse in my knowledge so to abase herself. Stories, all of them, real and terrible, but why write them?

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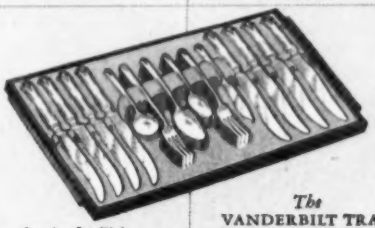

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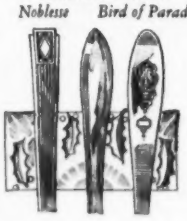

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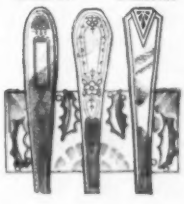

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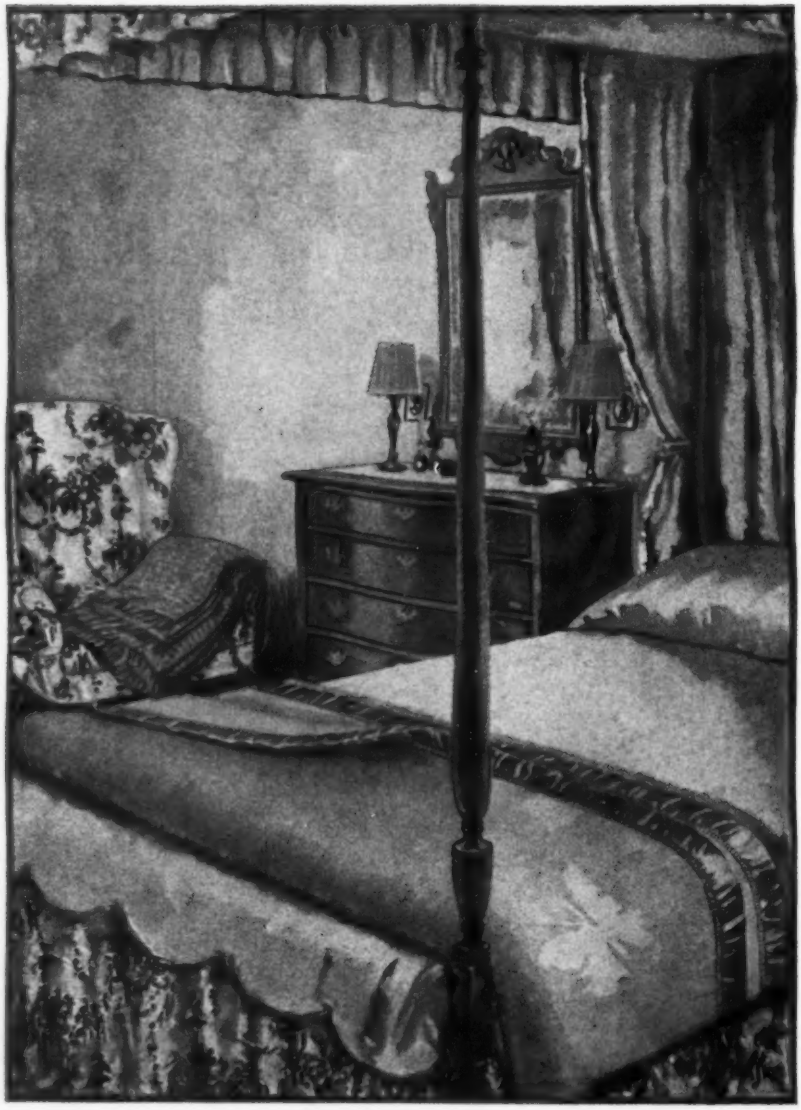

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My Story

the public libraries. Children read them as well as adults, and I remembered the little girl of years ago. There was a difference now. Children knew more, were more sophisticated. They did not read for the story alone, as I in my ignorance had read. I have gone over a piece of work with those children in mind, blue-penciled it, cleaned it. Years ago I destroyed one novel, complete, because an editor in rejecting it told me that I had written of a rather nasty lot of people!

So I turned to romance, adventure, crime; crime, where the criminal is always punished and virtue triumphant.

I had learned, through lack of time, to sit down at my desk, pick up my pen, and go to work. But my health was still bad. Every now and then I had to go back to the hospital, and it was while another operation was pending that I wrote my first long story, called "The Man in Lower Ten." I had had no confidence in my ability to sustain interest for any length of time, and no desire whatever to write a book. A book was for real writers. As a matter of fact, the carbon copy of "The Man in Lower Ten" lay in my desk for three years after serialization before the fact that it had book possibility was brought home to me. Lay with my second serial, "The Circular Staircase," accumulating the ever-penetrating smoke and dirt of Pittsburgh, and only by chance brought into the open at all.

It was Bob Davis of *Munsey's*, for whom I had been doing considerable writing, who asked me to try my hand at a long story. I should not have done it, I think, had I been well and active; but I was obliged to spend most of my time in a chair, and so it was written in a series of notebooks held in my lap.

CHAPTER XVI

"THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE," although my second serial, was my first book. I liked mystery, and it was easy for me. It has always been comparatively simple, although a logical crime story requires more concentration than any other type of writing, bar none. A crime novel is a novel and requires the technique of the novel. In addition, however, it must have the involved consistent plot, the ability to tell as much as possible and yet to conceal certain essential facts. It can never afford to depend on its thrills, although after the success of "The Bat" I was to see dozens of plays depending only on those, and throwing aside all consistency and all appeal to the intelligence in a mad rush for sensational and horrifying stage effects.

My health was improving now, I was cheerful again, my sense of humor had returned. And—strange to relate—"The Circular Staircase" was intended to be a burlesque on the serious, self-important crime story. When later on as a book it was taken seriously, and the reviews began to come in, I was almost overwhelmed. It was, however, not to be a book for a long time.

I had decided to write plays! It looked quite simple to me. One merely moved a number of people on and off the stage and let them talk. As they talked, they told a story. How easy! I bought a book, "The Technique of the Drama," but it seemed rather silly to me. It talked of the unities, and of many other matters which did not interest me. Why bother? Get on with the play. I decided to use as the big scene an automobile race, for the automobile had come. Not in numbers, but a few here and there. Out on the country roads certain lanes were closed off, and races were held. Now and then one did not succeed in making a turn, and some stake-and-rider fence saw a tragedy. The time had gone when one of the McMurtry boys had put a small steam engine into an old buggy of his father's, and had gone hissing like a teakettle around the neighborhood, stampeding all the horses.

This play was not to be a tragedy, however; there were two or three automobiles, and a panorama at the back was to revolve, so that they appeared to be going at full speed. It was a great and new idea. I could hardly wait to begin. True, I had no particular story in mind. Let the characters talk that out when the time came. I got an empty starch box from the laundry and knocked out one side. That was my stage. I took a dozen lead soldiers from the nursery and tied tags around their necks. They were the cast. And in three weeks I had written that play. Where is it now, I wonder? Where is that polite theatrical manager who was asked by some friends to dinner and to sit by afterward while I read the terrible thing aloud, quavering over the love scenes, shouting over the race? Dear me! Wherever he is, I apologize, I abase myself.

For it was dreadful. Supremely and terribly dreadful. Nothing that I ever saw as a play-reader for a New York agent later on—and I saw some bad ones—was as bad, as incredibly *naïve*, as utterly impossible, as that first play of mine. I finished, and the manager cleared his throat.

"It has—possibilities," he said.

But I knew. I had known as I read it.

I went back to short stories, to a serial now and then. I had published three serials now in minor magazines, receiving I think four hundred dollars each. There was more time, for the children were going to school. One day Uncle John came from Cincinnati to visit us and asked to read something I had written. I looked about, and found in my desk the battered, old carbon copy of "The Circular Staircase" and gave it to him. He read it all day, and I was greatly pleased when he hurried through his lunch to get back to it. When he had finished, he came to me.

"That's a book, Mary. You ought to have it published."

"It isn't good enough for a book."

"Certainly it is," he said stubbornly. "I've read a lot of worse books."

The idea rather amused my husband. His literary standards were high, and while he had regarded my writing leniently, it was also with a certain indulgence. Sometime in those years, too, I had happened on a sentence in Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque," "Certainly, never if I could help it, would I marry a woman who wrote," and that had impressed me. My writing, while open enough, was not to come between my husband and myself. I was rather timid when I mentioned the book then, but he said that it would do no harm to try.

THE next day I took those tattered pages to a bindery, where they agreed to shear off the soiled edges and to bind the manuscript in a flexible cover. They would even put the title in gilt letters on that cover, and all for the sum of three dollars. When it came back dressed up beyond recognition, I picked a publisher by the simple method of taking a story by Anna Katherine Green from the bookcase, noted the same—Bobbs Merrill of Indianapolis—and sent it off.

I had very little hope. Slowly I was beginning to realize that writing was an art, and that a great many people took that art seriously. I was still reading, but carefully now, studiously. I studied Stevenson, Sarah Orne Jewett. I read Anthony Trollope's life; twenty years of writing and no publisher accepting his work. I knew that I was almost fatally facile, often incredibly bad. I would read something finely done and quit writing in despair for days, for weeks. I took to studying Roget's Thesaurus, and I wore out one copy entirely and had to buy a second. I got out an old schoolbook of mine, "Trench on Words," and studied that.

And of course always I was living. My writing was only a small part of my world. The house, servants, children, friends, food, clothes, took most of my time. In such leisure as I had I wrote furiously, so that even now it requires

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these troubles that come from harsh toilet tissue . . .

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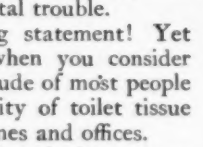

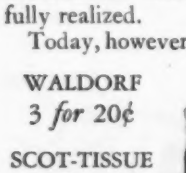

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December 1930 Good Housekeeping

My Story

a good secretary to keep up with me. No fountain pen flowed fast enough. I used, and still use, a fountain pen without the cap, since it is small and tight, but I do not fill it. I dip it, instead.

I still went to market three times a week, and it is entirely characteristic that over the butcher's telephone, out among various cuts of meat, I listened while my husband read me the publisher's letter which accepted my first book.

"My dear Mrs. Rinehart:

"I have read 'The Circular Staircase,' not only with pleasure but with thrills and shivers."

Thrills and shivers! What did he know of thrills and shivers, that man back in Indianapolis? The thrills and shivers were mine, bending over that gory meatstand. They would publish the book without cost to me, illustrate it, do everything. And the editor wanted to come on and talk about other books. Other books, and I had two ready for him; two books and a million ideas! I would write forever and ever, write books, write dozens of books.

I wired him to come on. My husband was smiling, greatly interested, but still rather amused, and I baked a cake that afternoon. A cake of mother's baking meant a party to the boys. I beat eggs and whipped icing and sang, and we had ice cream and cake for dinner that night.

"Is it a birthday?"

"No, just a special sort of day."

"What's a special sort of day?"

No start, I am aware, for a literary career. I should have been closeted in my study, realizing my grave and awful responsibility. I should have been, like Conrad and Chekov, writing agonized letters of futility. And so perhaps I would, had I been fully aware of my deficiencies.

That night I took stock of the guest room, for the editor had been wired to come and was coming at once. It was all right for ordinary guests, but an editor was different. The next day I bought new material for curtains and for a valance for the brass bed, and I sewed until late at night, before he arrived, to finish them. My mother again, doing over the parlor in the little brick house.

That was in 1907, and I had been writing for five years.

The editor came. Whether the curtains and the valance impressed him I do not know, but the two other manuscripts most certainly did. He sat in the living room all day, with dogs and children around him, and he read the two stories and accepted them. I was to publish not one book, but three. In the evening we gathered around the piano, and I played, and we all sang. The collie, too, always howled at those times, and I dare say that in a long experience he can remember no more domestic evening than that, nor any more unliterary atmosphere.

Three books meant emancipation. Already we had reduced the notes which had followed our loss in the stock market. Now they could be paid entirely. And not only that. I could rest a while, rest and write a play. I still wanted to write a play.

CHAPTER XVII

THAT first adventure of mine into the theater was not so much an extension of my world as an excursion into a new one. Into this new world I took my complete ignorance of its laws, a definite prejudice against its people which was the result of my early training, and all the arrogance of my trifling success. I went in armed with suspicion and bristling with mistrust, to be disarmed almost immediately with kindness and friendliness.

The theater in 1908 was not the theater of today. It played to audiences less sophisticated and satisfied with milder fare, and these audiences had no divided allegiance, as now. They had their favorites, and would follow them through milk and water for the sheer joy

of seeing and hearing them. Casting for type rather than for acting ability had barely commenced. Nevertheless, the life of the profession was extremely hard. Actors were rehearsed without salary and might be dismissed at any time without notice. I have seen such shifts made at the last moment, after weeks of rehearsal, and I have myself been on the road with a company when the manager's funds gave out, and have had to help some of the cast to get back to New York.

This last, however, was not common. In this particular case a Western manager came into New York with a small sum, took over a play of mine which had failed, and proceeded to have it fail again with him, as was certainly to be expected.

Again, women as playwrights were supposed to have less chance of a good press than men. I think now that this was an error; certainly several women had written and produced successful plays and had been well received by the critics. But the idea was general among those agents whose business it was to place plays with managers, and when that first play of mine was finally produced, I was billed on it as Rinehart Roberts. So completely unknown was I still to the general public that this rather thin disguise answered for some weeks.

"The Circular Staircase," accepted I think in early spring, was not to come out until after the play. Only later on, when I had issued an injunction against star and play and closed the theater, were my name and sex revealed.

THAT first play came about in this manner: One night I saw Henry Miller playing David Garrick, and the next day I wrote a one-act play. I took for it that first story of mine, "The Alter Ego;" the man who had forgotten the middle years of his life and who, when the play opened, had roused from a stupor to think himself a young man again; who did not recognize his wife or his children, and whose big scene was played with a mirror in his hand, seeing a man's face and not a boy's.

It was drama, of course, and it was a new idea in the theater. No great war had shown us the automatic closing down of the mind as a result of shock or to shut off the unbearable. It might have made a fine one-act play, and indeed I believe that it would. But twice in my theatrical career I have tried to extend that idea, to make it into a full-length play, and have met with no great success. One play lasted two months in New York, one four, and no effort on earth could have held them any longer.

Armed with this brief manuscript, then, I went to New York, determined to see David Belasco. But it appeared that one did not see David Belasco; that he had thousands of plays submitted to him, and that playwrights had hung about New York for years on the chance of being able to corner him some time in a dark alley and tell him their ideas.

Nevertheless, I left that one-act play in the mailbox at the first stage-door I had ever seen, and gave the doorman a dollar to see that Mr. Belasco got it! Then I went away and waited, sitting in my hotel room and listening for the telephone. That was on Saturday, and on Sunday night Mr. Belasco did telephone. He wanted a three-act play for Frank Keenan, and I had a good idea. I was to meet him the next night at Mr. Keenan's dressing room in the theater and talk things over. Mr. Keenan and Blanche Bates were then making their long run in "The Girl of The Golden West," and the time was to come when I could have played Blanche Bates' part in that melodrama, so often had I seen it as I sat in the little box Mr. Belasco had reserved for me. But not then. Then I was startled. What! Go to an actor's dressing room in a theater? I thought of my husband, my children, my mother, and I declined.

Not until it was arranged that Mrs. Keenan call for me and take me there in Mr. Belasco's carriage, and Mr. Belasco himself bring me back, did I accept. And I can still see myself sitting in that little room while Mr. Keenan

Chilling gales threaten your health, comfort and looks

Smooth Skin. When it comes to a smooth skin, beauty and comfort go hand in hand, for who can either look or feel her best when her lips are dry, her complexion splotchy and her hands red and rough? Be wise and prevent minor skin irritations with applications of healing "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. If your skin should become chapped and sore, you can soothe it quickly by using the Jelly liberally at bedtime. Wipe off the surplus but leave a light film of Jelly on overnight. Even one such treatment will do wonders to restore your skin's fine texture.

Hands that are busy all day with dishpans and typewriters and golf clubs can be kept as lovely as any idler's by massaging with "Vaseline" Jelly and wearing old cotton or silk gloves over night.

Shaving. Tell your menfolks about this comfort shave—"Vaseline" Jelly spread on the face before lathering. It prevents razor pull and is very soothing to tender skin—and to normal skin, too. Men say it takes the stubbornness out of even a very tough beard. It is certainly a simple, quick way to insure a smooth, easy shave.

Colds. Prevent colds instead of curing them! Doctors recommend a daily lubrication of the nasal passages with "Vaseline" Jelly. At bedtime just snuff a bit into the nostrils. It guards against germs by spreading a protective film over the delicate membranes, and it soothes any inflammation. A spoonful of "Vaseline" Jelly is the very thing for a raspy throat, too. Of course it is perfectly harmless to take internally. It is safe to use for the baby, also. Apply it very gently to his nostrils with a sterile cotton swab, to prevent snuffles.

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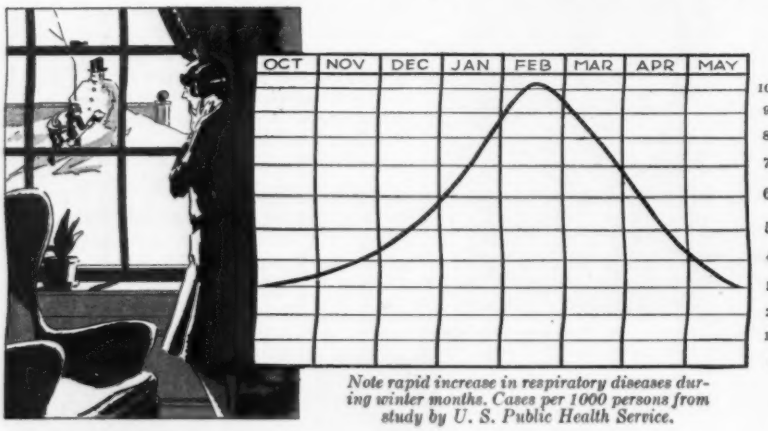
★ "Vaseline" Preparations will serve as your protection

In using advertisements see page 6

You know that winter brings

Lowered Resistance To Disease

But—do you know why?



Note rapid increase in respiratory diseases during winter months. Cases per 1000 persons from study by U. S. Public Health Service.

Do you know why the winter months are called the danger months? Do you know that science has discovered that the lowered resistance to disease during these months is a direct result of the scarcity in our winter diet of the twin Vitamins A and D—that in winter even the most common food sources of these precious vitamins often lack the health giving elements they so abundantly furnish in summer?

Most important of all, do you know that it is now possible to obtain an unfailing supply of these needed vitamins in a convenient palatable form?

Disease Resisting Vitamins of Cod Liver Oil Concentrated in Palatable Wafers

For many years cod liver oil has been a well-known source of supply of these vitamins but unfortunately its nauseous taste has prevented many people from obtaining the benefit of its remarkable health building properties.

Now after four years of research in the White Laboratories a way has been found to separate the essential health giving part of the oil from the nauseating portions. This useful part of the oil, containing the precious Vitamins A and D, has been concentrated and sealed in a tiny palatable wafer known as White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate.

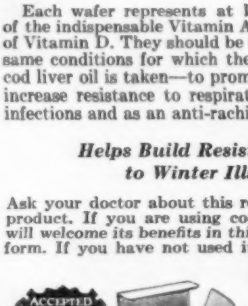
Careful Tests Insure Effectiveness of Concentrate

This concentrate is subjected to the most rigid "biological assays," which your doctor will tell you are the only reliable tests for checking the effectiveness of vitamin-bearing preparations. The concentrate is so effectively sealed in the pleasant tasting wafers that tests of the product manufactured more than two years ago show that even after this period the concentrate has lost none of its original value.

Each wafer represents at least 250 units of the indispensable Vitamin A and 100 units of Vitamin D. They should be used under the same conditions for which the best grade of cod liver oil is taken—to promote growth, to increase resistance to respiratory and other infections and as an anti-rachitic.

Helps Build Resistance to Winter Ills

Ask your doctor about this remarkable new product. If you are using cod liver oil you will welcome its benefits in this pleasant new form. If you have not used it before, make sure that your family has an adequate supply of the disease-resisting vitamins during the coming dangerous months. If you start now it will help to build the strong, healthy bodies needed to resist the ills so common in winter.



★ *White's*

Cod Liver Oil CONCENTRATE

ORIGINALLY **COD-LIV-X**

BIOLOGICALLY STANDARDIZED FOR POTENCY AND STABILITY

My Story

changed his trousers behind a screen, and feeling strange and rather improper.

The idea was good, said Mr. Belasco; I even had a sense of theater. But he wanted a three-act play. I was to go home and make it into a three-act play and then come back to him. It did not seem strange to me that he should do all this, or that the element of luck had played any particular part in the matter. It was a time of miracles, and I had commenced to accept miracles as rather common, after all.

Mr. Belasco took me back to the hotel that night himself and saw me safely inside. I think he was amused at me and at himself, at my stiff propriety and his own concession to it, and during the following months he never failed to observe toward me a sort of whimsical deference. What he thought of me as a playwright I have a very fair idea, but as a young woman I must have puzzled him. This young woman who had picked out of the air a good theatrical idea, who wore summer dresses which she made herself, who was eternally rushing back to her family and giving only the tag-end of her mind to her play, must have been something quite new to him.

BELASCO'S great gift was, and is, largely in his producing, but he has a strong sense of theatrical values, an ability to take a scene, twist and turn it about, and in the end give it a new and surprising importance. This is rather more than producing. His power is partly visual, and he must have a script to work from. Invention as invention I think he lacks, and story is only incidental. He has no plot sense whatever, but in his technique of the stage and his sense of scene he is a master. The stage to him is a series of effects, gradually building to a *dénoûement* which is also an effect.

But I learned a great deal from him in the months which followed, months when I went home to re-write the play and brought it back to read to him. Not only did he talk of the play; he talked of the stage, its uses and limitations. He made me study "The Girl of The Golden West" for structure, sent me to rehearsals of other plays.

He was very superstitious. Once he picked up a horseshoe in the street and gave it to me, wrapped in a newspaper, "for luck to the play." And he was extravagant. He told me once that he could not trust himself with money, and that the men about him watched him to see that he was not too reckless with it. Also he was by way of being no mean actor himself. He was rather like a boy sometimes in the way he dramatized himself. His very entrance into a room was like an entrance on to a stage.

I liked him. We got on famously together. We even had our little jokes.

"Did you make *that* dress yourself?"

"Yes, and I made two right sleeves for it!"

Sometimes I am sure he thought that I sewed better than I wrote plays, but he was tact itself. He was very business-like, however. I would read my manuscript in that small office at the Belasco Theater, generally after the evening performance. Then he would take me to Jack's for a bit of supper and send me back to my hotel in his open victoria. I would drive down Fifth Avenue, empty at that hour, and listen to the clack of the horses' feet on the paving, and it seemed a long way back to the hospital, to that dead woman who fell out of bed.

Then, with the end in sight, we came to a parting of the ways. Through his business manager he offered me a lump sum for the play, and not a large one at that. I should have taken it, for he had worked with me, and a Belasco production would have meant everything to a new playwright; given him the play, if need be, for the priceless training I had had and for the prestige. But I had been mixing more or less with theatrical people, and I had the novice's exaggerated idea of the value of my script.

I went to see Mrs. de Mille, a theatrical agent, and the mother of William and Cecil,

and the upshot was that she offered to place the play elsewhere for me. Moreover, she offered me a home with her, and from that time on for many years I stayed with her when I was obliged to be in New York. A remarkable woman she was, and although I was to have my periods of irritation with her, I always admired her and felt a strong affection for her. The widow of a playwright, Henry C. de Mille, she was to live to see in California both William and Cecil succeeding in the new field of the movies beyond her wildest dreams. When many years later I was to go into moving pictures with Goldwyn, she came to see me one day and took me for a drive in a brand-new car. She drove it herself, and it was rather a hair-raising experience, but she was indomitable. She had always been indomitable.

There, with her in New York, was a new life indeed, that casual, comfortable life of all people affiliated with the theater. Meals were good, but made their appearance when somebody was hungry. Bedtime was any time after two in the morning. Minor catastrophes were laughed off, for she was a cheerful woman. And always there were people—managers, actors and playwrights. There was a tall, blue-eyed boy named Avery Hopwood, who had written a play for Grace George called "Clothes," and who told me one day that a fortune-teller had prophesied that he would die by drowning.

Only last year the Western Union operator in a small Western town called up the ranch to tell me that the Associated Press wire had just come in and that Avery Hopwood had been drowned at Nice. Poor Hop! All those years of security and success, the prophecy perhaps forgotten, and then . . .

There and elsewhere I was to have many new contacts. Names that had been only names to me became people—friendly, charming people. Forbes Robertson, his wife Gertrude Elliott, and her beautiful sister Maxine, Grace George, Francis Wilson, Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe—to be met again long after at the Roosevelt luncheon table at Oyster Bay, and Walter Hampden, strangely enough later on to play the lead in a farce of mine. David Warfield, May Irwin, May Robson, Harry Warner. How they come back to me, these people, from a strange world. There were "Charlie" Frohman, who was to go down with the *Lusitania*, and Charles Klein who was to go down with him. There was Margaret Anglin, already aspiring to finer things in the theater, and Edmund Breese, reproving me for trying to be New Yorky and attempting my first cigarette; always now, when I see him in a picture, I remember that. There were Wagenhals and Kemper, the Shuberts, Charlie Dillingham, Winthrop Ames, the Selwyns, and also Frank B. Harris, who was drowned when the *Titanic* sank.

BUT I was with the theater, not of it. I would stay for a few days, rush back to my real world, abandon it again for as brief a time as possible. Even the best of them—and they were both fine and charming—lived a life I could not understand. They were centered on themselves and on their work, and outside of that work it seemed to me that they scarcely existed. The theater was their world, and they themselves were like strange, exotic plants which bloomed only before the footlights. Religion, politics, even the usual responsibilities of family ties hardly existed for them.

They were free. To most of them their art was themselves, and they were dedicated to it. I would listen to them, but I knew that I was not dedicated to any art; that I gave to my profession only a divided mind and that my real dedication was elsewhere. So sincere was their belief that such a division of interest meant failure that I ceased then and there to dream of any real success.

Yet they were not Bohemians, that world of the nineties and the early nineteen-hundreds. Primarily they were workers. There was a Bohemia of sorts. Down in Greenwich Village already a small group of rebels had rallied

At Governor Parker's plantation on a frosty morn

Golden griddle cakes topped the breakfast that followed the hunt for "Mistah Alligatah"

It was a typically Southern event—the alligator hunt that former Governor John M. Parker of Louisiana gave for a party of distinguished Easterners. With negro guides and attendants they set out on an early November morning through moss-hung forests to the lair of "Mistah Alligatah". Triumphantly they returned to a real plantation breakfast of fried ham, new-laid eggs, broiled tomatoes with crisp curls of bacon, batter biscuits, and coffee, crowned with golden griddle cakes and sugar-cane syrup.

Until he was dizzy, Old Jim circled the table with plate after plate of the piping hot pancakes. "Huh" he said, as the distinguished guests praised the cook, "anybody can make dese pancakes if dey hab de right flouah".

Old Jim was right. The lightness and delicious flavor of southern pancakes is due to the special type of amazingly soft white flour used by Southern cooks.

Now your grocer has, or can get for you, the flour that was used in Governor Parker's kitchen that November morning—prepared just as good Southern cooks prepare it for making the most delicious pancakes you ever put in your mouth—Ballard Pancake Flour. Try it, and notice as you stir it into the creamy batter how much lighter it is than other flours you have used.

Pancakes, muffins and waffles made of it are invariably light, tender and fine in flavor. See our "Get Acquainted Offer" below. Send the coupon today.

BALLARD & BALLARD COMPANY, *Incorporated*, Louisville, Kentucky

World's Largest Millers of Soft Winter Wheat Family Flour

★

Ballard Flours

STANDARD OF THE SOUTH FOR FIFTY YEARS

BALLARD & BALLARD CO., *Incorporated*, 912 E. Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky.

25¢ in stamps or coin is enclosed. Send me your "Get Acquainted Offer," consisting of one full size package Ballard Pancake Flour, a cotton crash tea towel, 17x27 inches, Ballard's Baking Book, and a picture of the famous Ballard Chefs.

Name_____

Street and No._____ City and State_____

In using advertisements see page 6

Use your Telephone for Shopping... It Saves Time

The telephone is your personal doorway to stores that may be miles away . . . to children away at school . . . to friends in other cities

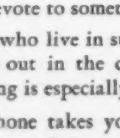
* * *

You read an advertisement of an article for sale in a store that may be a long way from home. Your telephone takes you there in a jiffy. A few minutes' conversation . . . and the article has been ordered. You have saved a wearying trip, and have the time to devote to something else.

For people who live in suburban communities and out in the country, telephone shopping is especially useful.

Your telephone takes you anywhere, quickly, easily and inexpensively . . . to children who are away . . . to friends in other cities . . . to the "folks back home."

There are two kinds of out-of-town calls: *person-to-person*—when you ask the operator to summon a specific person to the telephone—and *station-to-station*—when you will talk with any one who answers. The latter are cheaper. For instance, the day station-to-station rate to most places 75 miles away is only 50 cents. And during the evening and night periods, the station-to-station rates are even lower.



CHARMING AND DISTINCTIVE CHRISTMAS GIFTS
Woven in the mountains of Virginia from famous old designs—"Whig Rose," "Lovers Knot"—many patterns. Lovely covers for couches. Hooked Rugs. Candle-Stands, Table Runners. Hand-Tied Canopies, Valances.
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES
Write for Free Illustrated Booklet
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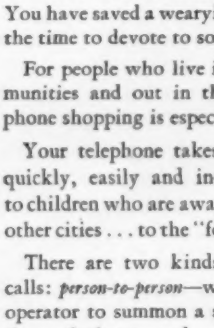


Real Vermont Maple-Butternut

Remember your friends with this new and unique maple confection—direct from the heart of Vermont's maple woods. Delicious, smooth Maple Penuchi, rich with fresh chopped butternuts. Full lb., packed in neatly made natural wood "book" box with popular gift title, *"The Sweetest Story Ever Told."* We mail direct to your list, $1.25 per "book" delivered, wherever parcel post reaches. Write addresses plainly

★ MOUNT MANSFIELD MAPLE MERCHANTS
Dept. A Stowe, Vt.

Largest direct-to-consumer shippers of maple products. Send for price list.

My Story

around a remarkable woman named Polly. They were inclined to dream rather than to work, and many of their ideas were considered very "loose;" but out of that settlement were to come a number of ideas, more than one brilliant success, and the tragedy of young Jack Reed, then preparing to go to preparatory school with one of my sons. Was to come also the Little Theater movement; was coming already a strange paper called *The Masses*, which proudly announced itself as: "A Revolutionary and not a Reform Magazine; a Magazine with a Sense of Humor and no respect for the respectable; frank, arrogant, impertinent."

A new world indeed, centuries removed from the little street, with its sturdy conservatism, its rigid adherence to conventions, its faithful observance of the Sabbath and the Commandments.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE play had been accepted by a new manager, and rehearsals commenced in the fall. For the first time I had the experience of hearing my own words spoken on the stage, and the torture of finding them less adequate than I had believed. All day I sat in the darkened theater, while a group of men and women moved about on a bare stage, and an incredibly patient individual, wearing a hat and often coatless, directed them from a script in his hand. At night, and sometimes all night, I rewrote, altered. At dawn I would creep into bed for an hour or so, to rise again at eight and see that the new parts were sent to be typed for the cast.

It was heart-breaking drudgery, and as the days went on I began to feel that it was drudgery to no purpose. The romantic part of my hero had been given to a foreign actor famous for protean parts, but he knew almost no English! He learned his lines parrot-fashion, and while he was an excellent actor, he was not romantic in type. He was a heavy-set man, able, but neither handsome nor young, and determinedly the star of the piece. Also, after the European fashion, he insisted on a prompter, and when we finally went on the road to try out the play, a young woman understudy was given this work.

American stages, however, have no prompter's box, and we were put to it to dispose of this young woman. Some bright soul finally devised a large grandfather's clock in which she could stand, and this clock had to be used in the humble set of act one as well as in the magnificent drawing room of acts two and three. Not only that, but it became quite usual, in the midst of a scene, to hear this clock speak. The star would pause, glance at the clock, and the clock talked. Once, however, the curtain rose before the prompter had taken her place, and the clock did not speak. The star edged toward it and waited, but nothing happened. Then a voice came from the wings, and the play went on.

Later on, in the farce "Seven Days," something of the same sort happened. The last act took place on the roof of a quarantined house, with a burglar who was being hunted by a policeman concealed in the chimney. The curtain went up, however, before he had got into his chimney, and a hasty consultation was held in the wings. In the end the stage was cleared, and he crawled over the coping of the roof, but it almost destroyed the cast.

Doctor Rinehart joined me for a part of that tour. Just what he thought when he met me at the station with the company, the manager, the inevitable French poodle, and the colored ladies' maids, he did not say. But he did think that I looked ill, and I was ill. The play was no longer my play, and already relations between the star and myself were extremely strained. He had developed the habit of taking over all the lines which produced either laughter or tears, and by this fattening his own part. I felt that he destroyed not only the coherency of the play, but the morale of the cast. When

in Utica one night he stepped forward to make a speech and the curtain descended and struck him on the head, I am afraid I had one of the few happy moments of the trip.

When the play went on in New York, I was not present. With singular lack of foresight the opening was on the worst theatrical night of the year, Christmas Eve, and I spent that Christmas Eve at home, trimming a Christmas tree. I was through with the theater.

The play dragged on. Bob Davis wrote me that the star straddled it like the Colossus of Rhodes; the notices, however, were much better than I had expected. The vogue of humor and smartness in theatrical reviews had not yet come in, and the play was considered seriously and on its merits. I began to feel that with a more romantic actor it might yet succeed, and as the star was under contract the only method of saving the play seemed to be by issuing an injunction.

This was finally done and created a small sensation. Tickets had been sold for the performance that night, but the theater was dark, and in such fashion did I end my first connection with the stage.

It was just in time. "The Circular Staircase" had been published and to my astonishment had made a huge success. The notices were excellent, laying great stress on the relief of humor in a crime story, and so I kept to myself the deadly secret that the book had been written as a burlesque on the ponderous, self-important detective stories of the day. Not so long after that I was to see the French farce "Arsene Lupin," also a burlesque on the detective story, come to America and make a great success as a serious play of crime; and was to learn that we like to laugh, but that we like our crime, as we like our medical men, to be serious.

But also to my astonishment I read that I had developed a new technique of the detective novel. In other words, that my simple device to keep up the interest by having the initial crime merely the forerunner of others to follow, was the first advance in the technique of the crime novel since Edgar Allen Poe! I was stunned.

The success of the book, however, was a real and important matter. By our joint efforts we had paid our market losses. Now we could have not only the comforts, which we had always had, but some of the luxuries. I told my mother one day that before long we would have a car, and it pleased her. She had had so little, and now things were going to change.

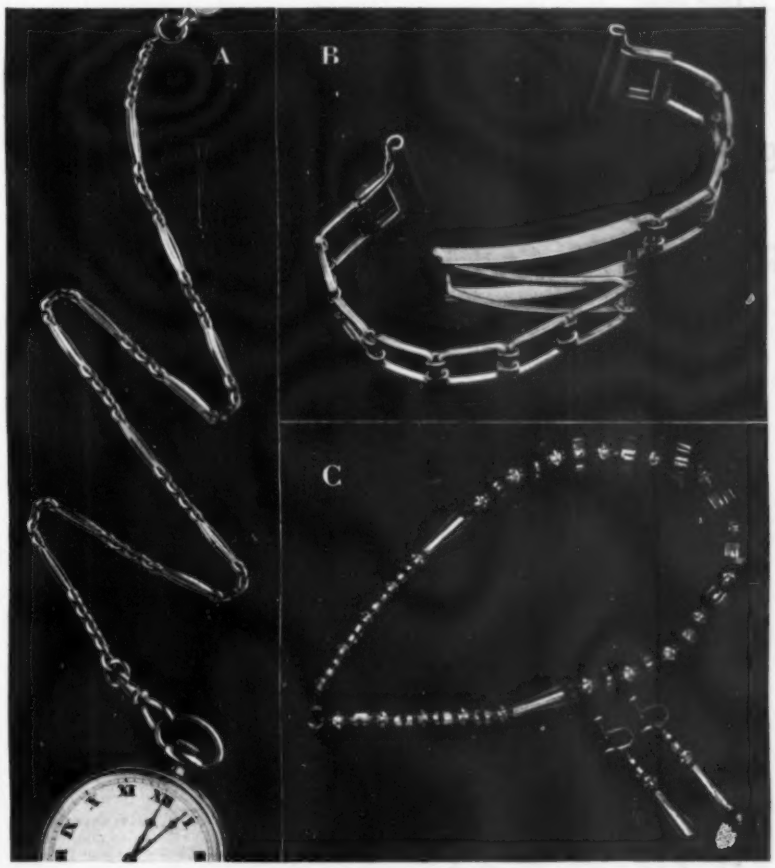
THEY never really changed for her. Before my first royalty check came in she was taken very ill, and for weeks my sister and I sat by her, first in one hospital, than in another. Then at last I brought her home, and as I watched the stretcher being carried up the stairs, it was to realize that her active, cheerful life was over. She would live; she might even walk again, although she was still paralyzed. But her brain was affected. The specialists gave us no hope.

I found myself with a fourth child, lying quietly in her bed and knowing none of us, and when she commenced to recover after months, we were to face something strange and saddening, for the slate of her mind had been wiped clean. She was an infant, having to be taught the very fundamentals of living, the use of a spoon, the very act of eating. Greatest mystery of all, the speech area of her brain had been destroyed, and in the fourteen years of life which remained to her before her tragic and incredible death, she never learned to speak again, or to write. In time her memory returned to her, although there were blank spaces in it; she could walk about, use her left arm—the right always hung useless—and she became a silent but gentle and patient influence in the house.

But the family life was changed. There were nurses now, a definite and new obligation on me. Always the fire had to be watched, no matches left about, for in those early days she

FOR EACH A SIMMONS GIFT—ORIGINAL, INTIMATE, ENDURING

MAY WE make these suggestions? The search need not be long, this year, nor the pocketbook exhausted. One may be thoughtful without being extravagant. Just look at this jewelry by Simmons. It will delight the hearts of your family, of your friends. And it represents but a few of the wealth of fine things in the Simmons collection. You will find an ample assortment, reasonably priced, at any good jeweler's — each piece attesting Simmons traditions of smart design and honest craftsmanship. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Massachusetts.



A—*For a Man:* Simmons Chains enjoy almost universal acceptance for smart designs, authentic styles, and lasting worth. This Waldemar chain, No. 29991, combines white and green gold-filled links, and costs $9. Other designs range in price from $5 to $15.

B—*For a Man:* A Simmons wrist watch bracelet, white gold-filled, offers a unique folding center, and patented adjustable ends that permit perfect fitting on the wrist. Light in weight, with graceful links. Bracelet No. 32538 is priced at $6.75. Others, for women and men, as low as $5.25.

C—*For a Woman:* What could be smarter than this necklace with earrings to match! Simulated crystals in black and white, imported, are mounted on a strong and durable chain. The set (32524/123) costs but $13.50. Many others, equally attractive, from $8.25 upwards.

SIMMONS CHAINS

In using advertisements see page 6

SWIFTLY, SURELY
—VAPEX
RELIEVES COLDS

WHEN a cold begins to grip you, put a drop of Vapex on your handkerchief and breathe the delightful vapor—crisp as mountain air. Vapex dries up your sniffles—stops your sneezes—and opens up your nose. In a few deep breaths, it brings relief for your cold. . . . A drop of Vapex at each end of your pillow fights your cold while you sleep. The pleasant vapor is an aid to sound slumber. . . . Vapex is especially recommended for children because of its safety and convenience. Be sure you get V-A-P-E-X, the original inhalant discovered during the war. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Millions of bottles used yearly. $1 a bottle of fifty applications. E. Fougera & Co., Inc., 41 Maiden Lane, New York.

Listen to the Vapex radio program every Monday and Friday evening on Stations WOR, WMAQ, WLW, WCAU, WBZ *and* WBZA

A drop on your handkerchief

*VAPEX

A drop on your pillow

*Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

My Story

was still a child. Sometimes she locked herself in her room, and a locksmith would have to be sent for, Soon a Jacksonian epilepsy set in, and she had to be further watched for fear she would fall down the stairs. With returning faculties, too, came the desperate desire to communicate with us. We bought blocks with alphabet letters on them and tried to teach her to spell, but without result. Curiously enough, as years went on, she learned to read print, spent long hours with books and the newspaper, but she never learned to read script. Letters to her from my sister, then living at a distance, had to be read to her.

Her endeavors to communicate with us took the form of questions on our part, and we grew expert.

"Is it something you would like to have?"

She would shake her poor head with its still wavy hair.

"Is it something you want to do?"

The negative again.

"Somebody you saw when you were out?"

A vigorous assent, and it was then our problem to name the people she might have met. Not always easy, that problem, and yet essential to be answered, for her pride and for her very self-respect.

She was indomitable always. Away for the summer, she begged by gesture to be allowed to go into the water, and we let her go. She had been a strong swimmer, and she could still swim a little. We went in with her, stood by anxiously, but when she had so little she must be allowed to do what she could. One day, but that was later, Avery Hopwood took her in; those two, paddling about in that shallow water and both smiling!

HOPWOOD and I were collaborating on a play. True, I had decided as firmly as I could decide anything that New York and the theater were not for me and that my place was with my children. They were older now, and already we had inaugurated those family conferences which still continue, where matters of importance to us as a clan come up for discussion. Already their father had taught them to swim, and I had erected in the basement of the house that little shooting range where we fired a twenty-two rifle at a target and incidentally ruined the furnace pipe! Already we were planning when they could ride with us, and I was learning the new art of posting the trot in an East End riding academy, so as to be ready for them.

Life seemed fixed at last. No more theater, but a quiet life at home, writing, caring for them all. When I wrote for *Lippincott's* a novelette called "Seven Days," I knew there was the germ of a play in it, but I did not want to write a play.

I had not lost interest entirely. I was reading and criticizing plays for Mrs. de Mille, now and then doing some work on one, but I was working at home. I had a study of my own now, and a little ground squirrel which lived underneath the desk sometimes sat on it to watch me at work. Under the desk it had made a nest of my discarded masterpieces, chewing them into bits and sometimes carrying off to add to its hoard sheets that were not discarded.

I wanted nothing else. I had a definite fear of New York and a firm resolve to abandon it. I rejected an offer from Wagenhals and Kemper that I make a play out of "Seven Days," but finally agreed to let Avery Hopwood do it, provided the script was submitted to me. I was happy and busy, the theater three hundred miles away. While the boys were in school and my husband was out, I wrote; when the front door slammed, I stopped writing. In the morning I gave my house orders; in the evening I belonged to the family. Life was a simple matter, even life and work, if one organized it.

But when Hopwood brought the play I did not like it. Here was a four-act comedy, and I wanted a three-act farce. The idea was farcical and nothing else, this tale where a dinner party was quarantined, the servants had escaped, and shut in the house were a man and his divorced wife, a number of guests, a burglar and a policeman. And after some disagreement the decision was made to write the farce and to attempt to write it together.

As collaboration is usually a mystery to the uninitiate, and as we were to produce together three highly successful plays, the method of this joint endeavor may have interest. From the beginning Hopwood sat at the desk and wrote, and I walked about the room and dictated. Dialogue was easy for both of us, but easier for me. Hopwood wrote rapidly and always with an eye to structure. In this he was invaluable. Also he was witty. Such strength as I had in farce lay, as it lies in my other writing, in humor of situation. I have no wit whatever, save of that tardy sort which comes too late to have any value. But Hopwood had a rapier-like wit. He would take a line of mine, twist it about, and make it into a laugh.

His sense of structure was remarkable. He would say, "I feel that there is a hole here," and when we went over the manuscript, there was the hole. It was my part to tell the story—devise situations and to rattle off dialogue; it was Hopwood's to watch structure and provide wit. By and large, I did a good bit of acting of each part, too, but Hopwood never smiled. He wrote, bent over the table, hardly looking up, and only he himself could read those illegible scrawls of his.

We worked together extremely well. On everything but the play we differed diametrically, but we seldom so much as spoke of anything else. We were two machines, functioning at great speed and indefatigably, and when the play was done Hopwood declared that it was a "hit." I did not feel so certain, and not until I sat in an obscure place in New York on the opening night and heard the curtain go down on a roar of laughter was I reassured.

That final laugh was what I was listening for, for up to that very evening there had been no laugh at the curtain. Even on the road, where we apparently had a success, that end had eluded us. We tried a dozen, maybe more; the curtain was like an airplane, it had to come down some time, but it never came down on a laugh.

As a matter of fact, that final scene had never been rehearsed when the play went on in New York that night. It had come to me that morning at my hotel, and of all places, while I was in the bathtub!

CHAPTER XIX

WHETHER I wanted it or not, I now found myself with a career—a career and a problem. Women were still "in the home." There was the tradition of the woman in the home, and of the comparatively few who had emerged from it to make careers for themselves, almost all had failed to make the compromise between marriage and a career. The theory was that the true artist lived and expressed herself only in her art and that everything else was relatively unimportant.

I felt that this compromise could be made, however. I was fortunate in one way, for outside of the theater my work could be carried on at home, and I had already made the resolve to which I have adhered ever since. I could both work and hold my home together. If anything suffered it would be work.

It was my answer to the problem.

Once in those early days I met a woman writer in New York, and she explained that she did all her work at night and slept most of the day.

I was aghast. "What about your family?"

"They get along all right."

DISHES like these bring husbands home to dinner

WHAT wife doesn't enjoy tempting her hungry husband's appetite—seeing him smile when he sits down at the dinner table? And it means so little extra effort to win that happy commendation—always!

There's asparagus, you know. Asparagus gives even the simplest menu the *better-touch* that makes the difference between the meals you *have* to eat and the meals you *want* to eat.

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And, from the kitchen standpoint, there are two other mighty attractive reasons for serving asparagus oftener. First, there's no waste—you serve every ounce you buy. Second, asparagus is ready to serve right from the can—cooked and sealed for you to preserve all its fresh tenderness for *your* table.

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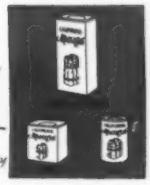

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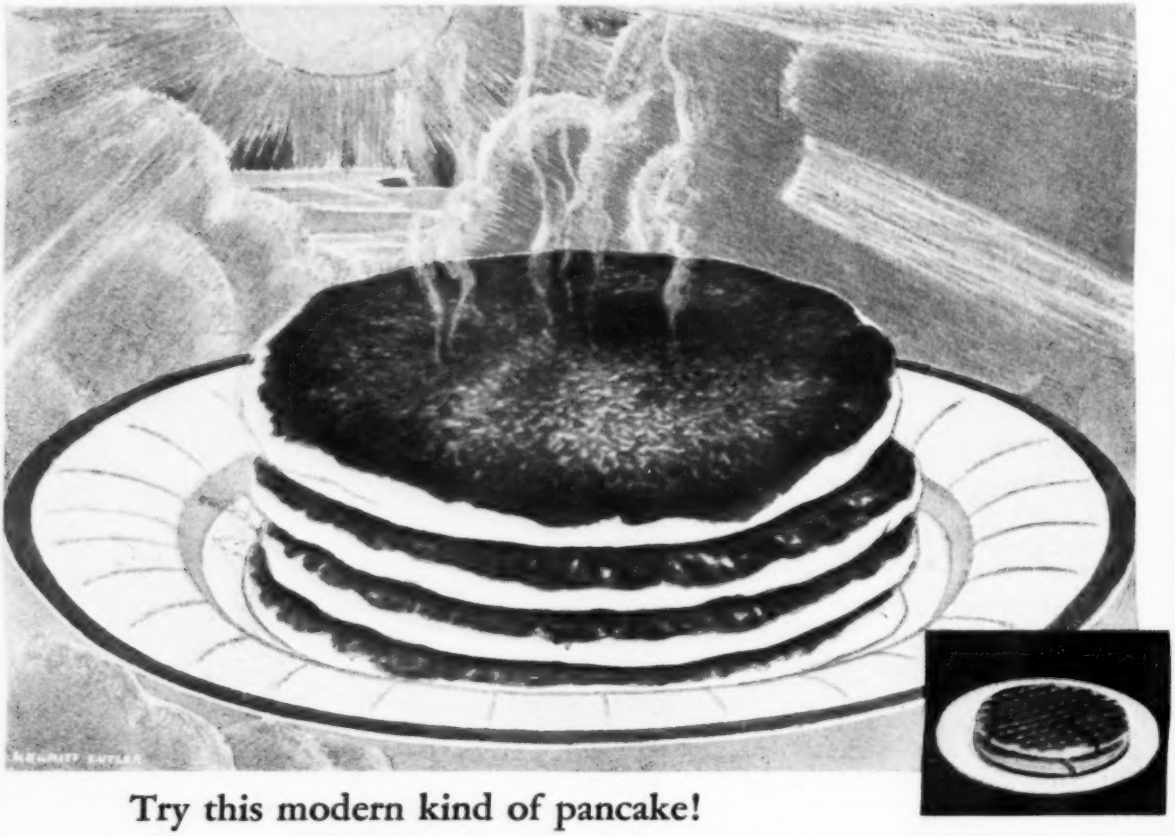

Try this modern kind of pancake!

Nobody except a starving man has ever grown excited about mere "food". And a little excitement in the morning is a valuable thing. Our spirits need a little jogging up. One of these good, wholesome, thoroughly dull breakfasts won't serve the purpose. It requires a good, wholesome, *interesting* breakfast. Tomorrow morning have these "modern" Pillsbury's pancakes. Here's a breakfast that brings a sparkle to a man's eye. And don't think a sparkle in the morning isn't important — it's really just as important as proper nourishment.

Try Pillsbury's pancakes. They're easy to prepare — just add water or milk, stir and bake. See how much better these "modern" pancakes taste — so much better than the old-fashioned kind — so light and tender, warm and delicious. Notice what a difference this breakfast makes in your ideas of life — see how much brighter the morning seems when breakfast is good cheer as well as good food!

"Modern" may seem a queer word for a pancake

—but it's exactly the right word for Pillsbury's pancakes. The fine, soft delicate flours used in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour are different from the flour used in old fashioned pancakes. They produce a pancake that is unusually light and tender, extremely easy to digest, yet completely nourishing. The sort of breakfast ideally suited to modern life — rich in energy, quickly digestible, easy to prepare. Your grocer has Pillsbury's Pancake Flour — in the blue and red whirligig package.

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My Story

Some few years ago the *Literary Digest* (I think it was the *Digest*) arranged a symposium on the possibility of reconciling careers for women with their homes. I replied to the effect that outside of the theater and the traveling road company, this reconciliation was entirely simple except for the woman. She must carry a double burden, that was all.

Perhaps such reconciliation, however, is possible only to certain types of women. To those who work, or believe they must work, on temperament alone, it is hardly possible. Temperament, however, can be controlled. I myself am as temperamental as a grand opera star, as nervously organized as are all imaginative people, but that temperament does not control me. I have no time for it. And as time goes on I am increasingly impatient with other workers who do not control it, and who let it destroy their lives for some trumpery self-expression which leaves the world no better off.

Naturally, this organization of a career into two parts, the work and the home, implies a certain amount of either means or leisure. Actually, when there exists neither means nor leisure, the career becomes a practical impossibility anyhow. There must be time to work, time to study. On the other hand many women today lack leisure simply because they lack system. Some of the busiest women I know, women who are worn and haggard, and who never have a spare hour, are the slaves of wasted time and of effort spent in unnecessary activities. Outside of those women who are already engaged in earning careers, the American woman hardly exists, in these days of simplified living, who can not spare an hour or two a day for the thing she goes through life lamenting that she can not do. Not lack of time, but sheer wanton waste of time, lies behind the disgruntled letters I receive, the thwarted men as well as women whom I meet—waste of time and often natural indolence.

BUT my husband also faced a problem. The general practitioners had been fighting a losing battle against the specialists. The old-line medical men were dying off, and in their places were coming brisk young internes, chest men, eye and ear men, nerve men, highly specialized surgeons. There was a strange thing called the X-ray, and I shall never forget my amazement when in a museum in Munich not long afterward I saw an X-ray picture of the stomach of a great American railroad president in the act of digesting what looked like a full meal!

Laboratories were taking the place of random diagnosis and supplementing the purely empiric prescribing of the past. In the hospital the surgeons now wore rubber gloves, tied up their heads. The older men were obliged to cover their beards and mustaches, or keep out. Asepsis had taken the place of antisepsis, and the big glass irrigators had gone. The nurses also were tied up in gauze, and they, too, wore sterilized white gowns, a foot from the floor.

There was even to be a new hospital building. Soon would be gone that great pile of red brick where I had taken my training and, with the soft, folded, white neckerchief of the graduate crossed over my breast, I had sat in the chapel to receive my diploma.

There was a comfortable living in general practice, but no future. And now at last, with our joint resources, it would be possible for him to take the year of study abroad which would lead to the specialty. I had no doubts, no qualms whatever. The bad days were over, when my notebook on my desk before me, showed that for a total of sixty-one short stories, five serials, various articles and poems, a publisher's advance of four hundred dollars on "The Circular Staircase," and two fees as a play-doctor, the total of seventy-eight entries was just under sixty-five hundred dollars.

But his decision, when he made it, was more vital than that. He was abandoning surgery, with its *réclame* and its enormous financial possibilities, for what was to be at least partially a service career. Already he was running for the state a large tuberculosis dispensary, later to be one of the largest in America. He would specialize in heart and lungs, giving his mornings to consultations, his afternoons to the poor.

I have always been proud of that decision, and that I could help to carry it through. Always he had worked with the poor; for the city, for the state. Now and for ten years to come he was to give them of his best, all he knew and all that Europe could teach him.

In the fall of 1910 we arranged to join that long procession of medical men and their families going to Europe to "take up a specialty." My mother was to go to my sister, now with one baby of her own and another to come, and the boys were going with us. Doctor Rinehart took some preliminary work in Philadelphia, I closed the house, and in our first automobile, now some months old, we started East.

I bought a motor bonnet, very smart indeed. It tied under my chin and was adorned with innumerable veils. The boys sat in the tonneau, the high tonneau of those days, and had the bright idea of tying long strings to their straw hats, and, while going slowly through a village, of letting them apparently blow away.

"Hey, kid, you've lost your hat."

A jerk, and the hat was back!

My husband and I sat in front. The front was open; the driver sat at the right, and the brake and gear levers were on the running board; but this was not troublesome, since there were no fore-doors! When we were late and darkness overtook us, he got out and lighted the lamps with a match, but once the rubber tubing from the tank of illuminant had shaken loose, and we almost had a fire.

There was a bit of drama, too, about that motor journey. I had had trouble with my eyes and had had hemorrhages on both retinas. Rest in bed and a milk diet had helped me, but somewhere on that trip I picked up a newspaper and saw that I was going blind; that the European trip was really to save my eyesight.

I almost collapsed, and it was weeks before I was entirely reassured. The immediate result was a flood of friendly letters and telegrams, many only solicitous, but a great number offering suggestions of strange and amazing sorts.

CHAPTER XX

WHEN we reached Vienna we settled down in the Pension Columbia on the *Kochgasse*, near the *Allegemeine Krankenhaus* or general hospital, and a strange, new life began for all of us.

Doctor Rinehart settled down to hard work. He knew some German, but he studied the language as well. I also took lessons, from a little *fräulein* who could see the book only by holding it close to her eyes; it was not considered nice for a *fräulein* to wear glasses. The boys had a German governess who greatly improved her English while with us, but taught them nothing, so that we finally supplemented that by a school. In the mornings they would start off, all three of them, each carrying by a strap over his shoulder the tiny wicker box which contained his lunch.

The pension occupied the third floor of a huge stone building. There was no lift, and the lights in the halls went out at ten o'clock. On Saturday nights, which were our nights out, we would come back late to ring the bell of the front door and to be admitted by a *haus besorger* or porter, still in his nightshirt and wearing a mustache bandage which almost exactly resembled the collar frames around which women were then tying ribbons to achieve the choker effect so desired and so miserably uncomfortable. This bandage covered his mustache and, held in place by

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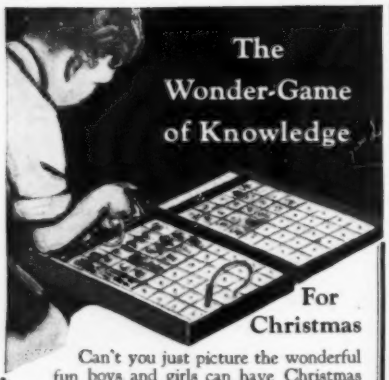

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My Story

apertures for his ears, was tied at the back of his head.

Thus equipped he opened the door, received the five *hellers* per person—or one cent—which was his tribute, lit for each of us a tiny candle of the size used on birthday cakes, and left us like a small torchlight procession to wend our way upstairs. There, to the horror of Frau Gallitzensten, who warned me against the perils of night air, we would open the double windows with the pad between, which hermetically sealed our rooms, and so to bed.

I was studying, learning. I went to the galleries and studied pictures, to the opera and studied opera, often with a script in my lap after the German custom. Wagner had just reached America, outside of New York, but he was the idol of music-mad Vienna. Between the acts one could go out and buy sausages and other things; between the acts also gentlemen rose in their seats and with their backs to the stage calmly studied one through opera glasses from a distance of only a few feet. But no one went home after the opera. Vienna lives—or lived—at night, and many theaters and music halls opened around midnight. Not until midnight either did the cabarets waken, the Hungarian orchestras produce their fiery music, the beautiful, jeweled courtesans emerge to sit in boxes above the dancing floor and receive homage from the nobility who crowded around them.

Opulent, glittering, secure, they sat there. Only four years now, and many of these men were to be on the battlefield, dying or dead. Only six years, and little old Franz Joseph, so small and aged in his open carriage, was to die, and with him his ancient line. Only a brief time, and the courtesans were to be grateful for bread tickets, for the rare indulgence of a fire, for even shelter. Were to starve, some of them, to die of privation, and exposure.

The orchestra played; the dancers circled in the dizzy Viennese waltz, without reversing. On New Year's Eve fresh flowers were flung into the boxes, flung out again, like confetti; and a chimney sweep carrying a squealing pig ran about, the pig to be touched for luck. Those smiling, happy *gemütlich* Viennese. They were to need luck, for things over which they had no control were brewing; the Kaiser had old Franz Joseph under his thumb, and perhaps—probably—somewhere in that very room was Von Berchtold, Franz Joseph's foreign minister, seeking prestige and attempting to restore himself with an army which scorned him.

Glasses were lifted, flowers flew, the pig squealed. Touch him, touch him for luck!

THE British in Vienna were frankly uneasy. We heard much talk of Germany's military machine. But why Austria? The Austrians admired the British; they had British governesses, spoke English as much as possible, aped British sports, British manners. They were foolish to be nervous. We ourselves were calm, for what could touch us? Before Thanksgiving I took the children into the snows of the Semmering, the Austrian Alps, and there we skied and sledded. At night, after the extravagant American custom, I would light a dozen candles in our little sitting room, and after the children had gone I would read. I was reading Lafcadio Hearn; I had found a set of his books in Vienna. From the balcony I could look down over the mountainside to a *Kurhaus*, or sanitarium. In four years it had become a hospital, but it was peaceful then. Very bright with its lights, in the snow.

My eyes were better, and I was writing again while the boys were at school—writing a book. Often at three in the afternoon I would have to light the candles on my desk, for the Vienna winter day is short and gray, and there was an incessant mist in the air. But I wrote badly. The room was not warm, in spite of our reckless use of *briquettes* in the tall porcelain stove; sometimes I took from my bed the half-size feather mattress under which I slept and put

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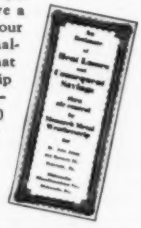

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it over my knees, without much effect. Then, too, I was studying German, trying to speak it. When I re-read that manuscript later at home I found it full of German turns of phrase, of odd words, and was obliged to rewrite it entirely.

My husband's work was going well. At the general hospital was a wealth of clinical material, for poverty and sickness were rife. As in all military countries an enormous number of illegitimate children were born. The status of women was low. They worked on buildings in construction, carrying up bricks, stone, mortar.

My husband was specializing in heart and lungs, and among the courses was one in bronchoscopy, which includes the removal of foreign bodies from the bronchial tubes. So great was the poverty that numbers of people were willing to submit to the use of the bronchoscope, an agonizing matter, for a small fee.

NINETEEN hundred and eleven now. Guy's Hospital in London for my husband, the Tower and Madame Tussaud's for the children, Bond Street for me. People who spoke our own language, and President Poincaré and King George being driven in state while the crowds rejoiced. England and France were allies. Now let Germany arm! We were with some British friends one day when we gave a shilling to a German band.

"Don't do it," they said. "They are spies. England is full of German spies."

It seemed preposterous to suspect those docile Germans, so intent about their business. Already they were negotiating for the rights to "Seven Days" and had published my first two books there. Just before the war they did produce "Seven Days," but some strange change must have taken place in the manuscript, for I received a press clipping from a Berlin paper reproaching me for putting a naked man in the play!

(To be continued)

For Holiday Entertaining

(Continued from page 87)

informal or formal entertaining. The tea tray for either can be made most tempting, with so many things on the grocer's shelf to choose from: crystallized ginger, grapefruit, and orange for your candy dish, as well as raspberry jam and salted nuts. These with the necessary sliced lemon and orange, garnished attractively, and cream, and tea sugars complete the tray.

One tea room I know uses a long brass tray, and how interesting it can be made, even though a great number of tea accessories are placed on it! Another shop I know places all these things in separate attractive dishes on a tea wagon. Either method is perfectly adaptable to home use.

The sandwiches should be of both the open and closed variety and on both brown and white bread. We suggest a rolled sandwich with crab flake as a filling, and watercress placed in the end for a garnish—this crab flake you can buy canned ready to flake, season, and mix with mayonnaise. Preserved ginger which comes in quaint stone jars has many good uses, one which we like best being a sandwich filling of equal parts of chopped preserved ginger and nutmeats spread on buttered brown bread.

For your open sandwich, cut slices of bread ¼ inch thick with a round cutter, spread with butter and mayonnaise on top and sides, then spread the top with a mixture of cream cheese and Roquefort cheese, using 3 tablespoonfuls of cream cheese to every tablespoonful of Roquefort. Press finely chopped nutmeats firmly around the edge of each and drop a teaspoonful of glistening guava jelly in the center. For the dessert part of your tea, serve dainty frosted cakes supplemented by sand tarts and assorted cookies, which you may make or purchase.

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Vermont Sends This "SAP BUCKET" of Real Maple Hearts

You'll love them—fresh from the heart of the maple country. Daintily packed in a unique "Sap Bucket" of natural wood, as illustrated. A true maple confection. Deliciously smooth, and rich in the tang of the sugar orchard. Novel for bridge candy or prizes—ideal for gifts. Send today for your Sap Bucket—contains 1 lb. 5 oz. net. Fresh daily—to you or to your list—$1.50 postpaid. (West of Miss. R. $1.65.)

Sap Bucket of 1 lb. Grandfathers' Stirred Sugar, $1.00. Filled with 2 lbs. Pure Maple Sugar, $1.25. Price list of pure maple products and dainty confections sent free.

Maple Grove Candies, Inc.
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In using advertisements see page 6

COLDS will spread unless checked here!

Colds start in the nose—stop them there with what doctors call the direct action treatment. It's the quick, effective way to check colds and prevent them from spreading to others.

•NASAL CLEANLINESS

Not only does Arzen give immediate cold relief and banish the embarrassing inflammation, but it gives the pleasant sensation of knowing your nose is clean. Develop the habit of nasal cleanliness. It will make you feel and look better—for a clean nose is a healthy nose. Get a bottle of Arzen (complete with dropper, 50c at all drug stores) and keep it handy in your medicine chest as thousands are doing. Make an immediate test, send for

Free trial sample

ARZEN

Arzen Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. G. H. Clinton, Iowa.
Please send a free trial sample of Arzen.

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4 colors

There's blue and green and lavender and pink—dainty pastel colors that add the modern note. And white, of course! 1,000 full sized sheets in every roll, sterilized pure. Packaged individually for further protection and convenience.

At chain, department, grocery and drug stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, send on his name and 15c for single roll, 25c for 2.

REGAL **Texlin**

REGAL PAPER COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. 8, Pulaski, N. Y.

Maternity Style Book Free

MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion and conceals condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.

Lane Bryant Address Dept. 11 39th St. at Fifth Ave. New York

Girl Alive!

(*Continued from page 19*)

great-grandmother and my grandmother and my mother were all married—*that* much happened to them.

I wouldn't care what my adventures were going to be if they would only *begin*.

This is Christmas Day. I got an umbrella, velvet for a dress, perfume, stockings, a sweater, and one of her own pictures from Nadine—but I knew she was going to give me that—and fudge from old Mrs. Tyler who cleans up here in the Gloriana Court Apartments.

I went to early church with the girls, and tonight we are going to Doctor Walsh's for dinner, as we always do on Christmas Day. Doctor Walsh is Nadine's uncle, so Nadine will be there, but not any boys that I know of. I don't care so much, but Nadine is the sort of girl who acts two ways—one when there are boys around, and one when there are not.

New Year's Day

I HAVE a good mind to destroy all this and start fresh on New Year's Day, but if I take out five front pages the back pages will loosen, and then the whole thing will go to pieces.

This morning I felt so blue with Christmas passing and nothing happening, and New Year's Day coming in and no date, that I burst out crying at breakfast. Helen and Mildred were terribly surprised and sympathetic, and after awhile I stopped, telling them it was just because I had a headache, and then I told them the truth—that it was because nothing exciting ever happened in this family.

They looked at each other and smiled, and Helen said:

"Why, but darling, something is always happening in this wonderful world of God's! Think of living in an amazing modern city like this, with everything that science and national wealth can do to make you happy. All the beautiful music in the world on the radio, movies downtown, Sunday papers with news of everything that is happening everywhere, infinite food for thought. Plenty to eat, plenty to wear, friends, sunshine, perfect health, devoted sisters, and a wonderful brother like Tom—"

When Helen talks like that, I would like to smack her in the face, New Year's Day or no New Year's Day, and some day I will, too, and see how she and Mildred like it!

Nadine Wilcox says that she would rather die and be buried than not have a date for Saturday night. Nadine says that if you don't go out gunning for a good time and not be too squeamish about it when you find it, the boys—far from respecting you—will forget you completely. She says you can drink some, and smoke a little, and take an occasional chance on a roadhouse party, and get away with it. She is older than I am, and she used to let boys kiss her when she was only fourteen; I know that. They used to get into the back of the Goodrich car coming home from Santa Cruz, when Nadine was only in first year High, and kiss all the way.

I never did because in the first place I feel silly and stiff if a boy begins to get mushy with me, and I hate them to put their arms round your neck and begin to talk that hoarse, silly way they do—it makes me feel about fifty, and far away and cold.

But then, besides that, I always did seriously believe Helen and Mildred, when they said that if I held myself aloof and remembered that Lord Fairfax was great-grandfather's cousin, and put a little value on myself, the really fine men would quickly see it and begin to pay me really worth-while attention, quite unlike the silly High School spooning of these undeveloped boys. And Helen made me learn what Coventry Patmore wrote about "Oh, lovely woman, you who may on your sweet self set such a price, knowing man can not choose but pay, how have you cheapened Paradise!"

And I was such a little bird-brain that I

14 Different Foods In Glass

Also a Boon to Baby's Mother

Mothers when your babies are about six months old your doctors will advise Strained Vegetables to supplement the milk diet and increase the supply of mineral salts necessary to produce healthy bones and teeth.

Now is the time to find out why Clapp's Strained Vegetable foods are prescribed by over 5000 specialists, and why babies love them.

Why they save mothers 24 hours a week cooking and kitchen time and why, as they are ready to use except for diluting and heating, they are equally convenient to use at home or traveling.

Write for booklet "Strained Vegetables for Infant Feeding," and dealer's name

[In cities your dealer's name is listed in the classified telephone directory under Clapp's Baby Foods.]

Ask your Doctor

HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC., 1339 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Clapp's STRAINED VEGETABLE BABY FOODS — *Baby Soup, Wheatheart Soup, Liver Soup, Spinach, Wax Beans, Carrots, Peas, Beets, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Prune Pulp, Apricot Pulp, Apple Sauce*

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Good Housekeeping published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1930. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared D. L. Hedges, who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Good Housekeeping, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, International Magazine Company, Inc., 959 8th Avenue, New York City; Editor, W. F. Bigelow, 959 8th Avenue, New York City; Managing Editor, W. F. Bigelow, 959 8th Avenue, New York City; Business Manager, D. L. Hedges, 959 8th Avenue, New York City. 2. That the owner is: International Magazine Co., Inc., 959 8th Avenue, Sole Stockholder, Hearst Magazines, Inc., 959 8th Avenue, Sole Stockholder, Star Holding Corporation, care of Corporation Trust Co. of America, Wilmington Delaware, Sole Stockholder, W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. D. L. Hedges, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September 1930. Seal. G. E. Stahl, Notary Public Queens County No. 1754, Reg. No. 5463; Certificate filed in N. Y. County No. 133, Reg. No. 18190. (My commission expires March 30th 1931).

MAKING IT EASY TO CARE FOR Silverware

EASY TO KEEP YOUR SILVER FROM TARNISHING

FREE BOOKLET TELLS HOW

Associated Silver Company
4418-34 RAVENSWOOD AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Please Send Free Booklet

Name .....
Address .....

believed them. I was a regular flop. I lost my amateur standing as a wallflower before I came to see that it was all the bunk. Boys like girls to be kind and friendly and let them kiss them all they like; boys like to be flattered and talked baby-talk to, and undeveloped boys are all there are to have fun with—there *aren't* any fine, dignified, older men looking for sweet, pure, unspoiled wives.

Just looking at Helen and Mildred, admirable kindergarten teachers at twenty-eight and twenty-four, and with all their friends other women—librarians and teachers and insurance secretaries—that ought to have told me something! Helen's idea of a good time is to have Louise Trent come over to dinner to talk Teachers' Institute Week programs with her, or to go to the Parents-Teachers Annual Convention in San Diego. She and Mil went down for five days last year, and you would have thought it was Coronation Week at Buckingham Palace to hear them talk when they got home! The wonderful little cafeteria they found, and the delightful paper that the professor from Vassar read, and his delightful wife—

You might know that if Helen *did* meet a Vassar professor he would have an adorable wife!

Helen had to read a paper to the clubs here, and she was just agog over it. It was just before we went to Carmel—we always go to Carmel for part of August—and she said to Mildred:

"Isn't life just too full sometimes, Mildred! The convention, and now this paper, and then our outing, and the Guild play in September!"

I could have laughed, but I felt more like biting and scratching instead.

January 7th

TODAY I positively would destroy all that unpleasantness, except that I may read it some time and feel differently, feel so much older and wiser that I will be glad to see how I have grown.

For I really do mean to be better about everything; more patient with Tom who is always teasing me, and more generous to Helen and Mildred. If my sisters are happy as they are, working so hard all day with thankless babies, and being paid so little for it, and having no real leisure and luxury in their lives, I ought to thank God for it.

It ought not to make me mad when Mildred says that in a few years I will realize how much I have, and not want anything more. She says work, friends, health, and a good book at night are happiness.

But oh, it is so hard to be happy with only those things, when it is the season of midwinter holidays, and there are dances everywhere, and all the other girls are going places!

Bunny May is here, and he and Helen and Mildred and Tom are playing auction bridge; they are teaching Bunny. Mildred has on her brown lace, and she is always touching Bunny's hand and calling him "dear" sort of absentmindedly. Bunny is two years younger than Mil, and he is so dumb that he didn't get through his Freshman year at Berkeley.

Bunny saw me writing, and asked me if it was a love letter. I wish I could write *him* a love letter that would keep him out of this house for one while! I don't know why Mildred bothers with him.

Mildred would be quite pretty if it wasn't for her glasses, and Helen is really beautiful even if she is twenty-eight. Helen is sort of Greek looking. Bunny took us all to a *table d'hôte* dinner at a French place tonight. I loathed it; I hate three tall women going round with one little blond man, but Mildred wouldn't go at all unless one of us went, and Helen wouldn't leave me all alone in the apartment at night. She seems to feel that unattached men watch all apartments, and rush in as soon as the grown-ups are out, and strangle and dismember all girls under twenty. I can only say it would be more exciting than anything that seems likely to go on at this moment.

FOR THE WOMAN WHO CARES

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

For shoes delightfully smart in appearance, women who care choose FLORSHEIM SHOES—and from the first wearing they know the comfort of the gracefully concealed Feeture Arch.

The Drury Lane . . . Style L-3

$10.50 and $12.50

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY Manufacturers CHICAGO

THUMB SUCKING.

Safety Thumb Guards cure thumb-sucking. One-piece German-Silver construction. No ends to loosen to injure your child. Perfectly Safe and Sanitary. Instructions with Guards. Used for fingers.

Price $1.75 per pair, postage prepaid. State age of child when ordering. Satisfaction guaranteed.

The Safety Thumb-Guard Co.
Dept. G, New Haven, Conn.

Wedding
Write for Samples

INVITATIONS—ANNOUNCEMENTS
100 hand-engraved $13.50
including two sets of envelopes
100 Imitation Engraved $5.00
100 Visiting Cards - - - $1.00

G. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1066 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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★ Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

MANICURE COMPACT

For a Quick, Effective and Complete Manicure

—only five simple steps—5 minutes daily—with the marvelous all-in-one Culver Nail Liquid and Nail Bath will keep your nails in beautiful condition.

Culver Nail Liquid is the only all-in-one Manicure Preparation—it cleanses, softens the cuticle, bleaches beneath the nails, aids in removing cigarette and other stains, corrects brittleness, prevents hang nails and provides a soft, natural sheen.

Culver Nail Liquid is not an experiment but has been used by discriminating women for 14 years.

The Culver Nail Bath is unique, convenient, efficient. Permits preparation of one finger while another is being dressed. Can be carried in handbag or dressing case and used anywhere.

Mailed postpaid on receipt of $1.00 if your dealer does not have it.

Culver Manicure Compact $1.00

Comprising Nail Liquid and Nail Bath

Address Department B

Culver Laboratories, Inc
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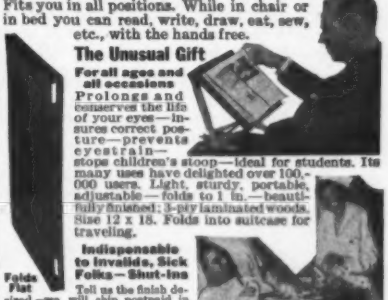
Save Your Eyes
and Energies—With a Farrington

The Farrington Adjustable LAP DESK and Reading Table

Fits you in all positions. While in chair or in bed you can read, write, draw, eat, sew, etc., with the hands free.



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For all ages and all occasions

Prolongs and conserves the life of your eyes—insures correct posture—prevents eyestrain—stops children's stoop—ideal for students. Its many uses have delighted over 100,000 users. Light, sturdy, portable, adjustable—folds to 1 in.—beautifully finished; 3-ply laminated woods. Size 12 x 18. Folds into suitcase for traveling.

Folds Flat

Indispensable to Invalids, Sick Folks—Shut-Ins

Tell us the finish desired—we will ship postpaid in U. S. A., complete with detachable metal legs.

Natural Finish . . $5.75
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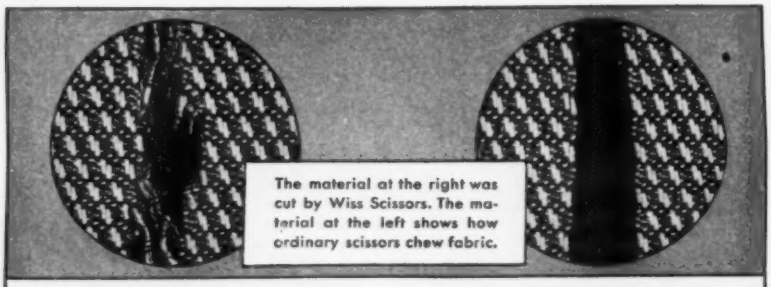
Money refunded if not delighted after 5 days' trial.

FARRINGTON COMPANY, Dept. GH1
1116 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois

In using advertisements see page 6



DON'T RUIN FABRICS WITH POOR SCISSORS

Every fabric whether sheer or heavy puts demands on scissors that only quality scissors can meet.

That's why women are buying more Wiss Scissors today than ever before. They know that the perfectly aligned blades of Wiss Scissors remain sharp, cut clean and protect fabrics.

Fabric and pattern manufacturers all point out that the best ally for home sewing is a fine pair of scissors.

WISS SCISSORS
Wonderful Cutters
J. WISS & SONS CO., Est. 1848, Newark, N. J.

INGRAM'S Transparent NIPPLES
Send for FREE Sample
Pure, clear Para rubber, can be boiled after each feeding, cannot pull off bottle or split. Imported from England by Ernest Monnier, Inc., 127 Federal St., Boston.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Pant-ease
Side Pinning DIAPER
Soft, knitted, cotton material. Neat, comfy, easily changed. Especially convenient when training the baby. Sold at Dept. Stores & Shops or direct from us when not found at store. Small $2.50, Large $3.00, Extra Large $3.50 per doz. Free booklet. Infant Wear Co., Dept. C, Perry, N. Y.

Won't You Join Our Rainbow Club?

There is an unusual opportunity for you, if you join us now, which will mean more money—and more pleasure—during the coming months.

Aren't you sure that you wish to join us? You will like us. And wouldn't it please you to have some extra money with which to start the new year? Are there some expenses soon to be met? Have you all you need in order to include certain little luxuries and pleasures with the necessary expenses which the budget must cover? Try the Rainbow Club way.

No matter how fully occupied your time, The Rainbow Club offers you an agreeable way to increase your income or to add to a Fund which you may wish to raise. Extra sums for many uses have been won through our magazine work. Come join Mrs. Budd, Mrs. Schifferman and all the others of our successful group.

It costs you nothing to become a Member—you need no special training. Come join us and capture some of those extra dollars which are making life pleasanter for those of us who have accepted the splendid opportunity offered by Helen Willard. Write to her today.

Mrs. Wilhelmina Budd
New York

Helen Willard, Director The Rainbow Club.
Good Housekeeping Magazine,
57th St. at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am interested in your Club. Please send me your bulletin, THE PIPER, and full information about your spare-time, money-making plan, without obligation to me.

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RC-1230

Mrs. Esther Schifferman
California

Girl Alive!

Excitement—how I'd love it! How I'd love being in on a—well, say a business meeting down in Hollywood tonight, with every one anxious to know how I liked some story. Did I want to do it, and did I like the leading man they had thought of engaging? And me gathering up my white furs, and laughing, and all of them buzzing round me as I went out to my car, and saying,

"Be on time on location tomorrow morning!"

Helen was dummy just then, and she looked over at me and said,

"There are cards in the drawer there, honey, if you feel like solitaire."

My square man with the gray eyes; I wish he would telephone right this instant and say:

"What are you doing, Mary? Could we run around a little and see what's going on?"

It is now exactly seventeen minutes to nine. Tom went out just now.

He is probably calling on Eleanor. She has divorced Willard Oddie, so she can have lots of fun. Foster Wilcox and Jim Brocklehurst are always going to see her. Mrs. Watts, whose little girl goes to Helen's school, says that Eleanor Oddie gets three hundred a month alimony. Three hundred a month for nothing, except having married Willard! They pay me sixty at the cannery, and Helen gets a hundred as head of the kindergarten, and Mildred gets eighty. All three of us can't earn what Eleanor managed to get by just getting the only son of the Oddies to fall in love with her.

Mildred just asked me what I was doing to look so serious, and I said that I was working out a sort of a budget. And Helen looked so happy, and she said;

"Ah, that's fine, darling. I'd be so glad to have you take an interest in anything like that!"

Darling old Helen, she's so sweet and so unsuspicious! She is always hoping I will develop into a fine woman who is interested in Emerson and civic welfare and everything—but I never will. I'll marry some one rich, and give large sums to the poor and hospitals and Y. W. C. A. buildings. But I'll never take the slightest personal interest in good works or economy or anything like that, because they all bore me. Because I think my own happiness is just as important as any delinquent boy or working woman in the canneries.

It will be quarter past ten in two more minutes, and I have been sitting here thinking how unfair everything is. If I have to be one of those women who lead strong, heroic, lonely, edifying lives, I would rather be dead.

If Eleanor Oddie thinks my brother Tom is making anything like three hundred dollars a month, she is mistaken. Eleanor has always been very popular with men; she was a great favorite as a girl. She was always in demand, and once four separate boys, three U. C. men and a Stanford one, asked her to go to the big game.

If I had three hundred dollars a month alimony I would ask nothing else in life. I could travel and do good. There must be thousands of rich, rich men who could pay their wives as much as that, and yet who never have married at all.

January 14th

THE cannery where I work is very large and important, and advertises in all the eastern magazines. The man who founded it had a daughter named Ida, and he put her picture on the first cans, sort of laughing, with ringlets and a saucer hat with streamers; and there it is now on our soups and tomatoes. But he is dead now, and Ida is Mrs. Joe Houston and has grandchildren of her own—Sammy Houston's little girls. They live over on the Alameda in a darling old house with about three acres of garden.

The summer sheds, where they bring the fruit, or whatever we are doing, are great, big barns spreading over acres of ground, all

The Hankscraft Bottle Warmer

Automatically heats baby's bottle to correct temperature—without watching or waiting.

The finest gift for the new mother—the Hankscraft Automatic Electric Bottle Warmer. Day and night it stands at the cribside ready to heat the bottle at an instant's notice. When the correct temperature is reached, the current shuts off. Holds bottle at right temperature for 20 minutes. No watching, no waiting. Nothing to get out of order. Choice of blue or pink. Wrapped in gift packages ready for mailing. At your electric dealer, light company or department store. Write us direct if they cannot supply you. Fully guaranteed. $5.00 ($5.50 west of Rockies).

HANKSCRAFT CO.

35 delicious
Easily Made Dishes

These recipes, prepared by Boston Cooking School, FREE with each Climax Combination Grater and Slicer, tell how to quickly prepare unusual new dishes for every occasion. Fruits and vegetables cut wafer-thin with Climax Slicer. Cheese, crackers, carrots, etc., grated without crushing. No cut fingers. Sanitary. Durable. Thousands in use. Glass Block an exclusive feature—easily cleaned, prevents flavor taint. Choice of red, blue, green, white. $2.00 complete.

The Hamilton Metal Products Co.
Dept. P, Hamilton, O.

Order direct if dealer can't supply. (West of Rockies $2.25) Grater or slicer, alone, $1.40. (West of Rockies $1.65)

CLIMAX
GRATER AND SLICER

KREME-SKIN
BEAUTY GLOVES

They beautify the hands while you work! Made from extra soft imported lamb skins treated with lanolin which softens and whitens the hands while protecting against grime and abuse. Wear them for Housework, Gardening, Driving, Golfing, as a Night Glove. Ideal bridge prize or Xmas gift. Sold at toilet goods dept. of better dept. stores—or send us $1 for pair prepaid. Made in two sizes, *Average* and *Large*. State your glove size.

The National Glove Co. Dept. B, Columbus, Ohio

irregular and added to and patched, with streaks of sunshine battering through the shingles of the high roof, scalings and decks and ladders; pyramids of bright, new tin cans, boys with brooms, and machines that brush on glue and flow on labels. Visitors from the east love to go through when the apricots are ripe or when the apples are rolling slowly down the long canvas belts, and the girls are picking the firsts and seconds and culls as they travel by. But at this time of the year it is very quiet.

Our girls have to wear dark green aprons and caps with "Supreme" on a gold ribbon. In winter we only have about two hundred, but in summer sometimes it is nearer the thousand mark. There is a spur of the railway that backs right into the yard, and the office I work in is on the second floor of an old building right beside it. All through July and August the big tomato vans file through, and the air is sickly with the sweet-acid smell of them. Tomatoes out of the ice-box are all very well in hot weather, but tomatoes mashed into the road by the trucks, and tomato peels rotting in the sun are something else again.

In the winter a lot of the married women are laid off, and many of the foreign ones have babies.

But with the first cherries they all come back again, babies and all, and the work begins in the sheds. The peach peelers get covered with black gum to their elbows, but the tomato peelers always have wonderfully clean hands. Most of the workers live in Cantown, right back of the factory, and sometimes they have terrible fights there at night, and stabbing. Once at a golden wedding both the old wife and husband died—she stabbed him, but he shot her just before he fell.

Excitement enough in *that* house! I suppose even to be as content as Helen is better than that.

Of course, if you knew when you are nineteen that you were to have your break, that you were to get your chance, it would be easy to be patient. But to realize what some girls are doing at seventeen—at fifteen! There is one movie star, Marcella La King, who is getting paid more than the President of the United States. She is a laughing, irrepressible gypsy of sixteen—the magazine said so.

I don't have to wear the dark green aprons and the caps; I wear middy blouses and plaited skirts to work, summer and winter. But when I think of the clothes a girl like Marcella La King would have—!

They say her real name is Ella Whitters. She certainly got a break to do all she has, and change her name, and be only sixteen.

January 20th

IT IS pouring, pouring, pouring rain. The street is one wild curtain of it, coming down so fast that it crowds itself through the air. People run through it, holding their umbrellas down ahead of them, and the gutters are running coffee-with-cream. It was so dark in the office at noon today that we had to have the lights, and I have the lights lighted in the breakfast ingle, where I am writing now. Mildred and Helen have both gone up to San Francisco for shopping; this is Saturday.

The reason I am writing in my record book today instead of tomorrow is that something sort of important happened—or nearly did, and if it does happen, I will be away tomorrow.

There is a crowd that goes about here, about twenty of them; they are always together. Nadine Wilcox is in this crowd, and Anne Brocklehurst. Helen thinks they are fast; she thinks they are terrible. She and Mildred are always talking about the things they do.

Well, they do go pretty far. I mean the boys carry hip-flasks, and every one smokes; they go about in the boys' cars; they go to roadhouses where things are pretty gay. It's not ideal, I admit that. But every town our size has a crowd like that now, and after awhile they get married, and they settle down, and nobody seems any the worse for it.

LINCOLN LOGS & BRICKS
"America's National Toys"

The NEW LINCOLN BRICKS add to the fun of building with LINCOLN LOGS.

Brick foundations and chimneys can be added to Log Buildings making every kind of construction possible with bricks and logs in combination.

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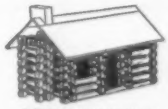

LINCOLN'S CABIN OF LINCOLN LOGS

Every Boy or Girl who has played with LINCOLN LOGS will want the BRICKS.

LINCOLN MORTAR—in tubes makes it easy to build—it holds the building together but dissolves in warm water—absolutely harmless.

ASK YOUR DEALER OR MAIL COUPON

LINCOLN LOGS, 1443 G Merchandise Mart, Chicago
Please mail at once, postage prepaid.
☐ Large Sets of LINCOLN LOGS and BRICKS, $5
☐ LINCOLN LOG SETS at $1, $2, $3, $4 or $5
(indicate what price sets you wish)
☐ Sets of LINCOLN BRICKS at $2

Name.....

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BURGESS
KITCHEN MEMORANDA
Only $1.00 POSTPAID anywhere in the U. S. A. or Canada

Hangs on the wall or kitchen cabinet—pencil never lost, memo pad always handy. Size 4"x12". Made of artistically enameled metal; comes complete with pencil and roll of memo paper. Your choice of six beautiful colors to match kitchen decorations—Apple Green, China Blue, White, Orange, Red or Yellow. Sent to any address indicated for Christmas delivery, with card inside carrying your name as donor.

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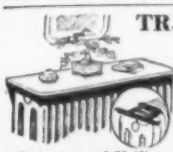
For recipes, grocery orders, shopping lists, phone calls, notes to the household, etc. Mailed complete, postpaid for $1—bill, stamps, money order or check.

BURGESS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. G-11 BEAVER FALLS, PA.



Beauty and Utility at Small Cost
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TRANSFORM YOUR RADIATORS
Protect your Walls

Adjustable steel **Brackets** (easy to attach) supporting warp-proof **Shelves** or **Seats** with rounded corners and edges—ready for paint or stain to match your woodwork. Brackets only $1.50 per pair. Shelves or Seats 1 ft. wide, 50c per lineal ft. Special widths to order.

MILLER SPECIALTIES CO., Dept. 2, Van Wert, Ohio.

In using advertisements see page 6

"I don't care what the doctor said ... I won't take it"

BETTY

AND you can't blame little Betty. Try taking old-fashioned castor oil yourself, sometime. You'll agree with Betty.

The next time the doctor says, "Give her a good dose of castor oil"—send out for Kellogg's Tasteless. It's the world's purest castor oil with the nasty taste and smell removed.

TO BE SURE IT'S TASTELESS
BE SURE IT'S KELLOGG'S!

Do not let anyone give you so-called "tasteless" castor oil bought in bulk and put up in his own bottles. Tasteless castor oil to retain its tasteless character and freshness, has to be bottled and sealed immediately upon refining *at the refinery.* Kellogg's is pure, fresh castor oil with the castor oil taste removed by super-refining. It is bottled and sealed at the refinery and comes to you in the original *refinery-sealed* bottle. Look for the label, the sealed top and the Good Housekeeping Star on the outer carton.

BOBBY

TEST IT—FIRST

Prove to yourself and children the easy-to-take character of Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. The coupon and 10c brings you a generous trial bottle postpaid.

THE WORLD'S PUREST CASTOR OIL

WALTER JANVIER, Inc. G. H. 123
121 Varick Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find 10 cents. Please mail trial bottle of Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil

Name .....

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City ..... State .....

Girl Alive!

The thing is that some of the girls are really bad; that is, they *say* they are. Roxana Peters used to go with them, and she certainly wasn't the sort of girl any girl especially wants to be like. She got all mixed up with the Robinson boy, and Mrs. Robinson took her to the east on a trip, and Roxana and Ken were married somewhere back there, and although they came back and took a little place near her mother, it seemed kind of flat. I mean, Roxy never seemed very happy, but sort of subdued and scared and—different. Anyway nobody ever sees her any more.

But of course most of them just have a good time, and go to movies and dance places, nights. The Garthwaite and Houston outfit looks down on them, but then they're rich so they can look down on lots of perfectly good things.

When I finished High, Nadine Wilcox and I were chums; we did everything together. So she got into this crowd, and I did, too.

Nadine was eighteen then, and I was not quite seventeen, and I admired everything she did. It seemed quite natural to meet the boys for tea and dancing in the afternoon, and sometimes we went up to San Francisco to dance or have dinner or go to a movie.

I felt terribly popular, and I was popular, too. And what a wonderful, wonderful feeling it is! To have dates ahead, and boys telephoning, and wear your slippers out, and have your dresses worn to rags—

We graduated in June, and that was the most wonderful summer of my life. Every day there was something; and lots of it was as innocent as Musical Chairs, or Puss in the Corner, or anything else we used to do at school parties when we were children. We went over to Santa Cruz, and wandered along the boardwalk, and went into the "Palace of Fun" and got rolled around the barrels and tumbled off the human roulette, and ate peanuts and went to all the concessions.

We used to come home not very late, all tired out and cold, too, and sometimes we all went to Nadine's or to the Van Sloans', and had scrambled eggs. It was such fun! We would sit around the table, laughing and talking. On Sundays we went over to the shore to swim, or up to the city.

But after a while it got changed somehow, got a little different, and the different ones began to pair off and do a good deal of petting. Sometimes at the dances they would go sit in the backs of cars, parked down around Courthouse Square, and disappear for half an hour or an hour at a time. And that made it queer and dull for the couple that *didn't* go off and pet. Once Harry Williams and I sat on and on at a table at the hotel, wondering where the others were, for I don't know how long. Maybe Harry Williams expected to pet with me, but somehow neither one of us knew how to begin.

We didn't have nearly so much fun with every one having a crush on some one else, and I used to wish that things would go back to the way they used to be in the hot summer nights when the moon was up, and everything smelled of hay and fields and tarweed.

Then suddenly the Roxana Peters thing broke, and all the mothers and fathers in town went crazy, and everybody began to ask every one else where these youngsters got the money and the cars to carry on the way they did, and to say "Well, it wasn't our Margaret—it wasn't our boys," the way they always do. The *Mercury* had an editorial about the girl and boy hikers who went off to Mount Hamilton or over to the Santa Cruz beaches and spent the night together, and there was a tremendous amount of excitement. The Fresno and Sacramento and San Francisco papers took it up, and everybody raved.

So then Helen and Mildred and Tom all landed on me and wanted to know if I knew any of these awful people, and of course I had to say yes, that it was my gang, and—well, that was the end of that. Mildred cried, and Tom banged doors, and Helen had a long talk with me about Mother and Lord Fairfax and *noblesse oblige* and everything, and she began all that stuff about fine men really admiring strong, self-controlled women, and she said that this crowd of Nadine's would bitterly regret it some day and wish that they had spent all these years studying music and reading good books and all that, and I cried and said that I wouldn't go about with them any more.

So Helen said that we would form a nice, jolly club that would meet around at the different houses, and have games and theatricals and coffee and sandwiches, and it would be safe and yet lots of fun. And Nadine and the Lilly girls and I did talk about it.

But the trouble was that we could get so many girls, and practically no boys to speak of at all. Girls I hardly knew telephoned me and said they would be glad to join because *their* mothers didn't like the roadhouses and jazzing and hip-flask idea either, and yet they all wanted to have lots of fun.

But none of us seemed to know how to get the boys to come, and so it sort of fizzled out. After awhile I knew that the gang was going full blast again, but somehow I was out of it. I've never got back.

Perhaps if my father had lived, and we had a big house like one of the houses on the Alameda, and a billiard room and cocktail shakers and everything, it would be different. But you can't ask men up to your place informally and casually when your brother sleeps in the dining room and keeps clearing his throat every time the clock strikes, and your sisters are going over kindergarten averages for intelligence tests right in the same room with you.

And it all makes you wonder just how important being refined, being true to your family's traditions, is. Does it matter what a girl does, so long as she is happy and pretty and having a good time? Is it so important to be straight?

Personally, I don't think it is. Suppose you do have a few wild, racing years and go just as far as you want to? I don't mean with every boy, of course; there are some boys you wouldn't want to kiss if you were cast alone with them on a desert island.

But I mean just to have a good time, and drift along, laughing, drinking, dancing, going about in cars, and not everlastingly fussing and holding back? If boys want you to pet,

SIMPLE THINGS

By Helen Welshimer

NOW *I do the simple things,*
Dust and wind the clock,
Put the kettle on for tea,
Fill the cookie crock.

MAKE *the beds with sheets turned down,*
Pour cream on the rice,
Train the vines around the door,
Turn the card for ice.

IF *I tie my apron strings*
With unusual grace,
It's because my silly heart
Doesn't know its place.

Holiday tradition and holiday appetites
BOTH CALL FOR WALNUTS

WHAT would the holidays be without holly wreaths, or pumpkin pie and turkey —*or without Walnuts?* Tradition has made the Walnut Bowl an important part of the holiday celebration.

Tradition has made the holidays a time for feasting, too—a time when appetites expect the best. That's why it is so important to add Walnuts to your favorite holiday treats.

There's something about Walnuts that lends a festive air to holiday foods. Their golden kernels add a "dress up" touch; their crunchy crispness and rich, delicious flavor improve all sorts of cakes and cookies, salads and desserts—or any home-made candy.

Naturally, you'll want the best Walnuts for your holiday entertaining. For it's *kernels* that count, not shells. And while all Walnuts may look alike on the *outside*, only the finest have plump, tender kernels. That's why it pays to buy Walnuts as you buy other quality foods—*by brand*.

Diamond California Walnuts are the pick of California's famous groves – hand-selected, machine-graded, vacuum-sorted and crack-tested. Only the *best* Walnuts can pass such tests. Of course, there are different sizes and varieties, selling at different prices; but regardless of variety and size, Diamond *branded* Walnuts give you *more and better kernels per pound.*

To be sure of getting Diamond Walnuts, look for the Diamond, *branded on the shell.* If at least 97% are Diamond *branded*, they're genuine Diamond California Walnuts. And this protection costs you nothing. We brand twenty pounds of Walnuts for a cent, one thirtieth the cost of packing them in cartons.

Order some Diamond California Walnuts from your grocer today! Heap the Walnut Bowl full—and keep a large supply in the kitchen! You'll find almost endless uses for them.

SEND FOR THIS FREE RECIPE BOOK

You'll find many suggestions for improving everyday dishes in our free 40-page booklet, "For That Final Touch—Just Add Diamond Walnuts." Also scores of recipes for Walnut dishes that are truly different. Better write for your copy today. Address Dept. H-10.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California

A purely cooperative, non-profit organization of 5569 growers. Our yearly production over 70,000,000 pounds.

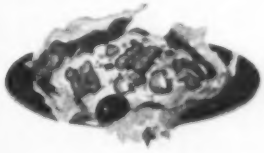
Here Are Three Delicious Recipes You'll Want To Try

VELVET FUDGE

Mix 3 cups sugar, 3 tablespoons of cocoa, and 1 cup of milk, add 3 tablespoons of butter, without stirring, until mixture forms a firm ball when a little is tried in cold water. Remove from the fire, add 1 teaspoon of vanilla and set aside until cool. When cool, beat mixture until it begins to keep its shape. Add 1 cup of Diamond Walnut kernels, broken in pieces, then knead or work in the hands until smooth. Mold or not, as desired.

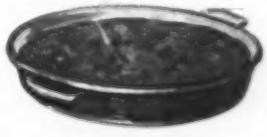
DIAMOND CHICKEN SALAD

Put ½ cup Diamond Walnut kernels in pan, sprinkle sparingly with salt, add ¾ tablespoon of butter and cook in a slow oven until heated, stirring often. Remove from oven and break in pieces. Cut cold chicken in cubes to make 1½ cups, add ¾ cup celery cut in small pieces, add walnuts and mix well. Marinate with French dressing, arrange on bed of lettuce and mask with mayonnaise dressing. *(Serves six.)*



CHEESE AND WALNUT ROAST

Rub ¼ pound American cheese through a grater. Add 1 cup of chopped Diamond Walnuts and 1 cup of bread crumbs and moisten with 1¼ cups milk. Melt 1 tablespoon of butter in a frying pan, add 2 tablespoons of chopped onion and cook about 2 minutes. Combine ingredients, add the juice of half a lemon, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon of paprika, and ⅛ teaspoon of black pepper. Blend well, put into a shallow baking dish and brown in moderate oven. *(Serves four.)*



Don't forget Diamond *shelled* Walnuts (mixed halves and pieces) kept always fresh and sweet in two sizes of vacuum sealed tins. They're exactly the same plump, tender, mature, full-flavored kernels as Diamond Walnuts *in the shell.*

branded DIAMOND WALNUTS
California's finest

Bye-bye Sonny!

THERE HE GOES...bright eyed, rosy cheeked six-year-old, skipping along to school...turning now and then to answer the wave of mother's hand. See those sturdy little legs...manly little shoulders and the very set of his head. What a wonderful little fellow! The reward of sunshine...fresh air...sleep... wholesome food...and the care of a mother who understands.

School days are trying days for little folks, for study and play make strenuous calls on busy little bodies and active little minds. Breakfast... mother knows that's important for little folks. They need their orange juice, milk and cooked cereal, to give them the things on which to keep fit and get big.

Take Ralston Whole Wheat Cereal... there's a real morning dish for school children. Chock-full of what it takes to make young bodies sound and busy...Ralston Whole Wheat Cereal is nut brown in color...granulated to give it a velvety creaminess...sweet and wheaty in taste. There's nothing added...just the wholesomeness of golden sun-kissed wheat, that's all.

"FIND THE BOTTOM BOWL"

Little folks get a thrill eating from the "Find the Bottom Bowl." Just to find the happy bunny at the bottom of the bowl, they eat on and on until their cereal is all gone. Send 25 cents with one Ralston package top and a "Find the Bottom Bowl" will be sent to you by return mail prepaid.

Let there be a hot bowl of Ralston Whole Wheat Cereal on the table at every place in the morning. That's a good beginning for the day. You'll remember it for its morning goodness and the way it keeps away that "empty" feeling before noontime.

RALSTON PURINA CO., 763 GRATIOT ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Girl Alive!

why be mean about it? You have more fun that way than you do by being safe and respectable and lonely at home. There's no harm in lip-red, and there's no harm in dancing. My own mother used to dance and love dancing.

Now, supposing that Nadine Wilcox does everything she wants to—and Nadine always does—and supposing she *does* go too far, and supposing she feels sorry and ashamed about it and after awhile gets married and forgets it, what *of* it? Does it make her any different from—well, say from me, who have been at home talking to Helen and Mildred, and drying dishes, and going to the Midwinter Musicale or to hear the Abbé Dimnet in the High School Auditorium? I can't see it.

Because, look, men marry widows, and they marry divorced girls. My brother Tom is in love with a divorced woman now, and I must say that Eleanor Oddie is a sweet and gracious woman, if she does live on alimony.

There are times when I feel that I would do *anything* to get started living!

BUT what happened this week, and the reason I think I may not be here tomorrow night, is that I met Louis L'Homme when I came out of the factory yesterday afternoon. The L'Hommes used to be called Lomm, and they had a restaurant here, but after the war their father patented some way of canning cooked prunes, and now they are rich, and Frances Lomm changed their name to L'Homme.

Louis L'Homme has a wonderful roadster, and he went to college, and he is very handsome. He is older than Tom, he is about twenty-eight, but he still likes dancing and everything; indeed, he is a little wild.

So he remembered me, and we walked along, sort of laughing and talking, to his car, and then he asked me if he could drive me home. But I said it was only three or four blocks.

So he said to get in anyway, and that he had been made county inspector, and that he had to see if the boundaries of the county were where they belonged, and we drove over the Los Gatos road, past all the empty fruit stands and the bare orchards. It had been raining, and there were pools under the trees, but it was quite a warm sunset, and everything smelled like spring.

Louis asked me if I liked to dance, and he said that he would come and take me to dance some night. He said how about Sunday night, —that's tomorrow night. But I began to shake my head.

He seemed so surprised, and I guess he was because most girls are crazy about him. I said I didn't think my sisters would like me to. He said, "How old are you?" and I said "Nineteen." "Well," he said, "do we do what our sisters tell us to at nineteen?" So of course I laughed.

"Well, anyway," he said, "I am coming to get you at half-past six on Sunday, and we shall have dinner somewhere, and dance, and you will be restored to your family safe and sound at eleven o'clock."

When I came in, Mildred and Helen were fixing supper, and they said I looked rosy and happy, and Mildred said, "That soft béret makes you look like a little gypsy." I said Louis L'Homme had brought me home. Mildred laughed in the significant way she does, and said, "Three blocks?" "Brought me home by way of Los Gatos and Campbell," I said. So they both laughed and said, "Oh?"

This morning, in the office, I said to Fred Archer that I had seen Louis L'Homme the day before. "Oh, yes," he said, "he's back in town and working for the old man. He goes with a pretty swift crowd," Fred said.

Well, if all the crowd is going, I don't see why Helen and Mildred should make a fuss if I go.

Oh, my God, please make it all right for me to go out and have fun with the crowd tomorrow night!

Sunday.

I WILL have time to write in this book today, because I am all alone. Two queer things have happened. Mildred and Helen came back from the city yesterday all excited over an invitation they had for tonight. Some Miss Thomas, who has a girls' school in Berkeley, is entertaining some one or other important, and Miss Trent, their best friend down here, was driving up anyway, and she said she'd take Mildred and Helen. So they went off about three o'clock.

About an hour later the telephone rang, and it was a telegram from Tom,

"Won't be home until late, love."

Mrs. Oddie is staying with her sister in San Francisco, and I suppose that's where he is.

And an hour ago—that is, about five o'clock —there was another telegram—this one for Tom:

"Mildred and I remain Berkeley tonight drive down in time for breakfast."

So now here it is six o'clock, and I am wondering about Louis. He will call for me here in half an hour, and what a fool I would be to open the door a crack and say primly,

"I can't come out, Louis, and I can't ask you in because my sisters have gone away and I am afraid of you."

He would think I was crazy.

I have put on my velvet dress. Mildred gave me the material at Christmas. She had had it a long time, but she said she didn't think it would be becoming to her. She bought it at a sale at Hale's. It is dark blue, and Miss Patterson made it up with my old lace collar, and it looks lovely. My coat is brown, but my hat is black. I wish I had thought yesterday to go downtown and get myself a brown hat; I could have got one for three dollars. Maybe I won't wear any hat. My coat has a fur collar; it *could* be an evening coat.

If I do go with Louis tonight I will not do anything wrong; I will not drink, I will not smoke, I can not imagine myself petting or kissing with a big, red-faced boy like Louis L'Homme, or with any of the other boys of that crowd, so what harm will there be?

I am shaking all over, I feel so excited. I know this: *I am going.* Because how can you ever have great adventures in life if you are afraid of even the beginnings of things?

February 11th. Sunday.

THIS morning before I was up, Helen came into my room, and we had it out. She said, "Hello, dear," and let up the sitting-room shades, and sat down on the foot of the bed, and I knew I was in for it.

I pulled one of the velvet cushions under my regular pillow, and locked my hands behind my head and looked straight at her. But I was really scared to death.

She began by asking me if I knew that I was grieving her and Mildred and every one who loved me very deeply?

And I said that I supposed I did.

"And doesn't it make any difference to you, Mary?" she asked very sadly and gently.

It makes me so mad when they take that martyred, loving tone!

"Of course, it makes a difference to me, and I wish you'd mind your own business and let me mind mine," I answered. Only I didn't say it rudely; I said it sort of scared.

"You *are* our business, darling," she came right back.

"I don't interfere with anything you or Mildred or Tom want to do," I argued.

Helen just looked at me in a sensible, schoolteacher sort of way—the sort of look they give when they mean "Give her time to find her better self."

"Since the night we stayed with Miss Thomas in Berkeley," she went on, "you have been a changed person. We all see it. You went out that night without having told either

Happy Days!

with

ARCADE CAST IRON TOYS

made by The Tiny Arcadians

"they look real"

REAL play—absorbing, character-building—depends on the right kind of toys; sturdy, movable toys that faithfully reproduce the grown-up world.

Ideal for boys and girls alike are Arcade Cast Iron Toys—hard to break, and every toy just like "the real thing".

They stimulate imagination, and offer limitless possibilities for dramatic play.

There are all the Arcade automotive toys—cars, trucks, buses and farm implements; and the cutest doll's furniture you ever saw—for every room.

It's no wonder Arcade Toys captivate children; and win cordial indorsement by leading educators.

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For sale at all leading toy shops and department stores; or write us.

FREE!

A splendid fairy story in jolly rhyme of two children's adventures in the land of the Tiny Arcadians, makers of Arcade Toys. Just send us your name and address—we'll send you the story.

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Please send me a copy of your story book, "The Arcadians".

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All Wool Blanket for your Old Rags

Choice of 7 Pastel Colors

There's beauty and warmth in these soft, fleecy blankets, which you can obtain direct from the mill at much less than retail store prices. Just send us 5 lbs. of your woolen rags—old blankets, clothing, etc., and we will return to you a new all-wool blanket in your favorite color. Makes a very acceptable and practical Christmas gift. Send only $4.50 with order or pay the postman. Colors are orchid, baby blue, light green, rose, purple, tan or gold. They are full size, 66" x 80", with 4" lustrous binding, 4 rows stitching, will hold their color, wash and wear well. Every blanket guaranteed or money refunded.

HUNTER WOOLEN MILLS
Dept. 15 Newport, New Hampshire

The CAMPUS

BASS MOCCASINS
IDEAL FOR WINTER WEAR

—the answer to your wish for footwear that will stand the rigor of winter without the bother of rubbers and yet permit your feet to be smartly dressed and, above all, *comfortable*. They are True Moccasins—synonymous with comfort—and endorsed by fashion for street wear. Made from beautiful Brown Scotch Grain Leather.

Reasonably Priced for Men and Women

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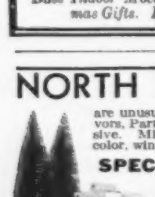
Bass Indoor Moccasin Slippers are Ideal Christmas Gifts. Illustrated in Free Catalog

NORTH RIDGE PINES



are unusual decorations for Card Tables, Favors, Party Prizes. Realistic, durable, inexpensive. Miniature, graceful pines, lifelike in color, win instant praise.

SPECIAL OFFER

2 large pines 12 inches high, 8 favor pines with place cards, complete set on special introductory offer for only $1.00. Ask your dealer or send direct to factory. Postpaid. Send name and address with $1.00.

NORTH RIDGE PINES, FREEPORT, ILLINOIS

Girl Alive!

Tom or me that you were going, or where, or with whom—"

"I told you afterward. I told you we went over to Nadine's for cocktails—"

Helen made a gasping little sound.

"Yes, and I drank one, too. I don't like it, but Louis asked me to," I said, getting suddenly mad. "And then we all went up the Peninsula to a place called Robey's, and we had a two-dollar *table d'hôte* with red wine, and some of them danced, and I danced a little, and I came back before Tom got home, and that was all there was to it!"

I reached for my manicure and began to do my nails, and Helen sat still, looking at me.

"Louis didn't kiss me, and he didn't suggest that we take a room somewhere—" I began.

"*Mary!*" my sister said, and I shut up.

After awhile she began again. "I hardly know you these days, Baby. You've always been the dearest thing in the world to me. God knows that there is nothing—nothing that I've ever refused you. Perhaps I've made mistakes, but it wasn't for want of loving you!"

MY THROAT suddenly got that hot, tickly feeling. I went on staring at the window.

"It wasn't always easy," Helen went on after awhile with that little drone in her voice that always comes when people are telling you how good they are and what wonders they've done for you. "It wasn't always easy for Tom and Mildred and me after Grandfather died. But we never let you know it. You had your Girl Scout's uniforms and your month in camp—you went to dancing school; we tried—we may have failed, but we did try—to round out your life formally and completely."

"Oh, hire a hall!" I wanted to say, because my head was splitting and I felt so tired and my mouth was so dry. But of course I didn't; Helen is the head of our family, after all, and she did mean it. Only it sounded a little as if she was making a speech.

"Mary," she began again, "you did this sort of thing in a younger way, of course, but still it was something of the same thing, after you graduated. Do you remember the sad thing that happened to Roxy, and her poor little baby dying, and how terribly her mother felt? Now poor Roxy is getting a divorce, and her life is practically ruined. Don't you remember Tom and me talking to you about it all then, and that you promised to give it up, and be patient and sweet for a few years until you could join a dignified group that took its pleasures in a decent, dignified way? Don't you remember that?"

I hadn't meant to speak at all. But now I said, "What group?"

"There is always such a group."

"Not here there isn't."

"You certainly won't find it running about with that Brocklehurst and Tubbs and Van Sloan crowd!" Helen reminded me, getting hot in her turn.

"Have *you* found it?" I asked. It was a mean thing to say, but I felt so utterly rotten and despairing.

Helen looked away for a minute, and the color came into her face. "I have found great happiness, Baby," she said, after a minute. But she sounded unutterably sad, and I felt horribly ashamed.

Immediately I knew I was going to cry. It is an awful feeling, when you want to argue.

"For the past few weeks," Helen rubbed it in, "you have been home hardly at all. Out late Saturday nights, coming in utterly exhausted, smelling of cigarettes and wine, your lips all smeared with that horrible permanent red, hardly paying any attention to us, abstracted and tired all the time—gone all day Sunday—the same thing all over again Sunday night! And when I come in to wake you Monday morning when you ought to be fresh and rested and ready to give your whole

COOKING ODORS QUICKLY BANISHED

the VICTOR CLEAN-AIR VENTILATOR

NOW you can positively prevent disagreeable kitchen odors from pervading the whole house. Greasy fumes, smoke and foul air—those dangerous enemies of health—are quickly banished by the Victor Clean-Air Ventilator. You can install this Victor ventilator in your kitchen window in a few moments—does not interfere with raising or lowering windows—and attaches to any convenient electric outlet. Moves over 800 cu. ft. of air a minute—the capacity of the ordinary kitchen—and will even pull tobacco smoke out of the living room—keeps the entire house thoroughly ventilated and filled with fresh wholesome air. Ask your electric appliance dealer to demonstrate the Victor Clean-Air Ventilator in your home or write today for illustrated folder and nearest dealer's name.

The NEW VICTOR INBILT

This attractive Victor model is designed for permanent installation in modern homes and apartments. Beautiful dome shaped Grille screens, fan and motor—outside shutters electrically closed and opened. Single wall switch, placed anywhere, operates both fan and shutters—three speed control—no radio interference. Can be installed in new or old homes—fits any thickness of wall. Write for detailed information and nearest dealer's name.

DEALERS! *These Victor Ventilators are in demand. Write for our attractive proposition today!*

THE CINCINNATI VICTOR COMPANY
716 READING ROAD CINCINNATI, OHIO

The modern way to HOT STARCH!

ELASTIC STARCH

Just see and feel the difference it makes in ironing. Prepare simply by adding hot water from faucet or kettle. Takes less than a minute. ELASTIC STARCH is a perfect and complete powdered starching mixture. No cooking or bother.

TURN STONES into MONEY

Make necklaces, etc., of our jewels and imitation precious stones. Sell to friends. Big Christmas business. Good profits. Fascinating hobby. It's easy. We'll show you how. Make your own gifts also. Write today.
MASTEROFF'S 812 Arch Street, Dept. GH PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 67 Springfield, Mass.

GARDEN BOOK-FREE

Tells all about the best Vegetable and Flower Seeds — Dahlias and Gladiolus. Write for a copy. **W. ATLEE BURPEE CO.**
213 Burpee Buildings, Philadelphia

energy to your work, your clothes are in a heap on the floor, your face is absolutely pasty, and your eyes are glittering.

"Mary, my dearest little sister, can't you see that that's not pleasure, it's not safe, it's as dangerous as matches to a baby or guns to a little boy! Can't you see that you're sacrificing your youth and beauty, your dignity, your future, to this crazy chase for pleasure that isn't really pleasure?

"Darling," she ended, kneeling down and putting her arms about me, "can't you believe that everything you long for, travel, clothes, friends, and some day a fine, good husband, and a home and children, will really all be yours if you'll only wait for them?"

"No," I said in a thick, low voice, because my throat was tight and my eyes stung, "I can't believe that."

"But, sweetheart, you have my word for it!"

"That isn't enough, Sis."

She was too much in earnest to be hurt; Helen is magnificent in some ways. I would have given a younger sister a good slap for that.

"But every one whose opinion you respect will tell you the same, Mary."

"I don't respect the opinions of the clubwomen and clergymen of this town."

"You are not saying what you mean," Helen told me coldly, and at that I seemed to get hard, too.

"Helen, what fun do I have?" I burst out. "I don't know how to play tennis, I don't know how to ride, I've never had a golf stick in my hands! I have no clothes, no friends, no hospitality. I work in a cannery, checking from eight to six every day, and for holidays going over to Carmel, where a lot of women with children and artists and old maids go every year. I sleep on a couch in the sitting-room—I'm nineteen, and nothing has ever happened to me, and nothing ever will. I could go on the stage, I could go into the movies, if I had a break. But I'll be twenty-nine, and thirty-nine, and fifty-nine, and they'll raise me to eighty a month, and I'll die, and nobody'll care!"

HELEN sat perfectly still; there was no color in her face.

By this time, of course, I was crying wildly. I gulped, and wiped my eyes and nose on the sheet, and looked as sullen as I could. But I've never loved Helen as I did that minute.

"I've never met a man I'd marry under chloroform in this town!" I said.

After awhile she said in a troubled tone, "There must be some nice boys we could ask here for little Sunday suppers."

"Well, *who?*"

"Bert Redding used to be a dear little boy in the kindergarten—he'd be about twenty now," she said.

"He's in Yale. But when he is here, believe me he runs around with the regular gang!"

"You're only nineteen, Mary."

I didn't say what I thought; I prayed that she couldn't read it in my thoughts. But she did.

"You mean I'm twenty-eight?" she said with a smile.

And that made me put my hand out on hers and say, "Sis, I'm sorry I'm not better.

"I don't like it," I went on, crying again. "I hate saxophones, and having my hair smelling of cigars and cigarettes and everything! But what can I do? That's all the boys want nowadays, and the further a girl goes the more popular she is. They aren't looking for fine wives to be the mothers of their children; they want to go round where the lights are and the music; they have to have cocktails and roadsters and lipstick and clothes and everything; they want you to kiss them, and they haven't any use for you if you don't!"

Helen looked at me quickly, frowned a little, and looked away again. "Is any one of those boys earning the money he spends?" she asked me after awhile.

HORSMAN DOLLS

On Sale Wherever Fine Dolls Are Sold

Watch your child's eyes sparkle and her tiny arms reach instinctively for Horsman Dolls. Three of these snuggly, adorable playmates are pictured. Scores of other Horsman Dolls for every childhood desire.

If your store doesn't carry Horsman Dolls write us for name of dealer

E. I. HORSMAN CO., Inc.
200 Fifth Avenue. - New York

Holiday Happiness

With Money to Spare

Miss Nora Chase of Missouri has been one of our representatives for many years and vouches for the pleasure and profit to be found in our offer.

Santa Claus is a jolly old soul—but he turns in a big expense account. There are few of us who couldn't use a little extra money at this time of year. If *you* want extra money for Christmas shopping or for any other purpose, there is a simple, easy, pleasant way to get it. Instead of pinching here and saving there, you simply sell us your spare time. Hundreds of alert, ambitious women have used this method to increase their incomes. Why not *you?*

Mrs. Katherine Andrews, one of our progressive representatives in Pennsylvania, has earned hundreds of dollars through her subscription work.

Learn the Secret of Extra Cash!

By dropping in on your friends, chatting with them, making new ones, 'phoning, and writing short sales letters, you will be representing the subscription interests of Good Housekeeping and our other splendid magazines. It's easy and delightful work. No experience or expense is necessary. Our few simple instructions will show you how to turn your spare hours into cash. Do you need it? Get out your pen and mail coupon today.

Good Housekeeping, Dept. 1230 B
57th St. at 8th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me, without obligation, more about your plan to help me make extra money in my spare time.

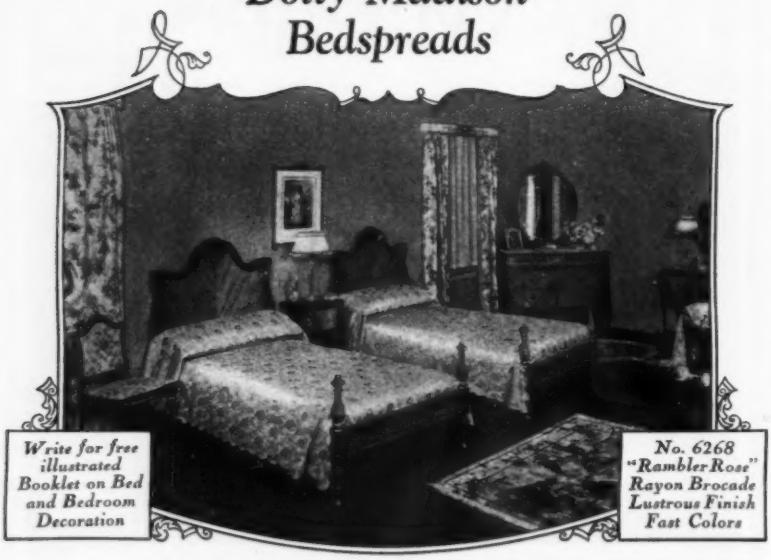
Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Now Everyone Can Enjoy Dolly Madison Bedspreads



Write for free illustrated Booklet on Bed and Bedroom Decoration

No. 6268 "Rambler Rose" Rayon Brocade Lustrous Finish Fast Colors

Luxurious bedspreads like those above are now within the means of every family . . . for, in accordance with today's low price tendencies, a repricing of Dolly Madison Spreads has been permitted by the current low costs of materials. No need now to deny yourself the enjoyment of the enduring charm of these famous bed coverings. Or as Christmas gifts, what lovely reminders of the giver. At the better stores, or write us for color swatches.

GEORGE ROYLE & CO., *Mfrs. Dept. 126*

Send 25c for Doll's Bedspread

DOLLY MADISON Bed Spreads

Torresdale & Frankford Aves. Philadelphia, Penna.

***Liquid Silmerine Makes Hair Beautiful**

Applied to finger waves, the permanent or marcel, makes natural, perfectly formed waves that remain so for days. Helps remove dandruff and oiliness. Keeps straight hair smooth, sleek, orderly. Good for men, women and children. All drug & dept. stores. PARKER BELMONT & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

It is easy to display **Wall Decorations**

BY USING MOORE PUSH-PINS OR MOORE PUSH-LESS HANGERS

To hang up things

10c packets everywhere.

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia

Which **canary** *will sing more sweetly?*

One has noted singing ancestors. His beautiful voice has been trained and will endure . . . . the quality of his song will improve. • Genuine Henry Bartels Canaries . . . . the world's finest songsters . . . . have the Shield "B" stamped under one wing and are *legally* guaranteed to sing to your complete satisfaction. • Write for name of nearest dealer and interesting booklet . . . . *"The True Story of Tippy."*

HENRY BARTELS, Inc.

America's Leading Canary Importers

206-208 Fulton St. - Desk 307 - New York, N. Y.

Henry Bartels Inc. GUARANTEED *Singing* CANARIES

LUMINATOR

One of these amazing new indirect lamps will light every corner of a room 20x30 feet. Read anywhere; play six tables of bridge. No shadows; no eye strain. 80 attractive models to select from.

SEND for CATALOG

Write at once for Catalog 28 and name of local dealer.

Girl Alive!

"How do you mean?"

"Do they all get it from their fathers—the cars and hip-flasks and spending money?"

"I guess so. And the girls, too," I said.

"One wonders what the parents are *thinking* about—" Helen murmured, as if she had forgotten me and were thinking aloud.

And after another silence she began again in a queer voice: "I wonder if you're right?—I wonder if you could be right—"

Somehow this scared the very life out of me, and I only stared at her, not knowing what to say.

"I mean," Helen went on in the same musing tone, "I wonder if modesty and purity and self-control in women are just one more old-fashioned superstition—?"

"Oh, Helen, *no!*" I said.

She seemed to kind of wake up, and she looked at me curiously.

"You don't think so?" she asked.

"Oh, Helen," I said, feeling red-faced and horribly uncomfortable somehow, "you know it isn't! You know we—you know none of us girls believes that!"

"Well, then," she said with her face brightening, "why do you girls cheapen yourselves in this way?"

"Because we *have* to or get left out, Helen."

"But you do realize that it's cheapening?"

"Yes-s-s—" I said, unwillingly. "I suppose we do."

"It's cheapening to concede anything that is against your better judgment, against your finer self, to please somebody else," Helen stated firmly.

"Eventually," she added, driving it home, "eventually these very boys who are so anxious to take your favors will turn toward finer girls, girls of character and correct training, and leave you out."

It hurt me so that I said proudly that perhaps I would marry first and leave town and leave *them* out!

"Perhaps you will," she said gravely. "But marriage is a beautiful thing; it's more than just falling in love. And these boys, apparently, take no count of your minds or souls at all—they throw all that aside and just want kisses."

I couldn't think of anything to say, and she just sat staring into space with terribly serious eyes, and so there was a long silence.

"Well, do you know, Mary," she said after awhile, "I am going to say something that will surprise you. I trust you. I trust you not to do anything that you really do not enjoy, that you really do not want to do. I believe your own native fineness and common sense will tell you when to stop, and as for the cigarettes and the lip-red—well, those things are only vulgar, not really wrong, in a girl of your age, and you will adjust all that according to your own ideal of character, as you grow older."

She kissed me and went away. I felt exactly the way I did the only time she ever whipped me ten years ago. I ran away with the grocer's little girl, beguiling her from the front seat of the delivery wagon. Helen had told me twice before that the next time I ran away she positively would whip me, and she did, although it nearly killed her.

I wish I could run away now, but I am afraid Something would whip me and much harder than Helen did.

Sometimes I think my sister Helen is the smartest woman in the world.

(To be continued)

Everybody who reads one of Lenora Mattingly Weber's Neighborhood House stories wants to read another. We are as happy as our readers to announce for January the latest and best of them

"The Pink Bassinet"

PEWTER by Poole is made from an ancient English formula. It will not tarnish—the passing years but add depth and richness to its lovely lustre. Nor is it affected by liquid contents. The designs faithfully reproduce not only the lines but the very spirit of Early American masterpieces, including hundreds of subjects, both useful and decorative, for every home use, for every gift occasion.

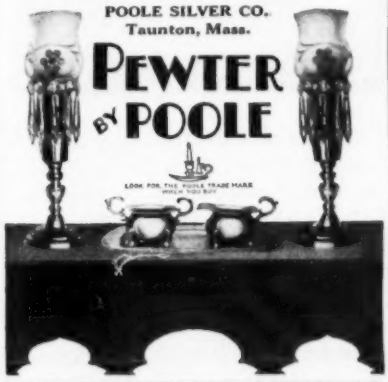
Displayed at Jewelry and Gift Shops.

The Hallmark of Poole on every piece enables you to identify the genuine

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet.

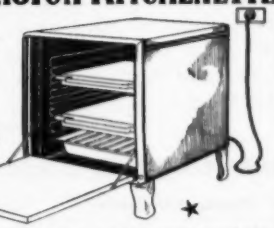
POOLE SILVER CO.
Taunton, Mass.

PEWTER BY POOLE



The Economical, Electric WASHINGTON KITCHENETTE

bakes fries stews



Washington Kitchenette bakes, fries and stews much faster because of its wonderful, patented heating elements. Bakes angel food cake in 20 minutes. Focuses intense heat directly above and below utensils. Attaches to any outlet and cooks whole meal for only a few cents current cost. An ideal Christmas gift.

Finished plain or in beautiful porcelain enamel. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Sold by electrical, hardware and department stores. Booklet mailed upon request.

GRAY & DUDLEY COMPANY
Established 1862 Nashville, Tennessee.

A SIEVE THAT SAVES YOUR HANDS

The SUPER-SIEVE★ Rotary Colander

Stop Peeling and Coring!

SMOOTH, creamy applesauce without peeling or coring—delicious cranberry sauce free from bitter hulls—light, fluffy riced potatoes. Just pour cooked vegetables or fruits piping hot into the Super-Sieve, and rotate handy roller. Saves your hands, time. Remarkable combination Colander, Sieve, Ricer, Fruit and vegetable Press. Use daily, year round. Ideal for preparing baby's first solid food. At stores or by mail, $1.25. Fully guaranteed. An ideal Christmas Gift.

THE TYLER MFG. COMPANY
Dept. GH-120 Muncie, Indiana

THE EMPTY LITTLE HOUSE

By Anne Sutherland

NOBODY *ever stops to see*
What flowers grow in there,
Nor if the lilac tree is out
Nor what the windows wear—
And oh, the little house must look
As if it didn't care!

NO FINGERS *ever lift the latch*
Of such a rusty gate,
Nor footsteps hurry up the path,
Afraid they might be late—
And oh, the little house must act
As if it didn't wait!

AND WHEN *prospective buyers come*
And poke about and peer
And cry their caustic comment on
The haloed things and dear,
The broken little house must smile
As if it didn't hear!

Aristocrats of the Oven

(*Continued from page 93*)

additional egg white. The amount of flour is increased to 2 cupfuls to make the batter of the right consistency, since the additional egg white adds moisture. The rest of the ingredients and the method of mixing are exactly like Standard Cake, the dry ingredients and milk being added to the shortening and sugar mixture, and the egg whites being beaten stiff and folded in last.

Gold Cake calls for four egg yolks and no egg whites. For this reason the amount of shortening in our standard recipe is decreased to ¼ cupful because of the fat contained in the egg yolks. The baking powder is increased to 3 teaspoonfuls to make up for the loss of air that the egg whites in Standard Cake give. Mix and bake like Standard Cake, beating the egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored and beating them into the sugar and shortening mixture.

Gala Cake is worthy of its name. Bake Standard Cake in two layers. When cool, fill and frost with *Gala Frosting*, the recipe for which you will find further on in this article.

Chocolate Nougat Cake is delightful. Bake *Chocolate Standard Cake* in two layers. Fill with *Date Filling* made as follows: Cut up 1 package of stoned dates into small pieces. Cook with 1 cupful of water until soft. Add ¼ cupful of sugar and let come to a boil. Remove from the fire, cool, and add ½ cupful chopped nut meats. Spread with *All-Round Icing*.

To Test Icings

And now for the icings, the crowning glory of the perfect cake! A candy thermometer is a great help in making icings which have a boiled sirup base. Its use assures success whereas the "soft ball" test is not always accurate. Send for the list of candy thermometers which have been tested and approved by the Institute.

If you do not have a thermometer, make the "soft ball" test by dropping a small amount of the sirup into cold water. If it forms a soft ball which will hold together and may be handled, the temperature will be about 240° F.

The addition of corn sirup to icings or candy lends them a smoothness of texture that makes them velvety.

To frost a cake, cover the top first, piling the icing in the center and working it out lightly to the edges, using a spatula. Frost the sides next.

ALL-FAIR TOYS & GAMES

Real Christmas Gifts for all the Children

Life like animals that thrill any 2 to 5 year old youngster's heart! Smarty Dog—a battle scarred little rascal and adorable to all. Humpty Hump Camel who ambles after any one who'll pull him. Mr. and Mrs. Duck with their ridiculous quacks and waddles. ABC Giraffe who twists his head as he walks and a Billy Goat with a real goat-ee! Each one comes in a gay lithographed box and costs $1.00—truly a moderate price for so much joy!

$1.00

Our Gang—Hal Roach's Rascals

$1.00

Race the ball, strike a paddle and knock one of the gang off the fence. Hal Roach's gay, now exclusively All Fair game for $1.00. All Fair Combination Tennis and Base Ball. America's two most popular sports—exciting, swift—our biggest $1.00 value.

$1.00

Send the Coupon if you can't find All Fair Games and Toys locally

All Fair Games and Toys are sold in most department and toy stores but if you can't get them locally fill in your name and address and mark the toys and games you want and they will be sent to you postpaid. Christmas is near and there's nothing like toys and games to make a child's Christmas happy! So send your order today.

$1.00

ALL FAIR, Inc., Churchville, N.Y.

$1.00

ALL-FAIR, Inc. Please send me, postpaid
3 Toy Street ☐ .....
Churchville, N.Y. ☐ .....
☐ ..... ☐ .....

Name..... Street or R.F.D.....
City..... State.....
If not satisfactory you are to return the money.

Did You Ever Give Your Face a Clasmic Pack?

YOUR first Clasmic Pack will be a thrilling experience never to be forgotten. For Clasmic Pack, developed by 13 years of research and improvement in the famous Boncilla Laboratories, is the quickest way known to a lovely complexion. You smooth a fragrant, soothing, creamy substance on your face. After thirty minutes see the results—your face amazingly refreshed, fatigue lines utterly removed, color in the cheeks no rouge can bring; acts to remove pimples and blackheads; enlarged pores closed, a smoother, softer, more lovely skin. Secure Boncilla Clasmic Pack, exactly the same as used in the most famous Beauty Salons of Europe and America, from your drug or department store. The cost per treatment is a few cents—money refunded if you are not delighted.

★BONCILLA CLASMIC PACK

In using advertisements see page 6

This Xmas Gift

goes right on giving ...365 days a year of electric kitchen help

FOOD MIXER

JUICE EXTRACTOR

What a gift!—this STAR-Rite Magic Maid that mixes batters, mashes potatoes and other vegetables, beats eggs, whips cream, mayonnaise and pastry fillings, smooths lumps out of cereals, extracts fruit juices and does a hundred and one other arm-tiring, time-consuming jobs in the kitchen. The Magic Maid not only does things quicker but does them far better than by hand.

What a gift to give! What a gift to receive! The Magic Maid, at leading stores, is $19.50 complete, juice extractor included — 2 machines at the price of one. If dealer can't supply, send the coupon for the Magic Maid direct, or for free booklet.

★ *STAR-Rite* ★

MAGIC MAID

The Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 12E, Torrington, Conn.

Gentlemen: ☐ Kindly send me the Magic Maid complete prepaid. (My dealer is unable to supply.) I enclose $19.50 (in Canada $22.50) cash, check or money order. If after 10 days trial I am not entirely satisfied, you are to return my money in full.

☐ Send free recipe book giving full particulars of the Magic Maid.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

removes the doubt complex from cooking. It adds a fine appetizing flavor to meats, fish, steaks, chops, roasts, soups and salad dressings. Add a tablespoon to four portions of

BEEF STEW

Free recipe booklet sent on request

LEA & PERRINS, Inc., 272 West St., New York

Aristocrats of the Oven

Keep the spatula free from crumbs and use quick, light strokes.

All-Round Icing is an Institute favorite. The recipe makes enough to fill and frost a three-layer cake, or, if less is desired, the rest may be stored in a covered glass jar and kept for a week. Combine 2½ cupfuls sugar, ½ cupful light corn sirup, ½ cupful of water and cook to 240–242° F., or the soft ball stage. Pour over stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs, beating constantly. Add 1½ teaspoonfuls vanilla. Beat until stiff enough to hold its shape. Spread on cake. (An electrical beater makes the beating of this frosting and the next one an easy task.)

Gala Frosting is made as follows: Dissolve 1½ cupfuls of sugar and 3 tablespoonfuls molasses in ½ cupful boiling water. Cook to 240° F. or the soft ball stage. Pour in a fine stream over 2 egg whites beaten stiff. Beat until frosting thickens and holds its shape. Then spread on cake.

Mocha Icing: Mix and sift 1 cupful of confectioner's sugar and 5 teaspoonfuls cocoa. Melt ¼ cupful butter in three tablespoonfuls of strong coffee and add to the first mixture. Add ¼ cupful finely chopped nut meats and spread on cake.

Maple Icing: Boil 1 cupful of maple sirup to 240° F. and pour over the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Beat until stiff enough to hold its shape and spread on cake.

Fudge Frosting: Cook together 2 cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful milk, 2 squares of cooking chocolate, and ½ teaspoonful salt, stirring until sugar is melted. Boil without stirring to 240° F. or the soft ball stage. Drop in 2 tablespoonfuls butter. Let stand until nearly cool. Beat until mixture holds shape. Spread on cake.

Chocolate Frosting: Melt 2 squares cooking chocolate and 1 tablespoonful butter over hot water. Blend with ½ cupful condensed milk and 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Beat until thick enough to hold shape. Spread on cake.

THE VEERY

By Archibald Rutledge

WHEN *day is hushed and hidden*
And golden woods are mute,
The elegist of evening
Touches his silver lute.

AS IF *the light were lyric*
That from the first star gleams,
Far through the dewy pinewood
The glimmering choral streams;

AS IF *through lonely oriels*
Of sundown's gorgeous fane,
Resplendent dying Beauty sang
Anthems of love and pain;

AS IF *the rosebay's beauty*
In music overbrimmed,
Till all the fading forest hears
Her radiant vespers hymned;

AS IF *a heart long harried*
And scourged by many a rod,
Had triumphed and were singing
Safe in the arms of God.

Don't Miss

Margaret E. Sangster's story in the January GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. It is called "A Four-Storied Christmas Eve"

Good-bye rough skin chapped hands

It's no longer smart to look windblown. A happy, healthy out-door life does not excuse rough hands and chins, cracked lips. With the aid of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream, we've learned to overcome them. A gentle massage with this world-famous cream after prolonged exposure to gusty winds will soothe and refine the texture of the skin, and do much to overcome that weather-beaten look. Rough or red hands can be made soft and fascinating by using Perfect Cold Cream liberally at night and wearing loose cotton or silk gloves.

Get a jar of Perfect Cold Cream and start using it today. Soothes while you sleep.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

2 Park Avenue New York

You, too, can have a YOUTHFUL FIGURE

Modern styles emphasize the figure. The graceful, slender lines of faultless loveliness are easily within your reach.

Ware's Youth-Form Girdle restrains the hips and abdomen. It makes you look smarter and feel younger. Every movement of the body causes a gentle massaging action which helps to take off unwanted fat. Beneficial and comfortable. Every Ware Youth-Form Girdle is custom-made to your own measurements. The cost is amazingly small. Write for descriptive booklet.

THE WALTER F. WARE COMPANY
Makers of Approved Surgical Appliances
Dept. D 1036 Spring St., Philadelphia, Pa.

STOP Thumb Sucking

Baby Alice Thumb Guard immediately corrects thumb sucking. Safe, sanitary, no discomfort. Made of rust proof metal. Inexpensive. Approved by leading baby specialists. Sold by Surgical dealers, Department Stores and Baby Shops everywhere.

Guard Mfg. Co. 5 West 74th St. Cincinnati, Ohio

Our Greatest Women

(*Continued from page 83*)

From the voting to date our readers and our judges—Dr. Henry van Dyke, Bruce Barton, Booth Tarkington, Otto Kahn, and Newton Baker—are so well agreed that we feel sure the selection of the first distinguished woman will be universally approved. It is significant that in the letters accompanying the ballots, men as well as women, the young as well as the old, the casual analyst and the erudite—all classes recognize in this woman a high and splendid character that is leaving its indelible impress upon the nation at large. After all, there must be something in good works—whatever the cynics say.

CRADLE WISH

By Margaret Bell Houston

WHAT *do I wish for you,*
Little New-born?
Hair that is yellow
As silk of the corn.

EYES *that are blue,*
Lips that are red,
So you'll be wooed,
So you'll be wed.

SEAS *you may sail,*
Roads you may roam,
So you'll be happy
To come back home.

GOLD *a-plenty*
To come at your touch,
So you'll not think about
Gold too much.

ROSES *to walk on,*
If you choose.
Music to dance by,
Silver shoes.

LIFE *is a moment,*
A bite and a sup.
Full be your plate,
Brimming your cup.

BRIGHT *be the lights,*
And when they are low,
May you be sorry,
Sorry to go.

Give the House a Gift

(*Continued from page 90*)

In your own family or in your circle of friends there are those who make a hobby of picnics all the year round. Small vacuum bottles hold a supply of coffee, milk, etc., and large ones have a wide mouth so that soup or stews or fricassees may be carried and served. An "extension fork" will be a joy to the hearts of those who love to cook over an open fire, and it is so inexpensive that you can give several to one family without a drain on the purse. "Canned heat" outfits are also a helpful addition to picnic equipment. These, too, are inexpensive.

And so we might go on and on choosing typical devices from our Tested and Approved lists for the Christmas tree. There are many more not mentioned here. Any lists of the particular types of devices in which you are interested will come to you promptly, upon request, with a Merry Christmas!

A free copy of the illustrated booklet, "Pottery", will be gladly sent on request.

GIFTS of pottery inspire delight at your thoughtfulness and the good taste of your choice.

Particularly fascinating are the new Roseville creations. Charm of contour and beauty of color impel one to choose these bowls, jars, vases and candlesticks. And the loving craftsmanship with which they are fashioned captures, as surely as the holiday season comes, the heart of the recipient.

There is an entrancing variety of sizes, shapes and designs in Roseville Pottery . . . and the prices are so modest! Ask to see the Roseville displays at leading gift shops and department stores.

THE ROSEVILLE POTTERY COMPANY
ZANESVILLE, OHIO

ROSEVILLE POTTERY

BELL'S SEASONING

Delicious Stuffing for Roast Turkey and other roasts

10c BELL'S ★ SEASONING

Write for free booklet containing many new recipes. Address Wm. G. Bell Co., Dept. A-2, 189 State Street, Boston, Mass.

SMOOTH—and so easy

No jagged edges, no strain or effort—if you use the new EDLUND JR. Can Opener. Attractive and compact; opens round, square or oval cans. Sturdily made to last a lifetime. Edlund Jr. Can opener or Edlund Egg Beater, 75c at stores. Mailed postpaid if dealer is not supplied.

EDLUND CO.
32 Pine St.
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Edlund Jr. Can Opener

Twenty Years of Cultivation made PECANWAY PECANS

Richer . . . sweeter . . . more delicious . . . thinner shelled . . . meatier by far than any ordinary varieties of pecans.

SHADE curing preserves this perfection. Mailing direct from planter insures complete freshness.

Surprise your friends with a gift of unique distinction.

3-lb. package, gift-wrapped, $3.00
5-lb. package, gift-wrapped, $5.00
Add 50c west of Mississippi

Available ONLY from
M. O. DANTZLER
West Pecanway Place
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Sample Package for $1.00 — For those skeptics who won't believe that these Pecans are so different and so much better, we've prepared this $1.00 Sample Box. Order it. Try them. Then you'll want a larger package.

KANGRU-SPRINGSHU — the Ideal Christmas Gift for Tiny Tots

The modern "Seven League Boots" — for running, jumping, hopping, or walking. So adaptable and so safe that even tiny tots soon become able to do all kinds of "stunts."

Can be used indoors or outside — just as a child likes to jump on a bed so he gets even more fun out of Kangru Springshus.

Price $3 the pair; add 50c west of Rockies and Canada.

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Littlefield Mfg. Co.
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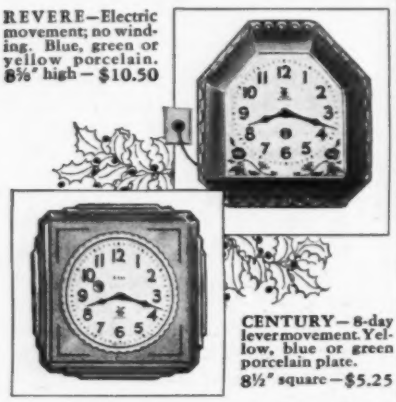
In using advertisements see page 6

MILLER KITCHEN CLOCKS



REVERE—Electric movement; no winding. Blue, green or yellow porcelain. 8⅜" high—$10.50

CENTURY—8-day lever movement. Yellow, blue or green porcelain plate. 8½" square—$5.25

Let your gift strike a colorful note . . .

THE Christmas gift must be gay. The modern gift must be useful. A MILLER Clock combines both these qualities in as cheery a timepiece as ever graced the kitchen wall! . . . There are pastel models to blend with favored color-schemes—yellow, green or blue. And "cretonne" patterns, bright as holly . . . Captivating designs for every taste, styled by the celebrated interior decorator, Alfred Helmut Sander.

Of gleaming *porcelain*, MILLER Kitchen Clocks serve as a daily reminder of the giver. Over a million American homes bear witness to their superb accuracy. The 8-day *lever* movement does away with the "pendulum nuisance" and the new *electric* movement requires no winding or regulating. Available at the better department stores, jewelers and house furnishings shops . . . 8-day lever movements, $3.50 to $6.00. Electric movements, $9.50 to $11.00.

MAILED FREE UPON REQUEST
. . . a beautifully illustrated folder entitled, *"Striking the Final Note in Kitchen Color Harmony."* A post-card will bring it to you.

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BOOTT
Lowell MILLS Mass.
SCRIM CURTAINS
Popular Styles
Variety of Colors
Excellent Quality
Good Workmanship
Reasonable Price

Skywriters

(Continued from page 63)

his gaiety as a small boy who is allowed for an evening to be as spoiled and unmanageable as he pleases. He patted Candace's shoulder and kissed her. She contrived to turn her cheek in a hasty, startled way.

"Let me look at you, darling," said Oliver. "Sweet mouth, gorgeous eyes. But don't frown—it spoils your nice forehead. Come, wench, let's dance!"

She danced away with him, but threw Scott a rebellious glance. He hoped she would let down enough barriers to show Oliver how really adorable she was. He wished she hadn't worn the dark blue suit, those low-heeled shoes. How much did the opinions of other people matter in regard to the person you loved? Usually a book or a sunset was more charming when you shared the response of others. Yet he knew that Candace needed no approbation for her love. *I am*, he thought, *herd-minded in my judgments. Not in my intellectual judgments, but emotionally; emotion ought to be a purely personal thing, but it is the only property the masses have in common.*

Crossing the room, he found Hero Leonid on the floor, leaning against James Dare's knee and softly strumming a ukulele in time to the phonograph. Her skirts of fluffy chiffon spread like a silver-shot pool in the lamplight. She had bound back her hair with a band the color of the larkspur eyes.

"I'm crazy about Scott Kennerly," she cried, loud enough for everybody to hear. "He's the only man who believes I am romantic."

"Oh, no! You are a realist, my dear," murmured Dare. He could not resist an aphorism. "The realist knows the moon is only green cheese, but the romanticist cries for it without caring to know what it is made of."

"Piff!" said Hero. "I read that in your horrid old notebook five months ago." She reached up and stroked Scott's hand.

"Stop it. You know it's only for Candace's benefit."

"I hope it benefits somebody," yawned Dare. He had assumed a dignified, unapproachable air—very much the bored celebrity lending an intellectual tang to a raucous evening.

The room was callow with light which rebounded in theatrical unsubtlety, from the fuchsia and lemon hangings to the mulberry carpet. In the bookcases the conflicting color of the volumes was like the stubborn disagreement of didactic minds. And yet the phonograph bound the click of voices together with the glance of eyes, the tremor of moods, the restless shifting of personalities. Scott watched Candace dancing, and she seemed a slim child, untutored and grave, and he remembered how she had said:

"Scott, I'm afraid I'm a one-man dog. I guess I don't like anybody in the world except you."

HE PROWLED about the crowded room. He was restless, uneasy, and curiously disappointed in the party. His glance kept returning to the doorway with an almost frightened impatience. He knew that if Paula Spain didn't come he would be heavy-hearted. But why must he feel this way when he desired nothing more than to have her meaningless? Perhaps he only imagined her strength, her vigorous insinuation into his thoughts. Perhaps he would see her again with indifference, wondering why a little flurry of passion could have been potent and disturbing. He told himself that he hoped Paula would come tonight, so he could be satisfied about this conclusion. He must be impervious . . . And if he were not, it didn't matter. By no word or sign would he betray this insane weakness. He was not the sort of man to be foolishly wrecked by trivialities.

Candace was important. With her Scott had the sense of moving in the rhythm of his essential fate. She did not wrest him aside into digressions, into blind gropings that led into shadowy grottoes where everything seemed unreal.

He looked for Candace, but saw that she was dancing with the tall Englishman (of Oliver's English Kut Klothes account), who appeared rather surprised and self-conscious. He had come in full evening dress, and he scarcely knew what to make of his host slapping about in bedroom slippers and a frayed house-jacket. Only recently Oliver had abandoned the meticulous grooming idea and taken up the gypsy patteran notion. Scott wondered if he were handling an account for Gypsy Patterans, Inc.

His eyes happening to fall upon Julian's face, Scott saw that it was turned toward the door in a look of luminous adoration. So Paula had come . . .

HE HEARD her voice. It was a thrilling voice.

"Dear old Oliver! What a grand party! Only I almost didn't come because Tracy, here—did I tell you this was Tracy Laird? He's much funnier than he looks, isn't he?—Tracy took me for a ride in a hansom cab, and the horse seemed to be against everything; he was against the traffic and policemen and the Eighteenth Amendment. I wanted him to run for Congress. He was even against me. Didn't he look at me in a nasty way, darling?"

Her vitality seemed to light up the room like the gold-starred flash of a rocket. She was exciting, vivid, profligate of gaiety.

Two men burst out of the kitchenette.

"That's Paula Spain."

"Oh, is it? I've always wanted to see—"

The tall Englishman narrowed his eyes with a sheep-like expression of connoisseurship. Candace guided him over to Scott.

"I think it's too crowded to dance any more, Mr. Poole. I believe I'll have some of the punch, or whatever there is."

Mr. Poole started toward the door where Oliver and Tracy Laird stood with their arms about Paula. She was swaying back and forth a little in the careless joy of her own high spirits.

"Candace, dear," said Scott, squeezing her warm hand.

She also looked toward the door. "Who is she?"

"Paula Spain," he said numbly.

"She's lovely, isn't she?"

He couldn't answer. He saw Paula standing there, and he thought she was not lovely, but like beautiful danger, like the cruelty of the sea, like a tiger in the forest, like a wild bird, like a tree in a storm. Then he tried to make himself see her definitely without the blurred vagaries of rhythmic phrase. He recalled Dare's remark, "The romantic cries for the moon without caring what it is made of."

"But I'm *not* a romantic!" he said. His voice was loud and irrelevant.

"But of course you are," said Candace gently.

He thought: *Paula Spain is only a woman with tarnished copper hair, with gray eyes and fair skin, wearing a dress of amber satin cut low, closely fitting, and without jewels. She has a swell figure. And that just about lets her out.*

At this moment she met his eyes and, detaching herself from the group, walked over to him with her slow, swinging arrogance.

"She walks as if she were on a stage," Candace murmured, watching Paula's approach with a quick tensing of muscles and a hand tucked possessively beneath Scott's elbow.

He put his arm around Candace.

"Hello, Scott," said Paula.

"Hello," he said.

As he spoke their names, they exchanged a secretive look no man could have interpreted.

"Does he belong to you?" asked Paula, making her voice gay with a laugh in the lift of it.

"I thought so," said Candace dryly. "But now I don't know."

Paula liked that. She ran a white hand over

This New Corn Creates A "Different" Dinner

DEL MAIZ INDIAN DINNER

1 green pepper	1 t. salt
2 tb. butter	⅛ t. pepper
1 can Vienna Sausages (4½ oz.)	½ c. milk
	2 eggs
1 can Del Maiz	

Seed and dice pepper and sauté in butter until golden brown. Cut sausages in slices, add to peppers and sauté three minutes. Add remaining ingredients, turn into a greased casserole and bake in a slow oven of 325 degrees F. for 30 minutes or until a silver knife inserted into the center of the mixture comes out clean. A substantial dinner-in-one-dish. Serves 6.

Send for your Free Copy of "Variety —with Del Maiz Corn," giving many other new corn recipes. All recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Write to: Minnesota Valley Canning Company, Le Sueur, Minnesota.

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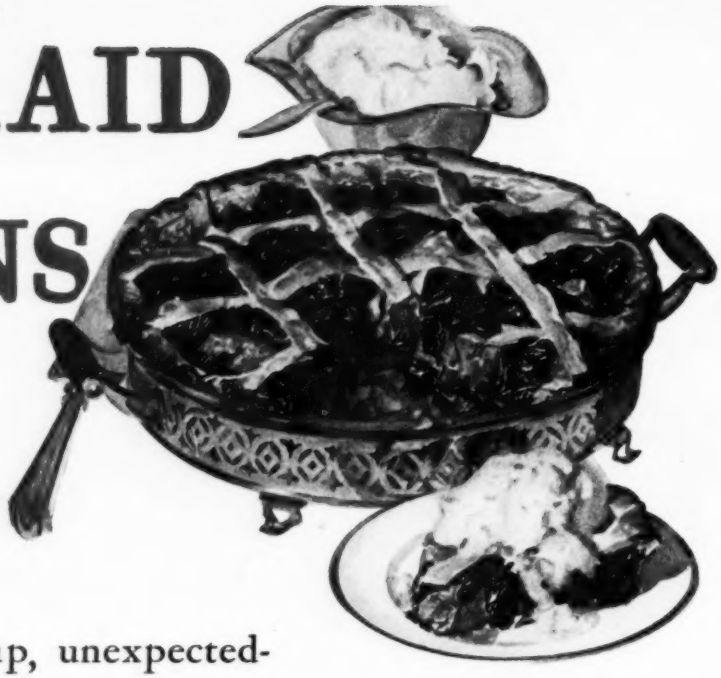

whether they end their juicy careers in a delightful pie, such as our artist pictured (*and then ate that great big piece of!*) or, whether they turn up, unexpected-like, in a ravishing salad...may be counted on to deliver the verra height of raisin lusciousness and fruitiness.

Wash your mind of all the minor superiorities of Sun-Maid raisins over the old-fashioned raisin. Forget even their free-pouringness as against ye old tyme sticky mass. Forget their plump prettiness contrasted with that ancient withered look you've seen ere now. And just let your thoughts dwell on that entrancingly fruity, never-before-experienced SUN-MAID FLAVOR!

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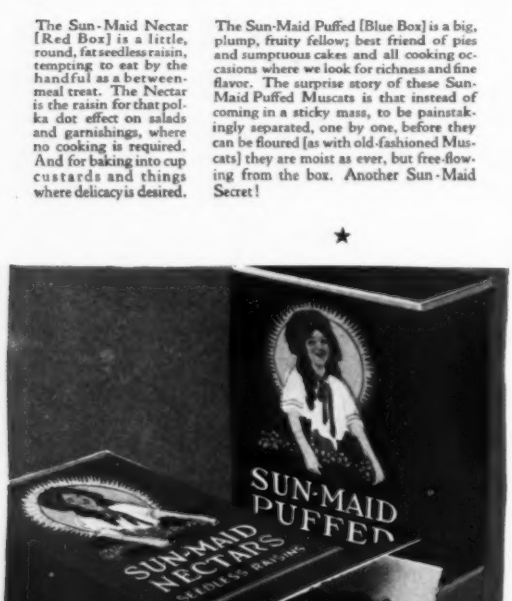

Now, Mother, if you want to be a real girl scout and do your good deed for the day, just make, for that nice family of yours, this really spickanorious Sun-Maid pie; here's the recipe:

RAISIN-APPLE PIE, CALIFORNIA STYLE

¾ cup water; ½ cup sugar; 4 apples; 1 cup Sun-Maid Raisins; ½ cup walnut meats; grated rind 1 lemon; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; 1 teaspoon butter.

Cut apples in eighths and cook with water and sugar until transparent; then drain. Add raisins, walnuts, lemon and butter. Bake between two crusts or with strips of pastry across top and serve with whipped cream.

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Skywriters

her smooth hair. "I wanted to warn you. There's something about him that gets to me. I don't know what it is. He isn't particularly handsome, do you think?" she rippled on, inconsequential and flippant. "Of course, he has nice eyes, but all men should have nice eyes. He dresses terribly—what a gaudy taste in ties and mufflers! . . . I think it's because he's such a good boy—he challenges me. I don't know any good boys, and he's quite an adventure. You hate me, don't you, Scott?"

"No," he said, "I always feel disappointed in you."

"How do you mean?" she asked, with a serious pucker of her eyebrows.

"You look so unique. And you're always so commonplace."

He knew she wouldn't forgive that soon. But just now she touched his shoulder with a merry air of playing tag.

"You look so commonplace. And you're always so unique."

Scott smiled on one side of his mouth, the side that was cynical.

Jule had found his way to Paula.

"Please come and dance," he begged, his heart in his eyes.

"First let me arrange you."

She straightened his necktie and smoothed his hair, pulled his handkerchief a bit more from his pocket. Then she gave herself to his arms with the demure manner of a young girl in a white muslin dress.

"Would you like to go over to my apartment now?" Scott asked Candace. "For just a little while before the train?"

"Yes," said Candace gratefully. "Let's run over there. I think," she drew a long breath, "I really think I'd like you to kiss me."

CHAPTER XII

AS THEY drove to the station, Scott said: "Troglodyte! Our whole love-life seems to be a matter of taking each other to trains."

"It does seem sort of transitory."

"I don't like it, do you?"

"No, it most certainly makes me feel like a book-agent or a red-cap."

"But you will come back very soon? It's going to be so much worse now—not seeing you." He took her square brown hands and studied them. "Is that a burn from a hot test-tube? How often must I show you how to handle them properly?"

"Yah! You're not so smart!" she jeered. "Remember the time you inhaled the chlorine gas?"

He asked her if she had had a nice time, and she said that it had been wonderful.

"That is . . . whenever we were alone together. I really didn't like that party much."

It wasn't such a bad party, he told her, as parties went.

"But it went nowhere," Candace objected.

They laughed. "I think Paula Spain is crazy, don't you?" asked Candace cheerfully.

Feminine intuition! It had seen danger in Hero Leonid and overlooked it completely in Paula Spain.

"Infectiously crazy," he said, half hoping that she would interpret his ironical candor. Yet he was glad she didn't.

In the Grand Central station they found ten minutes to spare. That made everything dreary and uncomfortable. Sitting together on one of the hard benches, they fell silent and gazed gloomily at a family of Italian children being herded by a pensive father with a black walrus mustache.

"Is there anything to do but eat peanuts?"

Scott looked straight ahead with a dismal smile. "This is as bad as waiting for a funeral."

"Or a wedding," said Candace.

All at once he turned toward her a white, drawn face that she had never seen before.

"Candace," he spoke steadily, but with an undertone of shaky pleading, "I want to ask you something. I want you to consider—realize—a lot of things before you answer. Don't just say, 'Oh, no, I can't,' without thinking . . . I want you not to go. I want you to stay here and marry me right now. You see . . . I love you."

She clasped and unclasped her purse with tense fingers. Thinking. Staring unhappily at all the reasons she had so carefully sorted and organized. And at last she said, "But I can't—I really *can't!*"

"Great God!" he said, almost like a prayer, with tears in his voice. "Don't you see—don't you understand? Candace, won't you understand?"

She looked at him wonderingly, even timidly. No, she didn't understand.

"I think they're calling my train."

Candace and Scott followed the porter to the black gates. She had a French doll, a gift for Mary, under her arm, and the official said jovially that she must buy it a half-fare ticket. He laughed. It seemed strange of him to laugh.

"I'm sorry," Scott whispered as he kissed her. "I didn't mean to make a row. I'll be all right."

Candace couldn't answer.

"And buy Mister Archie a can of salmon for me."

She smiled at him. Her chin trembled. And then he saw her hurrying down the long platform, with her shoulders squared and her head up.

WHEN the cab stopped in Charles Street, Scott did not get out. He sat thinking of the gloominess of his room, the gray courtyard, the shabby curtains.

"I think I'll go somewhere else," he called suddenly. "Over to Waverly Place."

He must stop using taxicabs, a luxurious habit acquired during Candace's visit. Candace . . . small and alone, on the train riding clear to the Middle West . . .

Oliver's party had increased in volubility. It had given birth to twins: eloquence and noise. Scott leaned against the wall beside the kitchenette door, dimly hearing the clatter within, the thump of bottles, the pop of corks, the cacophony of voices. Nobody noticed his return.

Somebody had once remarked that Oliver Kirkland's parties were like bluepoints—the larger they were, the harder to swallow. But James Dare had said:

"No, they're like racing cars. Long and low, with the cut-out open."

Paula came out of the kitchenette with a cup in her hand. She gave it to Scott.

"I don't want any Turkish coffee, do you? Let's dance."

Scott sipped it. He loved anything sweet.

"You know it was true," Paula said, "what I told your little girl-friend tonight. And isn't she cunning with those big black eyes!"

"We're going to be married soon," said Scott.

"Wonderful! I thought you were, and that's why I was so nice to her."

She looked at him with one of her mocking pretensions to gravity which ended in uncontrollable laughter. Scott was ashamed of having spoken so seriously. He put his arm about Paula and began to dance. He had never dreamed a woman could be so light, so rhythm-blown, vibrating like a taut string to every beat of the music. He noticed that she held her breath when she danced, and her bright hair against his cheek smelled of nothing more exotic than pine-tar soap.

Enduring again that almost unbearable pain at feeling her close in his arms, he began to long for the phonograph record to end. When it stopped, he avoided Paula's eyes.

"I've got to see Oliver," he said. "I'd forgotten—something sort of important. Wanted to tell him . . ."

Incoherent, even unmannerly, he turned

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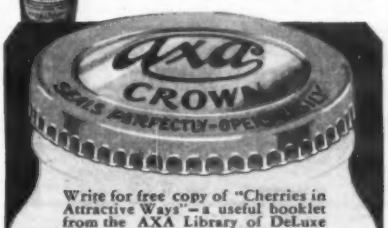

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Skywriters

away, and at once he heard her laughing with somebody else. Without trying to find Oliver, he sneaked out of the apartment, guilty and unnoticed.

By the time he reached the street, Scott had made an impulsive decision. He would ask Candace to come back, and she must come. She would come! He'd send a night letter that would be waiting for her when she arrived in Shelby.

The branch telegraph offices were closed, but he had heard Charlie Dunn speak of sending telegrams at any time of night from the offices in the old Flatiron Building. Feeling unwisely extravagant, Scott took a cab uptown again. All the way he was trying to compose his message, but when he had the yellow blanks under his pencil, he was uncertain how to be imperative enough. After many revisions he wrote:

"Darling troglodyte I made a dreadful mistake in letting you go can't think how I could have been so stupid if you had understood how necessary you are to me mentally morally every other damn way you would never have left please believe me darling you must return at once.

S. K."

From old economical habit he had written exactly fifty words. But, reading them over, he reflected that Candace would think: "How very like Scott! Counting words even in emotion." So he added:

"There is no reason why we should not be courageous and marry in the first magic of our love since it has already changed the world for us why should we be afraid to live in that world am thinking very clearly tonight can see all the dangers of being apart too long."

"Whew!" he gasped, awed by his own profligacy, "That ought to fetch her!"

"Sorry," said the girl as she scanned the carefully printed message. "We can't send 'damn' over the wire."

"All right," said Scott. "There are probably too many words already."

Her smile was as marcelled as her hair.

THURSDAY morning, at Morse, Darnley, and Black's, he hurried eagerly up to the barn-like room on the top floor where he kept his experimental animals. The medicine he had so hastily named tetra-chloformalin was his sole interest these days. He had tried it on cage after cage of rats and guinea pigs suffering all kinds of ailments—he had administered it by mouth, by injection, and as an inhalant, but so far none had shown Lazarus's enthusiastic response.

Fortunately Yandell Horvitch was through with two cages of guinea pigs whose hearts had been weakened by hypnotics (he was working to perfect a new sedative), and Scott had claimed them ten days ago. They were now his most treasured possessions. Systematically he had given small doses of the "tetra" to one cage of animals, and to the others he was giving chloral in the hope of finally trying the medicine as an emergency stimulant.

This morning, as he examined the first cage, he groaned. All of the guinea pigs that had enjoyed the benefits of tetra-chloformalin were dead.

"You beasts!" he addressed them angrily. "You ungrateful little beasts!"

He knew his impatience was childish. It was something Professor McLean had over and over cautioned him against. And of course he realized that even if the stimulant had seemed beneficial, it would undoubtedly take years of long, dull work to discover its actual value. But it was his first important application of chemistry to medicine, and he thought even McLean would have understood his temptation to gallop to conclusions rough-shod.

He was cheered a little by the thought of post-mortems; but he found, by afternoon, that none of the hearts seemed to differ from the control case—a guinea pig he had dissected

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on taking over the cages. To be sure it was rather soon to tell. But if the pigs had been killed by the "tetra," the hearts should have shown some signs of over-stimulation. What did it mean? Had his precious medicine no action whatever on the heart? Lazarus! If you could come back again from the dead and explain your curious behavior in quick, rat-like diagnosis!

Scott fumed and raged and tramped around the laboratory, running stained hands through his wild hair. If the "tetra" had nothing to do with the heart, his first premise was utterly wrong. The strange conduct of Lazarus might have been entirely a matter of coincidence. Say that the doses had been unintentionally given at regular intervals (he remembered timing them with a watch), those intervals might just have coincided with the rat's periodical rallying as he feebly combated the toxins of exhaustion. Scott doubted that. He wanted, intended, to keep on doubting it. He was determined to perfect a new safe heart stimulant, what or how he hadn't the least inkling.

Suddenly he paused in the middle of the room, hands in pockets, eyes narrowed. He'd make a different tetra-chloroformalin, by the great god Pasteur! And that was silly at this first infantile stage of experimentation. Certainly he'd keep on trying the old—on thousands and thousands of guinea pigs, he swore vehemently—but in the meantime he would change it, vary the synthesis ever so slightly, and he had an idea of just how it ought to differ.

As he worked he laughed once, thinking how astonished most people would be if they realized the vague chances that promoted their panaceas. They took them for granted. They supposed that aconitum, digitalis, quinine had somehow grown tagged with doctors' directions—"two capsules every four hours"—no rats, no guinea pigs, no angry, baffled young men with stained hands and wilted collars following odd promptings so temperamentally that it could even be forgotten how Miss Candace Pryne had been ordered peremptorily to return to New York.

Yet it was not wholly forgotten. At the back of his mind like a steady fire it warmed him and made him vigorous for action. He was sure with an unwavering premonition that she would come.

IT MUST have been half past five when he stuck a label on the new synthesis—T-2, he called it briefly. No use fussing around now with another unwieldy name. Before he got through there would probably be a T-3 and T-4 and T-5. He would be lucky if there were not some day a T-200.

Beyond weariness he felt satisfied, high-spirited and hopeful. He lit a cigarette, singing at the top of his voice:

"When I lays down and dies on
my old tired hunkers
De family back home'll get
ten thousand plunkers!"

The door opened quietly behind his back, and he wheeled to see Preston Morse standing there, a tolerant smile on his lips. He was as clean and pink-cheeked as if he had never in his life encountered the grime of Hudson and Barrow streets.

Ashamed of his loud singing and conscious of his wrinkled tie and ill-kept hands and bedaubed chemist's jacket, Scott spoke very stiffly.

Morse seemed determined to be jovial, a good fellow sympathetic with messy endeavor. "Well, Kennerly! So you're working after hours like myself. Day isn't long enough to get it all done in. Horvitch says you're up here nights, too. Fine. Only don't burn this old building down with carelessly tossed matches. Or explosions."

He sat astride a high stool and played with a test tube.

"Watch out. Sulphuric acid in that."

"Oh, that so? . . . Well, the business offices won't be in this old fire trap much longer. I'm

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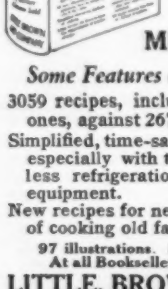

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going to make arrangements to move them into a new modern building in upper Broadway. Yes, leaving you folks behind down here. How do you like that, eh?"

"I like it all right," said Scott.

He sat down too, responding as he always did to any casual friendliness. Why, Morse was a regular guy after all. Unaffected. Comradely.

"Can you imagine us dragging rats and guinea pigs up to Broadway? I'm used to the smell of the river and to the creaking and tottering of this old place. Wouldn't know how to act on a solid floor."

Morse laughed; then his smooth, youthful, bulldog face grew solemn with careful and voluntary reverence. "I've just had a message. Very sad. I thought if Yandell was up here, I'd tell him."

"What's that, Mr. Morse?"

"Mr. Black—you know he's been ill the last two weeks—I just had word that he is dead. Poor old man. He struggled so hard to keep up, to come down here every day. Nothing he was really needed for, either."

Nothing he was needed for, thought Scott. Probably it was that realization which killed him. Old Adna Black—who had always wanted to be an ornithologist, to study tropical birds.

And now they were going to move the offices uptown. They couldn't wait to change the establishment Adna Black's father had organized in—what was it?—1845. The last time Scott had talked to Adna Black, the old man stared into his face with dim, anxious eyes, saying:

"It's young men like you—disciples of McLean and his like—who will carry on my principles in this firm. Science, you understand, *versus* arrant commercialism. You mustn't forget."

Perhaps they would even discard the trademark: an ancient cut of Adna Black, senior, with side whiskers and a wing collar.

"Of course we'll close the place the day of the funeral," said Morse. "Saturday. You'll just lose Saturday morning, after all."

Scott wanted to laugh. That was droll. Adna Black would have seen the humor of it. He'd have said with a frosty twinkle:

"Oh, let the research go on. That's the most important thing."

Preston Morse wanted to change the melancholy subject. "Yandell tells me you're working on something. A stimulant?"

"Yes," said Scott, brightening. "If it works into what I hope, it will overcome cardiac depression—I mean when it's not a matter of organic trouble. It's a tough problem. To get something safe that doesn't ultimately affect the nervous centers. An immense need for it, you know."

Morse gazed at him eagerly. "I hope you get it!"

"Of course, it's pretty baffling. Just as everybody's been baffled by the group of oxymethylanthraquinone drugs—"

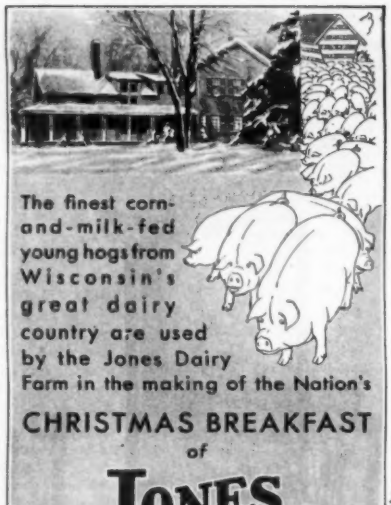
"The *which?*"

They both laughed.

DURING the interruption Preston Morse rose, cutting short Scott's flow of explanations. When he was alone, Scott wished he hadn't talked like that. He should have been gloomy about the tetra-chloroformalin instead of boastful and optimistic. It had only the ghost of a chance yet. And now Morse would be watching and waiting and continually asking silly questions about its progress. As if it could make any real progress within a couple of years! He was glad the business offices were going to be moved uptown. He and Yandell would be left more comfortably to themselves.

Later Horvitch teased him unmercifully about that conversation with the junior partner.

"You must have shot Emperor Morse a lot of blue-ribbon bull about your rare and unexcelled stimulant! He's all on tiptoes, finger to his lips, waiting for the big discovery of the year. If it kills off people as fast as it does



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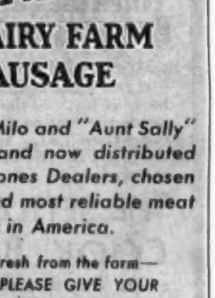

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guinea pigs, it ought to be an improvement on TNT. Stimulates the heart not only in life but in the hereafter! Heh! Heh!"

"Oh, go to the devil!" Scott blushed and grinned sheepishly.

After this he wouldn't talk about his work—not even to Yandell Horvitch.

WHEN he came home on Thursday he found a huge package waiting for him. It bore the mark of an expensive New York shop and contained two dozen of the most luxurious towels he had ever seen. The hand-towels were of imported linen with his monogram in green and white; the bath towels, as Jule remarked, were large enough for an elephant's ablutions. Scott reveled in them, not only because Candace had remembered, but because they were extravagant and gorgeous. He found that he loved possessing something extravagant and gorgeous.

Although Candace had arrived in Shelby on Friday he received no answer to his telegram that day. But even as Saturday went by he would not allow his hopes to grow shaky. It seemed to him that if he superstitiously believed in her return she would somehow be influenced in her decision. So when her day letter came on Sunday he was boldly confident as he tore it open. She had written:

"Can not help thinking you are very selfish insisting on change of plans immediate marriage would be worst thing for both of us I have thought of your future but you treat mine as utterly unimportant remember I am also serious about science please dear don't worry and upset me like this again am miserable at refusing you anything long letter follows love

CANDACE"

He was completely astonished and grieved. It was not only her refusal but the accusation of selfishness which hurt. Between the lines he was sure he read thoughts Candace had scarcely dared to express. She had really meant that he was selfish in asking her to share a life that must be for a while penurious and uncomfortable. Yes, perhaps he was wrong. Weren't men supposed to say with the grandeur of virtue, "I can't ask you to marry me until I have money, until I can give you all the things you deserve"? But he couldn't, emotionally, understand that kind of sacrifice. He felt that Candace should be as able as he to endure deprivations. What did it matter if they had to live in a little hole in the wall and ride on the subway and eat kitchenette meals? He could imagine anything being great fun with Candace. They had all their thoughts, their work, and their books to share and enjoy.

For the first time he had a misgiving about Candace's attitude. Was she really thinking of his future as much as she was considering her own comfort? Did she, without actually realizing, fear the loss of her present surroundings, her carefree extravagance? He could hardly blame her for not wanting to give up cars and riding horses, the opera and trips abroad. But some day she would have to choose his love in preference to those things or else renounce it entirely. The choice was as clear now as it could ever be.

And just as she had not told him all her thoughts, Scott also had had reasons which he couldn't have told Candace. He hated to admit it to himself, but he was afraid. He was afraid of that dark, passionate response which flowed between him and Paula Spain, drawing him against his will into some unreasoning crisis. He felt guilty at even having thought of another woman in such a way, for he knew that Candace would blame him almost as much for the feeling as for actual misconduct.

But how, he kept asking himself, was he really to blame? He had not wanted to respond to Paula, he had tried to hate her. The only thing he could do now was to avoid seeing her, and perhaps the foolish fascination would wear itself away.

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was even less efficacious than the old T-1 which he was still doggedly trying in varied dosage forms. He built a maze for the rats and ran them around it daily to the point of exhaustion in the hope of proving the medicine's stimulant effect. He was working on a new synthesis and answering all of Morse's questions as equivocally as possible. But he was sure he had something. If only they would give him time!

Scott had decided that the work cure was the only antidote for the worry about Candace and Paula. And it seemed to him that his thoughts of Paula had grown colder and even cynical. But one day, when he was in the laboratory, he was called to the telephone, and on hearing her voice the blood rushed to his face, and he stammered with excitement.

"Jule says you're working like a fiend," she said. "I haven't seen you for years. What are you working at?"

"Oh. With . . . rats."

"Rats? I thought you were a chemist. What on earth do you do with them?"

"I . . . it would take too long to explain."

"It sounds terribly exciting! Will you tell me all about it tonight? I'm going to get dinner at the apartment. Artichokes and caviar and squab. I was given some squab. I'll have Berti send up champagne if you're very good and don't tell me I'm a disappointing woman and commonplace and all that."

"Paula, I'm sorry. I can't."

There was a tense silence as if she were waiting for Scott to reconsider or to explain. He couldn't say another word. He stood there gripping the receiver fiercely.

"Don't be sorry," said Paula in a very soft, suspiciously amiable voice. "Goodby, dear."

He felt as if he had suddenly gone down in an elevator very fast.

He made himself walk away from the telephone, for he wanted to seize it and call her back.

It was the first time she had sought him out, asked him to do anything. And she had called him "dear." How breath-taking it had sounded in that suspiciously soft voice! Only a little later he found the chant running through his mind,

"I only wants to live but
I know I'se got to die . . ."

In pain he thought of how she had knelt with her face against his hair. And then he had taken her in his arms. And then . . . He found himself going through every moment of every time they had seen each other. What was it, why was it? That turbulent, rebellious desire to plunge into the swift stream of her power and let himself drift wherever it was rushing!

SCOTT could not afford to go to Shelby for the holidays. It gave him a sense of iconoclasm to eat pork chops at a lunch wagon that day. But by evening his loneliness had grown acute. He went to Oliver's, hardly daring to hope he would be there.

Oliver seemed delighted. "Fine! Come in, kid. I supposed you'd gone home, or I'd have asked you. Here's Paula and the bum comedian she drags around—Tracy Laird. Tracy, this is the gent who invented aspirin and cod liver oil."

Afraid that he had a strange, hang-dog look, Scott attempted a hollow joviality. "This is swell!" he said to Paula. "Let's have a disarmament conference. Let's—"

"Arms?" said Paula, looking at him coldly. "I don't know anything about arms. Except Tracy's arms. Tracy, show the boy your nice, strong arms."

Tracy rolled up his sleeves. "Look, ladies and gentlemen! Nothing here, nothing there. Nothing concealed. Now if you want a rabbit produced, you'll have to go to a rabbit hutch and see if I care."

Scott laughed loudly.

"Oh, don't laugh at him," said Paula, "or he'll really do card tricks, and then where will

we all be? Where will the cards be? Where will anything be?"

She turned to Oliver although Scott had just sat down beside her.

"As I was telling you, I'm absolutely through with it. I'm not getting anywhere and I've got to get somewhere! There's no reason why I shouldn't! You'll see what I can do with the new place, and there's no use advising me against it, because I've already made up my mind."

She had no look for Scott beyond the most remote glance which seemed to say that he had become a negligible stranger.

How she can punish a man! he thought. He knew he had hurt her vanity the other day, and he wondered if it were a thing she ever forgave.

"Paula," said Oliver, "it's only the new place I was advising you against. I just said I was afraid you mightn't make a go of it. As far as Humberto is concerned, you're absolutely right in pulling out. For some reason Italian food attracts hop-heads, alcoholics, bad poets, college boys, and worn-out actresses. Maybe it's because none of them care what they're eating. I don't know. But there it is. You've got to get away from garlic and broccoli before life becomes amusing. And the minute it ceases to be amusing, you fall back into the lethargy of Italian *table d'hôtes*."

"Haw!" cried Laird suddenly with such a curious, strangled chuckle coupled with a horse-like expression that Paula burst into one of her helpless deliriums of laughter.

Tracy patted her shoulder and fanned her with a match-box. Scott hated Laird's longish hair and Apollo profile, his thick fingers and small mustache. He hated Laird for being able to make Paula laugh without any effort.

"Where is your new place?" Scott asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said Paula, immediately disinterested. She smoothed the copper hair back from her white forehead with a gesture he loved. "Oliver can tell you about it," she said wearily. "I've raved on so I'm tired. There was an awful fight at Berti's—what a silly fool he is! And it got raided, and we're fined and all that sickening mess. It's not what I want at all. I'm out of it. I'll make the new place something really new. And everybody in New York will know who I am before the year is out."

ALL the time she was speaking in a detached way as if he were inconsequential. Her head was thrown back, and he saw the white line of her throat against the yellow lamplight. She wore a black chiffon dress that made her skin as white as the petals of a gardenia, and her mouth had a look tonight of drowsy, languorous, smoldering warmth. But when her eyes met Scott's, they were as cold as platinum.

"I tell you," she said violently to Oliver, "New York is a baby that will snatch at anything. The toy doesn't have to be amusing or new or clever, even. No, no, my good boy! It's only got to be two things—expensive and waved often enough. If you wave a thing long enough in front of New York's nose it will grab it, without even stopping to see what it's grabbing. Well, I'm going to put this new place over by so much publicity that it will make your ears ring. And some day you'll be coming and begging for an interview with Paula Spain. And she'll smile demurely and finger her pearls and tell you that she did it all by hard, hard work."

"Haw!" said Tracy again.

"Gee-up!" said Paula. She laughed into his eyes and tumbled his hair. "Let's go. I'm so tired, and I want to get something done tomorrow. Good night, Scott. Glad I saw you."

She was gone. The room seemed empty and cold.

When Oliver came back from the door, he stood looking at Scott with a peculiarly thoughtful, penetrating stare.

"Say, Scott," he said at last hesitantly, "do you and Paula mean anything to each other?"

Scott moved uneasily, tapping the end of a cigarette on his thumb. "Why, how do you mean?"

this modern oil spray treatment SOOTHES A COLD AWAY

BECAUSE it's the logical and direct way to treat a cold . . . by reaching the seat of trouble in nose and throat . . . with a penetrating, germ-inhibiting, *soothing* bath of healing oils.

That's why thousands of doctors recommend "Pineoleum" and why this modern oil spray method has so quickly changed the public's ideas about the treatment of colds.

For a treatment with "Pineoleum" *does these three things and does them well:*

1. It bathes inflamed membranes in a spreading, penetrating film of oil that *protects the tissues and inhibits the growth of germs.*
2. It acts *directly at the seat of trouble* — the passages of nose and throat.
3. Its bland and healing oils clear the air passages, *soothe the angry membranes* and rid you instantly of that stuffed-up feeling.

And mothers find "Pineoleum" a boon because children like its pleasant taste... it's not like "taking medicine"... and there's nothing to upset the stomach afterwards. Spray nose and throat before children go to school!

Those who use "Pineoleum" have little fear of colds or grippe or "flu"—it helps them stop *little* colds from growing BIG. All druggists have it.

COLDS QUICKLY RELIEVED BY

Pineoleum

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE PINEOLEUM COMPANY, DEPT. D,
52 West 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send free sample of Pineoleum to

Name_____

Address_____

In using advertisements see page 6

A thousand lives depend upon it

so they build of . . .

METAL!

WHERE no water must enter — where there can be no compromise with protection—builders turn to *metal.*

Because of this, the Clark Grave Vault, like the modern ship, is made of *metal.* For the cost of a vault that is not absolutely impermeable to water is money wasted.

The Clark Grave Vault, made of specially processed 12 gauge Armco Ingot Iron or Keystone Copper Steel, designed according to the immutable natural law of the diving bell, all seams welded inside and out, tested under 5000 pounds of water — defies water and time. Guaranteed for 50 years.

The Clark may also be obtained in a perpetually guaranteed de luxe model of 10 gauge solid copper.

Clark Vaults can be obtained through better funeral directors everywhere, in the following models: Gray or White Lacquer Finish, Copper Bronze or Gold Bronze Finish, Silvertone or Copper Finish on vaults Cadmium Plated by Udylite Process, De Luxe 10 Gauge Solid Copper.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all.

Ask for booklet—"A Modern Interpretation of Age-Old Reverence."

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Dept. 15, Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse
Kansas City, Mo.

CLARK

GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every Clark Grave Vault. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

December 1930 Good Housekeeping

Skywriters

"Well, I mean that she gave you a terrible beating tonight. And she wouldn't bother unless you meant something to her."

Scott felt more light-hearted.

"Now, of course, I don't know how you feel about her, but it ought to be the most sophisticated attitude. Keep your heart off your sleeve."

Scott liked Oliver's concern, although he resented its implication of ingenuousness.

"Sure!" he said. "And of course I'm going to marry Candace . . ."

"Are you?" said Oliver.

"Quite soon," said Scott with a short laugh of bravado.

CHAPTER XIII

IN 1921 the papers were full of the disarmament conference. America had rediscovered Florida. Acosta established a world's record of three miles a minute in an airplane. Business was fifteen percent below normal with 5,500,000 unemployed. There was the usual famine in China. German music came back for the first time since the War with Johanna Gadski at Carnegie Hall, and the American Legion and American Defense Society protested against this lapse in patriotism. In Ohio a bill was pending, "No female over fourteen shall wear a skirt which does not reach that part of the foot known as the instep." Clergymen were asking if the "old-fashioned girl" were in danger of becoming extinct, as they contemplated knee-length, short-sleeved, kid-glove-fitting gowns, rolled stockings, and the new knickerbockers for women. A foreign visitor was asked his opinion of Prohibition, and he countered, "When does it begin?" The *New York Tribune* observed that "smoothly running bootlegging machines are operating in a dozen large centers." It was the first year that America led the world in divorce. Daugherty was aiding Harding in a sound business administration, and everybody was getting back to a newly discovered state called "normalcy."

A young man called Scott Kennerly found a new stimulant for the heart which he called, for a reason unknown to his pharmaceutical house, T-33. He had lost ten pounds of weight, his sense of humor, his temper, his perspective, but in March he was able to sigh in the relieved knowledge that T-33 had been constant in its effects for two months.

He spoke to Yandell Horvitch:

"You've seen what it's done. I think I'm justified in going up and telling Morse about it. I want to go up this afternoon."

Yandell's mahogany-colored eyes were cold as he stared back at Scott. For several weeks he had regarded Scott's work without enthusiasm, even with ill-concealed irritation.

"Oh, I suppose I can't keep you back," he said bitterly. "Go on and blab it to him. Tell him all about it. Tell him it's a sure cure for gout if you want to."

Scott was disturbed, but he felt antagonistic and stubborn that day. He had begun to think Yandell's attitude came from professional jealousy.

"Well, Horvitch," he said, "there's no reason why he shouldn't know what I've been doing."

"Isn't there?"

"No."

"All right, go on then."

"Well, I will then. I'll go up right now."

Horvitch slammed the door of Scott's laboratory as he left it.

Scott went to the offices in the new building on upper Broadway and found Preston Morse extremely cordial.

"You've got something!" he said with eagerness. "I can tell you have by your face. Sit down here. Have a cigarette and tell me about it."

Sitting on the edge of his chair, Scott leaned forward and wrote his formula on one of Morse's letter-heads. "That's it. It's a synthesis."

Morse studied it. "H'm. So that's it. And it's an emergency stimulant?"

"No, I thought it was, but it isn't. It's something better. It's a stimulant, but not for the heart. In small-dosage forms it—well, I'd like to show you all my data first."

He fumbled with his briefcase, but Preston Morse raised his hand.

"No, I'll go into that later. Tell me simply in your own words what it does."

"What I *think* it does," Scott amended. He was pale with suppressed excitement. He knew he'd done well, knew how painstakingly he had worked, and Morse's enthusiasm was the gratification he needed. "It's a drug that seems to relieve exhaustion without any ill effects—as far as I can be sure right now. You know, during the war the German scientists were working anxiously to find something like that. A drug that would pick up their soldiers after fatigue. But it had to be one that wouldn't have a bad rebound against the heart. They didn't have time then to work it out. But I think I've got it. I *think* I have. It will take a long, long time to be sure, of course."

Morse was making little crosses and circles on his memorandum pad. "Go on. That's interesting."

"Some German scientists have the theory that more, instead of less, stimulants should be used nowadays in a social system so complicated and exhausting. They feel that although the old pioneer peoples worked harder physically, they didn't work on their nerves the way we do in a machine-made civilization. Therefore we ought to depend on artificial means to correct the physical results of our artificial lives . . . If you stop and think—what is the greatest enemy of city people today? Fatigue. And only science can combat it."

Morse sat up and pressed the bell for his secretary, while Scott fidgeted during the interruption. There was so much more he wanted to say.

When the secretary came, Preston Morse said briskly: "Take this down, Miss Fletcher, . . . 'Our forefathers worked harder physically, but they didn't work with their nerves. Noise! Machines! Artificial food! What is the greatest enemy of mankind today? Fatigue. Combat fatigue in the scientific way. Combat it with—' " He turned to Scott. "What do you call the stuff?"

"Oh—uh—it hasn't any name. I just call it T-33. It was tetra-chloformalin to begin with, but this is the thirty-third variation. You see—"

"Well, it doesn't matter now. We'll get a new name. That's all, Miss Fletcher. Type that copy and put it on my outer desk . . . You see, Kennerly, what you were saying was excellent advertising copy. I believe in getting those things down the minute they pop from a man's mouth. Especially when a man is excited about his own product! He'll talk good copy every time."

SCOTT laughed. "Pretty far ahead to be thinking of advertising. It will take a long time to be sure about the after-effects. They mightn't occur for years. But I just wanted you to know I was working on something pretty hopeful."

"You're sure now that it combats fatigue, aren't you?"

"It hasn't failed in two months. But I'd have to—"

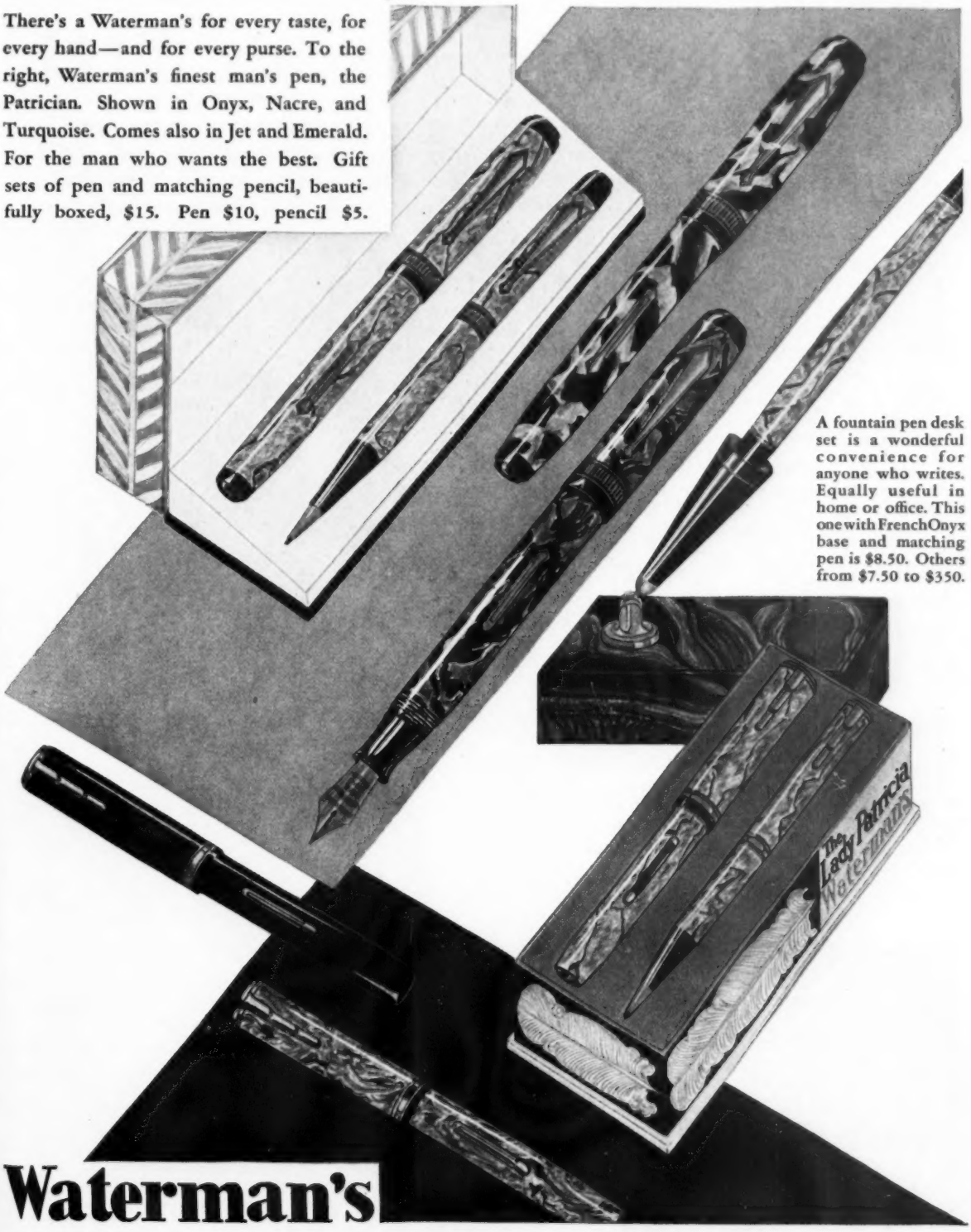
"Two months! Why, that's a long time. Give 'er another week or two—thorough tests—and we'll be dead sure. And by that time the advertising department will be ready with an adequate launching campaign. Lord, man! do you realize that one of our competitors might beat us to it with some product like this? . . . By the way, no chance of it being habit-forming, is there?"

Scott looked at him cautiously.

"Mr. Morse, I couldn't answer that question within three years."

For a Christmas Gift-be sure it's a **Waterman's**

There's a Waterman's for every taste, for every hand—and for every purse. To the right, Waterman's finest man's pen, the Patrician. Shown in Onyx, Nacre, and Turquoise. Comes also in Jet and Emerald. For the man who wants the best. Gift sets of pen and matching pencil, beautifully boxed, $15. Pen $10, pencil $5.



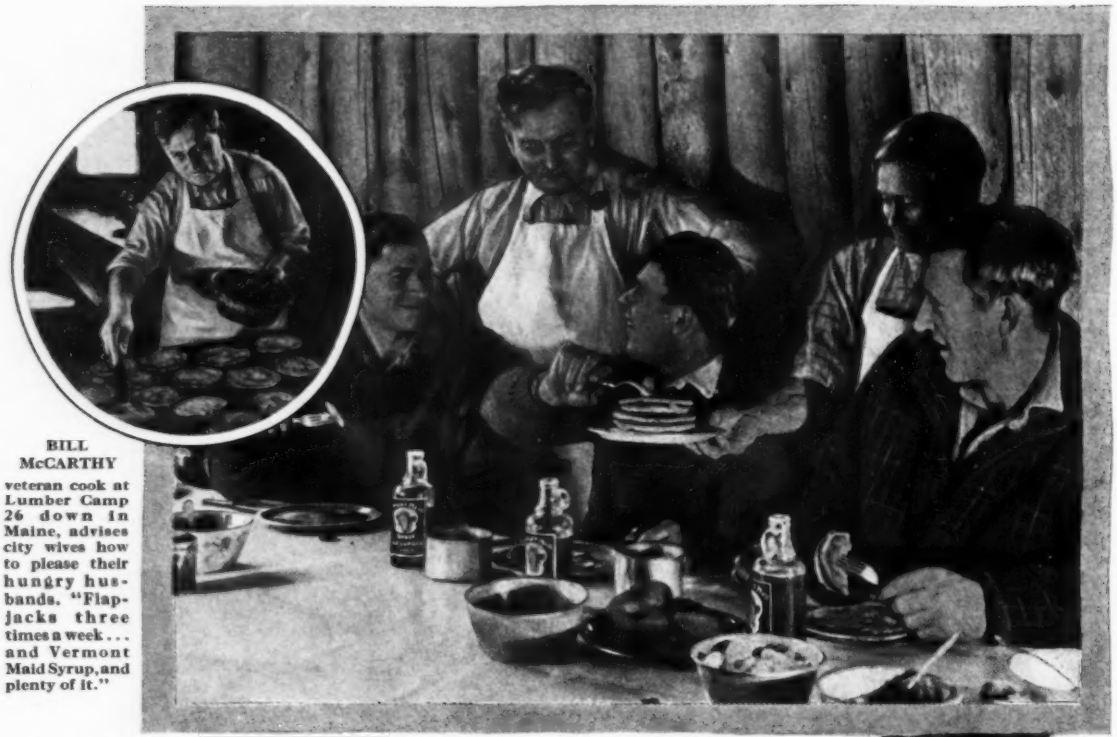
A fountain pen desk set is a wonderful convenience for anyone who writes. Equally useful in home or office. This one with French Onyx base and matching pen is $8.50. Others from $7.50 to $350.

Waterman's

Lady Patricia—the first fountain pen ever created expressly for women. A dainty clasp replaces the masculine clip. Beautifully finished. Shown in Jet, Persian and Onyx. Gift sets of pen and matching pencil in a charming box $8. Pen $5, pencil $3.

See these pens at your local Waterman's dealer. Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects, and will be serviced by the L. E. Waterman Company—New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Montreal.

WHERE Men are Men.. .. *and Appetites are* BIG!



BILL McCARTHY

veteran cook at Lumber Camp 26 down in Maine, advises city wives how to please their hungry husbands. "Flapjacks three times a week... and Vermont Maid Syrup, and plenty of it."

Lumberjacks discovered Vermont Maid Syrup... spread its fame throughout the whole North Woods

NORTH WOODS . . . in winter. Thirty below zero. Snow, waist-deep. Wind blowing a gale.

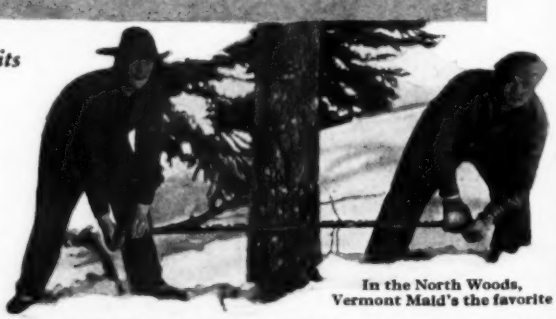
But the cook shack is cozy. And the food . . . *delicious!* It has to be. Or work stands still.

You never tasted such flapjacks as these! They're light and tender. Crisp and brown at the edges. Luscious syrup—always Vermont Maid. A syrup with the richest, truest maple flavor in all the world.

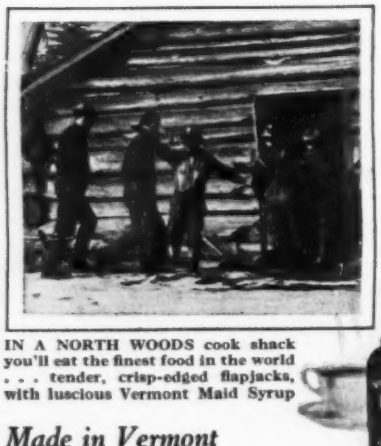
In the maple center of Vermont . . . old-timers make this famous syrup. They blend pure cane sugar with pure maple sugar. With expert care and skill.

Your husband would relish a North Woods breakfast. Surprise him. Tomorrow. Give him the meal he's been secretly longing for. Tasty, tender pancakes . . . and plenty of Vermont Maid Syrup.

Now available for everybody — no matter where you live. Your grocer has this famous syrup in convenient glass jugs. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.



In the North Woods, Vermont Maid's the favorite



IN A NORTH WOODS cook shack you'll eat the finest food in the world . . . tender, crisp-edged flapjacks, with luscious Vermont Maid Syrup

★ **Vermont Maid Syrup**

CANE AND MAPLE SUGAR

Made in Vermont by Vermonters

SEND 10¢ FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. 612 Burlington, Vermont.

I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

Name _____

Address _____

Skywriters

Preston Morse looked back in silence; it seemed that his thoughts had wandered to something else, and he had only heard Scott's reply absently.

"Take me, today," he murmured. "I'm tired as a dog. I don't know what's the matter lately—unless it's this artificial city life you speak of. Machine-made civilization and all that. Nerves. My nerves are continually exhausted. And cocktails would just make them worse."

Studying him, Scott could only observe that he was a large, pink, muscular chap in top condition; but Morse continued on an increasing note of self-pity:

"Take these city noises—riveting, steam shovels, elevated trains, and all that. They must be bad for my nerves. They wear me out, deplete my energy. Then I take a cold. I am subject to bronchial weakness."

Scott nodded sympathetically.

"Now, do you suppose that—uh—tetra-stuff would help me? I mean right now."

"It ought to," said Scott. He considered a moment and drew a little bottle out of his pocket. "This is in pellet form. Why don't you try four grains?"

Morse took the bottle, turned it over and over, uncorked it, and examined the pellets. But he made no move toward trying any. "Well, I don't know. Do you suppose it's safe for people?"

"Sure. I've taken lots of it in experimentation. I'll try it now if you want."

Preston Morse smiled with relief. "Yes, you try it," he said enthusiastically.

He called for water, and Scott took four grains of the T-33, feeling humorously that he was like one of those cup-tasters for the olden kings who feared poisoned wine. Morse watched him as if he half expected a case of sudden convulsions on his hands; after a while he drew a courageous breath and helped himself gingerly to a pellet.

"Two grains will be enough, I think, to begin with."

It was half past six when Scott left the office and rode homeward, smiling with such an air of secret happiness that two old ladies whispered and nodded together as they beamed at him approvingly. He had already sent Candace a telegram:

"Home-town boy makes good old Tetra comes through with a bang rats cavorting with strength and health Morse delighted yours for bigger dinner pails.

PROF. KENNERLY"

Of course, he shouldn't have been quite so cocksure; but it was the exhilarated reaction from a long piece of work well done.

SCOTT rode down to Washington Square, for suddenly he wanted to see Oliver and tell him about the splendid outlook of tetra-chloformalin. Jule would be dreamy and indifferent and start talking about the recent completion of his long epic poem.

Scott was disappointed to meet Oliver on the stairs. He was wearing dinner clothes.

"Come on along!" he said exuberantly.

"No, I can't. Look at me! But I just wanted to tell you . . ."

Scott grew more and more eloquent as he described what had happened; he exaggerated a bit and dramatized here and there, for otherwise he knew Oliver would not understand. He recognized life only in terms of drama.

"But it's wonderful! It's amazing!" Oliver was lavish in his response. "Now look here, Scotty, you've got to come along. I'm going up to Paula's new night club—you want to celebrate, and the dinner clothes don't matter. She'll be delighted to see you. She likes you a lot."

Scott tried not to look embarrassed. He hadn't seen Paula Spain more than once or twice in the last few months, and then she had treated him so coldly that he had suffered from a sense of deprivation and longing. Yet tonight, in the reckless glow of his excitement, he knew there was nobody who could help to keep his spirits throbbing in higher tension than Paula. He dreaded feeling them let down, alone, in sober contemplation. Aside from that he wanted to see her; he hungered to see her.

"If you'll come home with me while I dress," he said.

"LIKE to see Paula again?" Oliver asked curiously as they checked their coats and hats.

"Sure," said Scott.

The narrow hallway was dim, lighted by artificial tapers in orange sconces along the sides. It led into a large room which gave the illusion of restrained and rich severity, although it had been decorated in Byzantine murals by the young Russian, Alexei Komskov, who was later to do theatre settings which startled yawning New York audiences. Oliver told Scott that Komskov was in love with Paula, that "her cool handling of his incomprehensible Tartar dramatics is both superb and amusing."

Oliver also pronounced the club to be amusing. Instead of finding everything very, very curious he now found everything very, very amusing, in common with that part of New York which economically substitutes words for emotions. In 1921 all matters, from an oyster cocktail to a painting by Gauguin, Scott discovered, had become amusing.

At eight o'clock there were not many people. Scott looked around at the tables, as white and empty as tombstones, wondering if Paula was justified in her confidence. But it was admirable. He respected her almost colossal impudence in inventing a place which had the air of teaching New York the sort of thing it ought to know.

An orchestra had begun to play. "It looks impeccably collegiate," said Oliver.

He ordered cocktails at a dollar and a half each. "I must speak to Paula," Oliver murmured. "She can't get by with these cheap prices."

When they saw her, Scott had a ridiculous sense of possession, of familiarity. She walked, leisurely and unconcerned, past the orchestra. She caught sight of Oliver and came with a cool, glittering aspect of indifference rather slowly to their table.

Scott didn't like her dress. It was a sheath of silver that hurt his eyes, and he was not quite comfortable before the calmness of its sincerity. He wanted to wrap her up in a big cloak and take her away.

"Hello, Scotty, how are you?" she said.

But her eyes caught and twined with his in a look that suddenly leaped past the transient coldness as if involuntarily. He knew that she was gratified at his presence here. She wanted to share with him her exultation in the new venture, as he had wanted to share his small triumph today. It had already faded into a somewhat dry and inexplainable success before the tangible symbols of Paula's imagination.

"Do you like it?" she asked with an urge in her voice.

"Crazy about it," he said. "I'd be here every night if I could. I mean, if I could afford it."

"Oh, I'll pay your cover charges," said Paula. "Do you think three dollars is enough, Oliver?"

"It wouldn't be worth it to me," said Oliver frankly. "I think you are amusingly insane. Do you mean that I'll have to pay six dollars for myself and this tetra-chloformalin here?"

"Tonight," Paula told him, "I'll waive it. But don't expect me to be weak twice in the same place." Her eyes watched the door with suppressed gratification as two large parties entered in a swirl of gold and crimson and black and white. "See?"

"All the same," said Oliver, "you know you're not making money."

"Later, you idiot. Nobody makes money

$6.00

for the Pint Size Bakelite Set. Jade Green, Mahogany, Walnut, Chinese Red. $10.00 for the Quart Size, in all colors except Black and Gold, which is $12.50. Canadian prices on application.

The New Jug Set In Bakelite

THE ONLY

THERMOS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

CHRISTMAS gifts this year are more of a problem than ever. Useless trinkets have no place on a Christmas list, and yet so many purely useful gifts have no personal appeal.

The night table beside the bed, the living room table, the guest room—every room in the house has a place for the "Thermos" Jug Set in either the pint or quart size.

For the man who has his own office, the Bakelite Jug Set in Natural Wood finishes makes a worthwhile gift.

Ask your retailer to show you this bound-to-be-appreciated gift in all its lovely colors.

Priced moderately, it solves that difficult problem of what to give. Just remember—there is only one "Thermos." Look for the "Thermos" trade mark.

The American Thermos Bottle Co.

366 Madison Avenue, New York City

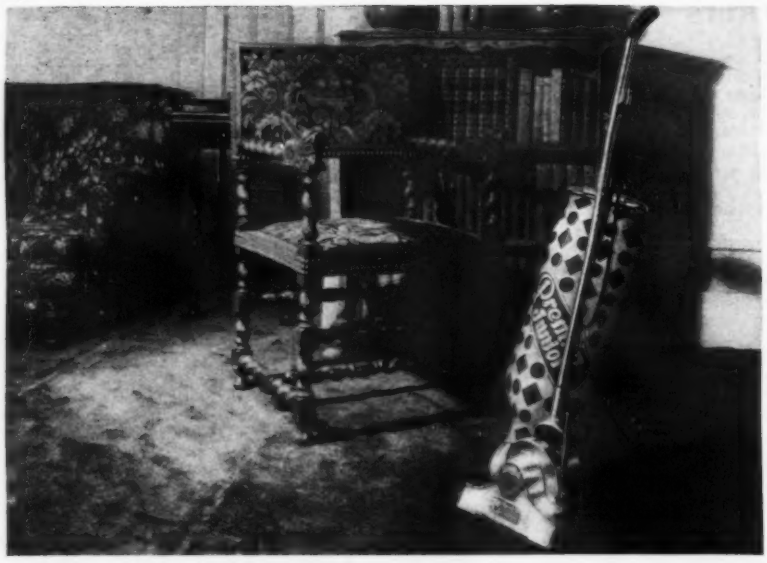
In Canada—Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto

In England—Thermos, Ltd., London

The "THERMOS" Blue Boy (Quart Size) with 3 nested colored Bakelite Cups, $2.50. A gift for the whole family to use for winter outings—and summer trips.

The "THERMOS" Blue Boy (Pint Size) in Special Christmas Carton . . $1.00 With Bakelite Cup and Crystalline Blue Finish. A great gift for everybody.

In using advertisements see page 6



★

Now—A Premier Junior

More Powerful Than Ever

more thorough—speedier—yet only $37.50

Now the most powerful Premier Junior ever built! Equal in suction to last year's Premier Duplex!

And only $37.50. Never before have we been able to offer such an efficient cleaner at such a low price.

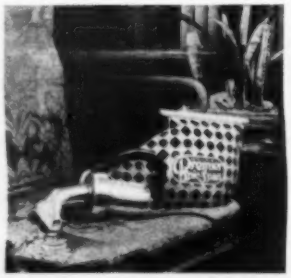
This improved Premier Junior is the climax of years of refinements. With it we recommend the popular Premier Spic-Span instead of attachments—two specialized cleaners for about the price of one.

The Junior for cleaning floors, carpets and rugs. The Spic-Span for upholstery, hangings, closets, beds and for hard-to-clean places.

These form the ideal Premier Electric Cleaning Unit for the average-size home. For larger homes, one can use the Premier Duplex instead of the Junior.

Any Premier dealer will gladly demonstrate these new-day models—in your own home, if you prefer. If you wish to know more about them first, write today for free booklet by Harriet Cavell, entitled, "A cleaner home for less money."

Floor models, large and small. All with motor-driven brush, ball-bearing motor, no oiling. Light weight. New, trouble-free rubber-covered cord. Floor polisher for giving a glistening wax finish. Prices slightly higher on West Coast and in Canada.



$14.50 *This price for the Spic-Span includes deodorizer and blower.*

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY

(*Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.*) Dept. 312, Cleveland, Ohio

Branches in all leading cities. Made and sold in Canada by the **Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd.,** *Toronto. Foreign distributors,* **International General Electric Company, Inc.**

Skywriters

except later. It's the publicity that will count. Want to do publicity for me, Oliver? Scott?"

"I'm sick of doing publicity for man-eating crocodiles. It's crocodile eat crocodile these days." Oliver rose.

"He isn't funny," said Paula. "He's merely gruesome. The only thing that has a right to be gruesome is a broiled snail. And that only if it's broiled with the right kind of garlic sauce. (By the way, we have imported Burgundy snails here.) Please go along, Oliver. I have a bouncer who throws out gruesome guests."

It seemed that Oliver had to telephone to Poole about some tiresome advertising layout. Scott had never accompanied Oliver anywhere but that he had to telephone about business. He seemed to do most of his work from the arsenals of pleasure.

The moment he was gone, Paula put her hand over Scott's where it lay on the table.

"Dear," she said.

"Dear," he said.

They looked at each other. Her gray eyes had grown soft under the darkened spray of her lashes. He was startled by the inconsiderate quality of Paula's beauty—spread before him with the innocent danger of a snare. Away from her he was always able to discount it in his thoughts.

"Why wouldn't you come that night?" she asked.

"Because I thought I oughtn't to. Because you make me sort of crazy. Because I don't want to feel that way."

"Look, Scott! I'm not nearly as confident as I seem about this place. I'm really scared to death. I wish you wouldn't let me down just now—just when I need you."

"How could you possibly need me?" He smiled at her distrustfully.

All at once there were tears in her eyes. Profoundly moved, he longed to take her in his arms. But she withdrew her hand and walked away from the table. He thought there was something touching about the bold glitter of her silver dress just then.

He watched her as she sat down at a table where a party of five greeted her with hilarity. She looked lonely in the midst of their incoherent gaiety.

Scott wrote a note on the back of the menu:

"Of course I won't let you down, darling. Please don't blame me for misunderstanding. I'd never had any assurance that you cared for me, and sometimes I've thought you regarded me as a bore—a prig. But if you really need me—want to see me any time—call the Morse and Darnley laboratories. I've no phone at the new place. —Scott."

He sent the note to her by a waiter and went out before she had read it.

(*To be continued*)

Health and Beauty

(*Continued from page 97*)

their appeal that they are practically sure to be welcomed by any woman. One is a pure, perfect rose imported from England. Another, a French bouquet, captivates you with its clear overtone of gardenia. The same perfumer makes another light, gay fragrance, suitable for almost any happy occasion, and the very essence of laughing youth.

French genius also has produced a new scent mysteriously described as being the essence of the best-loved flower. I can't name the particular blossom, but I recommend that you shut your eyes, think of the flower you love best, and smell—!

Then there is a heavier fragrance which they tell me men buy who select a perfume by the scent and not by the bottle, and another flower creation which enchants with a heavenly hint of mimosa. You can't go wrong on these!

Miss Helen Novak, nationally recognized New York style consultant and specialist in authentic types of furniture adapted to modern homes. Settings developed by Miss Novak have been pictured in a number of authoritative home furnishings magazines.

We asked 98 Leading New York Authorities this question: "With less than $50 to spend for furniture . . . How would you spend it?"

•

71 Answered, "I would buy a Table"

THIS remarkable tribute to the table, sponsored by Helen Novak and the 71 authorities, is not surprising. As all people of taste know, nothing is so exquisitely decorative and useful as appropriately selected tables.

Flowers, books, magazines, bronzes, lamps, ash trays, tea sets — all the intimate and charming accessories of smart living — demand tables. And what bit of furniture adds so gracious and colorful a touch to the hall, the guest room, the fireside, the easy chair, the odd nook, or your own bedside?

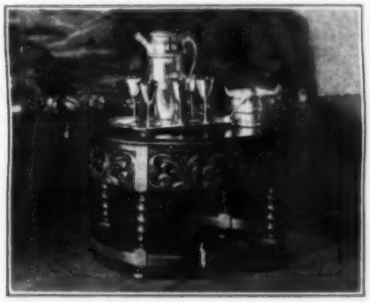
Imperial has created a special group of new tables — less expensive than most Imperials — to illustrate these points. Each, in fact, selling for less than $50. Several for *much* less. Three are illustrated on this page. All are now displayed by leading dealers everywhere. They reflect the appropriateness of design, and skilful cabinet work, for which the fine Imperial creations of many times their cost, are so cherished.

Make it a point to see them! Each is identified by the name *Imperial* on the green shield — for 27 years the hall mark of aristocracy in this special field.

An interesting booklet, "Tables in the Home," will be sent on request

THE DE QUINCEY—*A revolving book-table is perhaps one of the most satisfactory places in the world, for one's favorite books. The De Quincey book table is beautifully designed and well built. Of walnut, or of mahogany, with beautifully matched top.* $39.00

THE COLFAX—*For genuine service, as well as attractiveness, the Colfax coffee table leaves nothing to be desired. The heavy carving emphasizes the richness of the ornamentation of this table. In walnut, with matched butt walnut top; or in oak.* $42.50



THE TUDOR—*Christmas—and a humidor! The purchaser of this piece for gift purposes, may be pardoned for keeping in mind the fact that it will also serve admirably as a place for books or magazines. Its metal interior proves its intention to serve as a humidor. Made of walnut, also of oak.* $33.25

IMPERIAL TABLES

IMPERIAL FURNITURE COMPANY GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

In using advertisements see page 6

Sturdy fabrics *expertly tailored*

Zip . . . Zip . . . they are on. Dressed for the hardest play . . . the coldest day

ZIP-ONS are cut and tailored as carefully as a cadet's uniform, yet are roomy and comfortable.

Closely woven bands at wrists and waist of Zip-Ons keep your little Eskimos snug and warm at these hard-to-protect places. Seams are double-stitched, openings are reinforced to withstand the pulling and stretching of active arms and legs.

Talon Hookless Fasteners at all the openings make Zip-Ons easy to zip on in a jiffy . . . and they stay snugly closed at neck and ankles.

•

You can buy blouses and leggings in sets or separately from a broad range of colors. Pink, little boy blue, poppy, emerald, camel's hair, reindeer and many others. Materials are soft and durable, all-wool jersey, corduroy, Suede-Like, etc. They clean and wash beautifully. Sizes 2-10. Sold in leading stores throughout the country. Wholesale distributor—Howlett & Hockmeyer Co., Inc., New York City.

ZIP-ON

LEGGINGS · BLOUSES · SETS

The Zip-On label insures Zip-On quality. They are guaranteed to satisfy

ZIP-ON

Sizing Up Christmas

(*Continued from page 21*)

who started my looking after the kids at Christmas," he laughs, loath to dwell on a subject that seems praise of himself. "I know how solemn the day can be, and I just want to take that away from as many as I can!"

I asked if the possession of millions changed in any way his feeling about Christmas.

"Not at all," he said quickly and emphatically. "It couldn't possibly. I may be able to *do* more, but my wish to create joy for those who need it has no more relation to a million dollars than it would have to one."

I asked what he liked best of all the gifts he received last year.

His blue eyes misted. "The Christmas cards my grandchildren picked out for me themselves," he said. "There couldn't be anything much nicer than that, could there?"

MEN whose purses contain the money with which to express the spirit of Christmas probably have not the least idea how much their generosity means to those who receive it.

Mrs. Riggs, a slim gray-eyed woman who is twenty-seven, does janitress work in a tenement to help care for her nine children. She married at fourteen, to get out of an orphans' home. She is pitifully determined that her children shall not lose the childhood thrill of Christmas.

"The first Christmas they was old enough to know anything about it," she told me, "Ellie, my big girl, was four, and the twins was three, and Tasso was two. I was scrubbin' nights in a building, and I saved up money by walkin' to work instead of goin' on a car. I saved up sixty cents."

She smiled at her "big girl," who is twelve years old now.

"I got Ellie a red ball," she said, "and horses for the twins, and a rattle for Tasso, and put 'm in their beds."

She dropped a kiss on the downy head of Michael, nine months old.

"The next Christmas," she said, "I heard that a newspaper give out baskets with dolls in. My big girl wanted a doll so bad I went to the newspaper and asked for a ticket. And the day before Christmas we went down and got in line at two o'clock. It was awful' cold. My big girl and Tasso was with me. There was a double line around two blocks. We waited till eleven at night, and then somebody come out and told us the baskets was gone. I just filled up. My eyes got so full of tears I couldn't hardly see the way home, and my boy's shoes was out and his feet pretty nearly froze from standin'. And when we got home and there was the place Ellie had fixed for a doll, I just wisht we was dead! We had some macaronies, so we ate them for Christmas dinner, but I'd 'a' gone hungry a week if Ellie coulda had a doll!

"Last Christmas we didn't even have macaronies when it come Christmas Eve. Christmas morning when I went upstairs to scrub I says to my big girl,

" 'For goodness' sake, watch out the window!' (So many folks is so good nowdays I couldn't help thinkin' somebody'd come that goes around to help people.)

"Well, pretty soon Santie rides up in a swell car and asks for Madelon Riggs, and in a big stockin' was a doll and some candy and mittens! My Madelon like to went crazy! She divided up turns holdin' the doll and give everybody a piece of candy, and then, when I come from scrubbin', here's somebody in the hall, and they says,

" 'Mis' Riggs?'

"And I says, 'Yes, ma'm,' and they says,

" 'At two o'clock the newspaper is givin' out baskets, and here's a ticket.'

"Well, I hadn't forgot how it was before, so I told my big girl we wouldn't make up our mind to nothin', but she went down and didn't have to wait in line only from two till six and come home with a swell basket! So all the kids that hadn't got no presents got somethin' lovely to eat!

"At the Salvation Army it's wonderful. One Christmas we got to go there, and they shake hands with you and everything. You almost forget you got troubles! I never hardly went no place so pleasant as there!"

Her arms folded around the baby, her cheek against his tiny head.

"Every chance I get," she said, "I take all the kids down to the big stores where it's fixed up grand! Some places they let you look as long as you want to! I wisht, just once, I could buy all the toys I see poor kids lookin' at so long! I guess there's nothin' gives you a feelin' for everybody like Christmas does . . ."

YET, according to Mr. Gregory Smythe, speaking across the substantial desk of his impressive office in a comfortable suburb of Chicago, it's a lot of humbug!

"I detest the thought of it," he says bluntly. "It's nothing but commercialized hypocrisy! For three weeks before Christmas what's going on? Cramming the stores to sweat and shove and grab! That's the Christmas spirit you hear so much about! And I think nine people out of ten feel the same way I do, and haven't courage to say so!"

"Didn't you ever enjoy Christmas, Mr. Smythe?" I asked him.

He is a small, dapper gentleman about forty; smartly tailored, with quick blue eyes and a fashionable mustache.

"Not after I found out it was bunk," he said crisply. "I always had a practical mind. It didn't take me long to see it was impossible for anybody to drive reindeer over roofs and climb up and down chimneys. And then I began to listen to what people said about it—'I spent two dollars on that guy and look what he gave me! A ten-cent handkerchief!' That's a pretty good sample of what you hear after Christmas, and why should anybody call it sentiment!

"In my office I told everybody long ago I wasn't going to give any presents, and after a couple of years, when they saw I meant it, I didn't *get* any! That proves they weren't giving me anything for the love of giving!

"Do I open the cards I get? No! Why should I? Nobody was thinking of me when they sent them! They buy a stack of cards and send them to all the addresses in their address books, because it's custom and they have to!

"Don't I think Christmas trees are beautiful? No! Why should anybody buy glass things and hang them on a tree!

"Don't I put up a wreath on my door? I do not! Would I get a wreath and stick it up if my neighbors didn't do it? And would the neighbors do it if the florist didn't advertise it? Bunk! A lot of bunk! Christmas? It's the anesthetic the merchants give the public while they take their money away from them! A load of ether! That's what Christmas is today!"

WITH Mr. Smythe's thought of it, we may contrast that of the daughter of the Governor of Virginia, who places the holly wreath upon the great white door of the Executive Mansion.

As Mrs. Pollard is an invalid, little "Miss Sue" is the mansion's hostess; exceedingly lovely, very like a portrait come down from a frame; with wide, dark, Virginian eyes, lips that change quickly from seriousness to laughter—a voice like sunlight on a lazy river.

"I love to see that holly shining on the door, wishing everybody well, and inviting them in," she says. "I love to think how long little sprigs of green at Christmas time have been expressing good will and hospitality!"

The home of Governor John Garland Pollard is in the heart of the city of Richmond, set back among magnolias and box-bushes on the curve of a long drive. At Christmas time in

OVERSHOES
– that fit and feel like
A GLOVE

SMART as the word itself is this new suede cloth overshoe with concealed Talon Fastener and a cuff that hugs the ankle snugly

•

FEATHER-LIGHT as well as fashionable are these Talon-fastened overshoes. All rubber, in gunmetal moire finish with contrasting trim

YES, overshoes that fit and feel as comfortable as a glove . . . that look as trim and tailored as a glove . . . and that are almost as *light* as a glove, are gracing the smart feminine feet of 1930!

In these new, sylphishly-slim creations, the total absence of ungainliness is largely due to the presence of Talon Slide Fasteners—the fasteners that have made the once-bulky overshoe beautifully, gracefully and smartly form-fitting!

Talon-fastened overshoes are so much smarter . . . immeasurably smarter! There's not a wrinkle, not a single pucker, not one solitary bulge to distort a dainty foot or amplify an ankle.

And they're so convenient! . . . they can be slipped on in an instant and off in a twinkling. No buttons, no buckles to bother with—just one quick pull on the little metal pull-tab, that's all!

A very *gentle* pull, we might add—for Talon Slide Fasteners work incredibly easy. They never stick or jam. They won't pull apart. They can't rust—and they'll last as long as any overshoe will live!

With all their advantages, you'd expect Talon-fastened overshoes to cost a *lot* more—but they cost very *little* more! Price them—and see! And remember—*genuine* Talon Fasteners have TALON on the pull-tab.

TALON

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

THE SLIDE FASTENER THAT ALWAYS WORKS

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY · MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · SAN FRANCISCO · SEATTLE

In using advertisements see page 6

Our Christmas Gift to You —This New Cook Book!

Each year thousands of women, and men also, solve many of their Christmas gift problems with Good Housekeeping. As a gift it is always enthusiastically welcomed. Month after month it brings the recipient a new glow of pleasure in your thoughtfulness.

This Christmas when you subscribe to Good Housekeeping (whether for a friend or for yourself), you will also receive with our compliments a copy of "MEALS Tested, Tasted, and Approved." It is *our* Christmas gift to *you*.

"MEALS Tested, Tasted, and Approved" is a cook book as absorbing as the most interesting novel—and far more helpful.

A Complete Course in Cooking

"MEALS Tested, Tasted, and Approved" is not just a collection of recipes but a complete course in meal-planning, meal-preparation, meal-serving. It shows how to plan meals to save time and labor in the kitchen—to save money in the purchase of food. It tells how to conserve food value—how to preserve and develop flavor. It thoroughly covers the subject of marketing, kitchen equipment, table etiquette, and table service.

"What Shall We Have Today?" This new cook book, just off the press, answers this eternal question with an amazing variety of original menus and recipes. There are chapters on Meals That Keep Us Fit—Meals for Children—Meals When We Eat Out—Meals for the Whole Family—Meals Just for Two—Meals That Fit Our Pocketbook—Time-saving Meals—Meals Out-of-Doors—Vegetable Meals—Oven Meals—One-course Meals—Meals for the Business Housekeeper—Meals for All Seasons—Meals for Reducing, etc.

More than 750 Recipes and Menus

"MEALS Tested, Tasted, and Approved" sets a new high standard for cook books. It is planned for the beginner as well as the experienced cook. It is complete—it overlooks nothing.

Everyday Menus—Special Menus—Menus for Parties, Holidays, Birthdays, Wedding Breakfasts, Teas, Bridge Luncheons, Children's Parties—you'll find them all in "MEALS Tested, Tasted, and Approved." It shows you how to make familiar foods seem new—how to feed children for health and growth—how to save time in cooking—how to save money in purchasing food—how to use left-overs.

It is the complete, comprehensive, practical cook book for which every woman has longed.

Your Copy Waiting for You!

No other cook book is like this book—it is priceless and you cannot buy it anywhere. But you can have it as our gift. Simply clip and mail the coupon. By subscribing for two years you will save $2.00 on the single-copy price of Good Housekeeping and this fascinating cook book will come to you immediately. If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended from date of expiration.

About Gift Subscriptions

If your order for Gift Subscriptions reaches our office before December 15, a beautiful Christmas Gift Announcement card will be sent each recipient, so as to arrive in the holiday mail. Additional names may be listed on a separate sheet and pinned to the coupon.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, Dept. GH-1230,
57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York, N.Y.

YES, I want Good Housekeeping's new cook book, "MEALS Tested, Tasted, and Approved." Enter my subscription to Good Housekeeping for 2 years for $4.00 and forward the book at once. I will remit when billed.

Your name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

If you intend the subscription as a gift, enter below name and address of person to whom it is to go. Otherwise the magazine will come to you. The book will be sent to you in either case unless you direct otherwise.

Friend's name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Good Housekeeping regular subscription price $2.50 a year (without Gift Book). No Canadian postage. Foreign postage $1.50 extra a year.

Sizing Up Christmas

the windows shine candles placed there by Miss Sue; and with gay eagerness she directs the hanging of mistletoe and cedar and green ivy. Logs crackle in the fireplace. A flurry of snow plays around the holly on the door.

"You must find Christmas a thrilling day," I said, "as hostess for the Governor!"

"I would find Christmas a thrilling day *any*where," she told me. She has a pretty little way of tucking her head on one side. "But I *do* love to plan the Governor's Christmas dinner," she smiled. "You know the Indians bring us wild duck and wild turkey."

One of the first Virginian governors granted to the Pamunkey Indians undisturbed possession of the land of their ancestors. From one Governor to the next the grant has continued, and as a tribute the Chief of the tribe and his braves each year bring wild game for the Governor's Christmas dinner, presenting it in full Indian dress and ceremony in front of the capitol.

"I love Christmas," Suzanne Pollard says. "I love hearing the Christmas music. I love having my two brothers with us. I love keeping open house for everybody. And in these old rooms that have seen Christmas days for almost a hundred and fifty years, I have a feeling about the day I never had before. All the fussing over little things like presents seems to have nothing to do with it at all. When I think of Christmas coming on to us from all those years I realize how much it is the *simple* things about it we remember; people getting together, laughing and hanging up the greens and fixing candle light; going to church; gathering around a feast; wishing everybody 'Merry Christmas.' That's what made it beautiful then, and that's what makes it beautiful now!"

In the high-ceilinged old Southern mansion, mellow with time, there *does* slip from Christmas every vestige of just a twenty-four-hour holiday, crisp with tissue, scintillating with lights that flash on today and go out tomorrow! Those gentle, grand old halls become a gallery of phantoms! And like lace and ivory, which only time may color, Christmas becomes a treasure which little Suzanne Pollard lifts with a feeling of reverence from the chest of the memories of those Christmas days long gone.

In the mansion will be open house all afternoon: coffee, fruit, and cake on the carved table in the great oval dining room; the handsome dignity of afternoon pin-stripes; perhaps the gold braid of a uniform; the flutter of gay chiffon. The tall sons of the Governor will be there; the beloved, white-haired Governor himself, and little Miss Sue running away every so often to her mother in the sunny room upstairs. Maybe the guests of those other Christmas days will return in powdered wig and flowered bustle—who knows? And, as our little first lady of Virginia says, that part of Christmas which has lasted is the same simple happiness now as then; buzz of conversation, laughter of kisses stolen under the mistletoe, white candles and green garlands; Christmas wishes and the sweet good-will of hospitality!

Another Christmas to mellow those historic old walls!

THE Reverend Dr. Peter Milliken has preached the gospel for almost fifty years.

"You ask if I think the sentiment of Christmas is swallowed up in commercialism? No, indeed!" smiled the kindly Dr. Milliken. "Everything is reduced to commercial terms these days. The clothes we wear, the vegeables we eat, even the air on which comes our radio program. It is progress, not destruction. I do not believe the great modern game of commerce has changed our feelings about Christmas at all! Perhaps," he smiled, "I feel that Christmas means particularly much because I know so much about it. Of course it is the foundation of my profession. But it certainly seems to me the greatest day of the year! Not only is the giving of gifts symbolical of that night in Bethlehem, but of the whole *life* of Christ, which was one of giving. On that day,

Tonight! try this favorite recipe of

Etienne of "The New Yorker"

Spaghetti Surprise

with Manhattan Sprinkle!

Here's How You Make It

½ lb. spaghetti (long or elbow) — 2 tbsp. flour
1 quart oysters — 1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons butter — Buttered crumbs

1. Cook spaghetti until tender. Drain. 2. Place spaghetti and oysters in alternate layers in baking dish. 3. Make a sauce of the butter, flour, milk and oyster liquid. 4. Pour this over the spaghetti. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in hot oven (425 degrees) for 10-15 minutes. 5. Serve piping hot. Pass dish containing Manhattan Sprinkle, prepared as follows: Take desired amount of blanched almonds and dry thoroughly; fry in butter or olive oil until brown; drain on brown paper and salt well. (This recipe, which gives 4 liberal servings may also be made with macaroni.)

SMARTEST of the smart are the diners at The New Yorker, towering Manhattan hotel. The viands of the world await them. Yet among the popular choices is one you can easily serve in your home.

Étienne, wizard of The New Yorker's vast kitchens, calls it his Spaghetti Surprise. There's a real thrill in this casserole of spaghetti with oysters, topped off with Manhattan Sprinkle. Prepare this *different* recipe tonight!

Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles are "The Energy*Trio"—supplying the vital muscle-building elements children must have. These easily digested foods are ideal, too, for grown-ups.

Have you a favorite recipe for Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles? Enter it at once in this $5000 Prize Contest. To aid you, we offer FREE "The Jean Rich Cook Book"—70 tested recipes for macaroni products. Mail coupon now!

*Food Value

Enter $5,000 Contest

354 PRIZES—ENDS DEC. 15th

	Per Macaroni	Per Spaghetti	Per Egg Noodles
1st Prize..	$500.00	$500.00	$500.00
2nd Prize..	250.00	250.00	250.00
3rd Prize..	100.00	100.00	100.00
4th Prize..	50.00	45.00	45.00
5th-14th, ea.	25.00	25.00	25.00
15th-110th, ea.	5.00	5.00	5.00

RULES: 1. Contest open to any resident U. S. or Canada, except those connected with macaroni industry. 2. Awards based solely on novel, appetizing qualities of recipes. Judges' decisions will be final. Each recipe must contain Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles. 3. Use pen and ink or typewriter. Write on one side of paper only; separate sheet for each recipe submitted. 4. In describing recipe, give exact measurements. 5. In event of tie for any prize, equal prize will be awarded each tying contestant. 6. Contest closes Dec. 15, 1930; no entry bearing later postmark considered. See coupon address below.

FREE BOOK National Macaroni Mfgrs. Assn. Dept. 304, Peoples Bank Bldg. Indianapolis
Please send me—FREE—my copy of "The Jean Rich Cook Book."

Name .....

Address .....

SPAGHETTI

EGG NOODLES · MACARONI *The Energy Trio*

© 1930. N.M.M.A.

Easy to prepare 70 *ways to serve*

In using advertisements see page 6

Engagingly *different* . . .

THE Velvetskin PATTER

TRADE MARK REG.

for Christmas

An excellent giver is the man or woman who this year selects THE VELVETSKIN PATTER as a Christmas gift. For this remarkable little beauty aid is a composite of the qualities you have always wanted to embody in your remembrance. It is different . . . smart . . . practical . . . and personal.

THE VELVETSKIN PATTER works in creams and lotions . . . accomplishes pore-deep cleansing . . . and tones elasticity into drooping facial muscles. Women, everywhere, say a few minutes with it makes an exhilarating pleasure of the daily facial.

THE VELVETSKIN PATTER is available in Orchid, Jade Green, and Primrose, with electrical cord to match. The handle is of a new material (non-metal) that resists heat and electricity.

THE VELVETSKIN PATTER *is electrical. Merely plug it in any convenient wall socket.*

For sale at the better shops and stores. Send the coupon for an interesting new beauty booklet. Learn this new method of making a pleasure of your daily facial.

CONNECTICUT TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CORPORATION

(Division of Commercial Instrument Corp.)

Meriden, Conn.

CONNECTICUT TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CORPORATION, 80 Britannia St., Meriden, Conn.

Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one VELVETSKIN PATTER with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.

Mark X here ☐ for Alternating Current, $5.00.
Mark X here ☐ for Direct Current, $7.50.
Mark X here ☐ for free Beauty Booklet only.

Color wanted: ☐ Orchid, ☐ Jade Green, ☐ Primrose.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....State.....

My dealer's name.....

Sizing Up Christmas

if on no other, we live in His likeness. He gave eyes to the blind; strength to the weak; peace and comfort with His every word. On what more magnificent foundation could we build a celebration! I believe that this spirit, since it is the very soul of Christmas, can not but permeate the season whether we are aware of it or not. I don't see how it can be otherwise. I firmly believe there is a predominant consciousness of love and good will and peace at Christmas time which affects the whole world!—Maybe that is true, and maybe it isn't; but whether it is or not, I'm glad I *think* so!"

ONE place where should be found appropriate data on the subject of commercialism *versus* Christmas is where commercialism can not exist. Through the bars of Sing Sing prison nearly three thousand men look out at every Christmas Day. Some of them have been there ten, fifteen, twenty years. Certainly commercialism does not influence the meaning of Christmas there!

A gentle, gray-haired man, Number 69068 talked to me about it over his bench in the carpenter shop.

"On the outside," he said, "a man usually thinks just that it's Christmas—that's all. But here he realizes what it would mean if he could have that day again to do the things he wants to for the ones he cares about, and to spend those hours with them! Amongst us boys it isn't ourselves we think of, but how our misdeeds have taken away a happy day from the rest of our folks; because on that day we know all they're thinking about is the one they love that's up here. The less time you're here before you spend your first Christmas inside, the harder it is!"

His voice broke. He brushed the back of his hand across his eyes—gentle, faded eyes, bright only as they filled with tears.

"As the years go by," he said, "and Christmas keeps coming, you get used to bearing the thought that you're here. It isn't any easier—you only get used to how it hurts you. And there's always a lot, that this Christmas is their last inside, and all day they're hollering out telling everybody what they'll be doing next year, their mind so ablaze with spending next Christmas *out*side, that they forget all about this one they're still spending *in*side! The one thing everybody in here wants most, that day, is a letter from home! The week before Christmas that's all everybody is asking everybody else—'Did you get a letter from home?' "

"Do most of the boys get them?" I wanted to know.

"About thirty percent," he told me. "They read theirs to the rest of us—"

Suddenly tears were running down his face. "My folks don't know where I am," he said. "They think I died. So I can't send them anything at Christmas nor get any word . . . Nobody knows what Christmas is till they lose it. When I was on the outside, I didn't even think about it, but if I ever get that day back again . . ."

He walked across the shop and looked away through the barred window down the gray Hudson. When he came back, he had a box, glued together and held in clamps.

"I'm making this for my sister," he said, "for the first Christmas I'm outside. I work on it every day. I'm going to carve it all over with flowers. It's to put her sewing in."

SINCE "home" at Christmas time means so much to a man without one, I wondered how a bachelor fares. And so I asked that charming, handsome, and famous gentleman, Charles Hanson Towne, exactly what he thought being a bachelor subtracted from his Christmas day.

"As a matter of fact," he said, his face breaking into smiles, "that is the day of the year when I most heartily congratulate myself! Of course, a bachelor is always supplied with a Christmas dinner invitation, and I never fail to observe how much more I feel the real joy of Christmas than the family man whose guest I am! A married man gets only vicariously the fun I get directly. He *thinks* he participates in Christmas, but *I* know he doesn't. It's a paradox. He feels it less, because he has more. I feel it more because I have less. I have to supply for myself what for him matrimony *automatically* supplies! He has a wife who does it all; makes his dinner arrangements, picks out what presents will be sent in his name; does them up for him; mails them for him; buys the wreath for his door and the candles for his window; and all the part he has in Christmas is to supply the money! If I had *forty* wives, I would still want to arrange my Christmas myself; buy my presents and wrap and deliver them! But, of course," he laughed, "I wouldn't *know* I wanted to do it myself—if I hadn't first been a bachelor!"

SO WHAT has the family man to say about it himself? Here are Bill's remarks on Christmas, from the depths of the divan drawn up to his smoldering fireplace, Margot, his adoring wife helping him out with the details; the "family" note supplied by the chatter of his two young daughters over a magazine on the floor.

"Christmas?" he said. "Well . . . Every year Margot starts talking about it right after Thanksgiving—"

"As soon as the girls see the first sparkle in Woolworth's," Margot laughs.

"I hear all about how much turkey costs a pound," Bill goes on; "and the packages collect on the guest-room bed, and the girls begin to see everything in town from bicycles to candy canes! I'm lucky while it's bicycles," he chuckles. "One of these years it's going to be automobiles. Margot comes home with her arms full of wreaths and tells me about all the presents she picks out for us to send everybody and whom she's asked for dinner. I don't pay much attention. I just write the checks."

"Of course," Margot smiles, "it's the girls who are really Christmas for us. We used to think our making *them* happy was all there was to our Christmas together, but now that they're big enough to plan little secrets, it seems the sweetest day in the world! Nobody can understand unless it's happened to them too, the fun on Christmas Eve, of all of us hiding around, wrapping presents. The feeling it puts in our hearts is wonderful! It seems—oh, I can't tell you—like the thrill of a scenic railway—all the little cars climbing up and swooping down!

"Last year we didn't have our Christmas dinner at home. We were invited out. Of course, it was a lovely day, but it wasn't the same. We missed so much of each other; the girls fussing around the tree all day, dressing and undressing their dolls a thousand times, and Bill squeaking around in new Christmas slippers!"

"And that re*minds* me," Bill puts in. "Every Christmas since we've been married, you've got me size eight! And every Christmas I've told you what I want is seven and a half!"

"Well, this year you won't have to worry, dear," Margot assures him. "You're not going to *have* any new ones. I said to the girls just yesterday: 'This Christmas we won't get Daddy any slippers. His old ones will do!' "

Sudden silence on the floor; then an explosion of stifled giggles; suppressed whispers of "I *knew* it was seven and a half!"

Bill breaks into a grin and winks broadly at Margot.

"*Who* isn't going to get any new ones?" he wants to know.

AS FAR removed from the Christmas of Margot and Bill as one pole is distant from another, Queenie Lemar of the Frivolities Burlesque spent the day doing the usual extra show last year.

Put in 2 cups take out six

and what a lot you can do with **SIX CUPS *of* LIMAS!**

Baked Limas with Marshmallows

Cream of Lima Soup

Lima Luncheon Salad

IT'S A FACT—two cups (1 lb.) of Dried Limas make six cups, cooked.

Of course, that's twice as much as you need for the family's main-course dish. But while you're at it, cook up the extra Limas just the same. Put them aside—and there you have, already prepared, enough for some quick, easy salads tomorrow, and a fine, delicious soup for lunch or supper the day after.

Just think—with no extra trouble at all, you've saved yourself time and labor on at least two meals!

That's one big advantage of Limas. They're such a versatile food—they offer such a wide range of appetizing combinations—that your family won't tire of them several days in a row. Limas are especially suited to many main-course dishes—for instance, lamb and Lima stew, Lima croquettes, Limas in meat or vegetable loaves, or Limas baked with cheese or bacon. And they're equally delicious in many salad combinations and in a tempting variety of savory soups and chowders.

Dishes like these will win your family's favor, never fear. And they'll win yours, too, because Limas are so easy to prepare. No peeling, no paring, no cutting. Just put them to soak at breakfast time, and they'll be *ready to cook* when you're ready to prepare the evening meal.

There's one more point about Limas which you'll find most important. They're such a healthful food. Rich in protein, high in vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts, Limas offer full measure in nourishment and body-building qualities. And in addition, the alkaline-ash of Limas is a most valuable dietetic aid. As nearly everyone knows, many common foods have an acid reaction in the body. Such acid-ash foods, when eaten in excess, cause the condition known as *Acidosis*. Acidosis leads to many ills, some only annoying, others more serious. Doctors and Dietitians endorse Limas because they are one of the most *alkaline* foods known. By neutralizing acidity, they are highly successful in helping to keep the *diet balance* so necessary to good health.

Why not enjoy this fine-flavored, healthful food often? Just remember that the sure way to get Limas at their *best* is to ask for SEASIDE BRAND (either Large or Baby Limas). They're selected for fancy quality, from the finest of California's crop.

JUST TRY THESE TESTED RECIPES FOR THE DISHES ABOVE!

BASIC RECIPE: To revive the fresh, juicy tenderness of dried California Limas, soak them in cold water from 6 to 8 hours. Drain. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender, about 30 minutes. Add salt after 20 minutes cooking. (This *basic recipe* applies to Large or Baby Limas.)

BAKED LIMAS WITH MARSHMALLOWS: Put 3 cups cooked Limas in buttered casserole dish, adding ¼ cup hot water, ½ tsp. salt, 1-½ tbsp. butter and 3 tbsps. brown sugar. Over top place 3 strips bacon and dot with marshmallows. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 20 minutes until thoroughly heated and marshmallows are toasted a golden brown.

LIMA LUNCHEON SALAD: Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves an individual service of cold cooked Limas, three ripe olives and two ripe tomato quarters. Sprinkle the whole with minced green pepper. Serve with French dressing or mayonnaise.

CREAM OF LIMA SOUP: Rub 1-½ cups cooked Limas through a coarse sieve, reserving a few for garnishment. Melt 3 tbsps. butter, add ⅓ small sliced onion, and cook 5 minutes. Remove onion, add 1 tbsp. flour to remaining butter and stir until smooth. Then add 1 tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, 1 cup top milk or thin cream, 1 tbsp. fine minced parsley, and pureed Limas. Bring up to boiling point. A little whipped cream placed in bottom of each cup before pouring in soup is always an improvement to cream soup.

SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

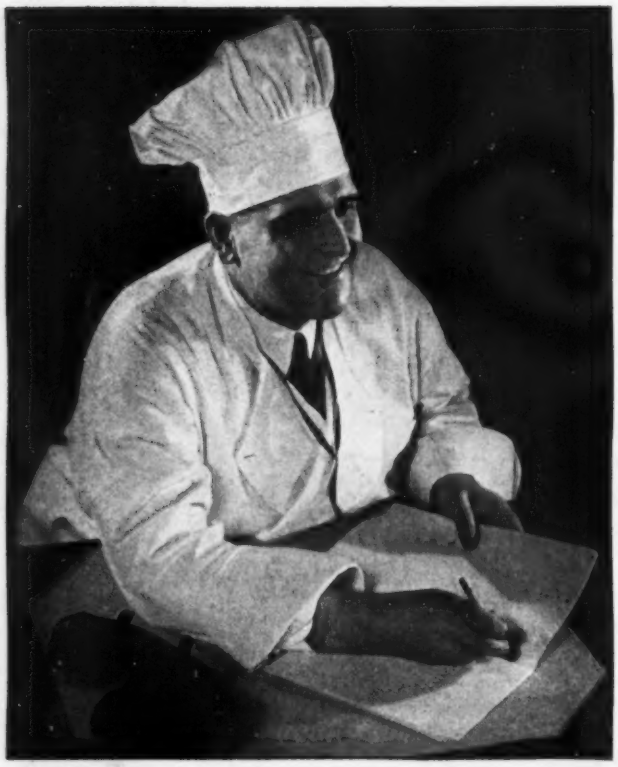
For many other interesting, practical Lima recipes, write for your free copy of our 36-page cook book. Address Dept. 184, CALIFORNIA LIMA BEAN GROWERS ASSOCIATION, OXNARD, CALIF.

CALIFORNIA ★ *Limas*

FAMOUS FOR THEIR NUT-LIKE FLAVOR

Look for this 100-lb. *branded* bag at your grocer's when buying.

Something new!—the same *highest quality* SEASIDE Dried Limas in cans—ready-cooked. Just heat and serve. Ask your grocer!



BAKED APPLES ROYLEANA
—a delicious Christmas dessert

Core and peel apples. Blanch in cold water with juice of half lemon. Drain and fill with Campfire Marshmallows. Place in baking dish, cover with melted Guava Jelly, and bake ½ hour in slow oven to glaze. Place apples on thick layer of farina mush in a vegetable dish. Top each with maraschino cherry. Brush with melted sweet butter. Reheat in hot oven and serve at once.

•

SWEET POTATOES SANDERSON
—for your Holiday Menu

Cut sweet potatoes egg-shaped. Then cut into ¾ inch slices. Wash, dry, and place in moderately hot fat. Increase heat until potatoes rise. Drain and fry again in very hot fat—to effect puffing. Make small opening and fill each puff with sauce made by melting ¼ pound of Campfire Marshmallows with 4 tablespoons of cream over a slow fire.

Guests of famous Delmonico's enjoy these Campfire dishes by SABATINI

OLD Delmonico's was a shrine for epicures—who made eager pilgrimages to enjoy the most glorious dinners New York could offer.

Today, the cuisine of the new Delmonico's lives up to this great tradition under the leadership of the celebrated chef, Sabatini.

Sabatini, himself, selected these two delectable recipes from his personal collection and promises that you will not find them difficult.

"The delicate flavor and tender freshness of Campfire Marshmallows make them a perfect ingredient in these and scores of other tempting dishes," says Sabatini.

Other great chefs have found countless delightful daily uses for Campfire Marshmallows. Now clever hostesses and housewives enthusiastically follow their lead—find Campfire Marshmallows both delicious and decorative in all manner of interesting recipes.

Their snowy whiteness adds a tempting touch to your most enticing dishes. And as a wholesome candy they are favorites with children and grownups alike.

★

GUARANTEED *fresh!*

By a special packing process the tender freshness of Campfire Marshmallows is sealed inside each package. Every one reaches you with the contents as light and fluffy as when it left our immaculate kitchens.

Buy Campfire Marshmallows in the handy 1 lb. packages or in the popular 10c size.

Sold only in packages!

Campfire Marshmallows *are sold only in packages* so their freshness and flavor are protected against exposure and handling by careless fingers. By a special process they are sealed tightly even from the air.

Send for our Free Recipe Book
(by the world's greatest chefs)

Write for this new kind of cook book filled with the treasured recipes of eighteen celebrated chefs—"How Famous Chefs Use Marshmallows."

G. H. 12-30

MARCIA CAMP, Angelus-Campfire Company
531 South Sangamon Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me free a copy of "How Famous Chefs Use Marshmallows."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Sizing Up Christmas

"Sure," she told me. "We work twice as hard on Christmas. But what of it? Naturally we've got to do an extra show on a day when so many extra people want to see it. Homesick on Christmas? Sure! But I'm always so tired with an extra show Christmas Eve midnight, and an extra Christmas matinée, that I don't get much time to think. Sometimes, when we're warblin' that last number of the last show on Christmas, it seems like I can't keep smilin' till the curtain goes down!"

She sat on the trunk in her dressing room, a Chinese kimono pulled around her slim body; scarlet lips, beaded lashes.

"Last Christmas," she said, "we was in Schenectady. I was in the chorus, and the soubrette took sick on us and passed out cold in the Christmas Eve midnight performance. And the stage manager says would I jump in for Christmas day.

"I says, 'Well, I'll try anything once!'

"I COULDN'T wear the regular soubrette wardrobe because she was one of those big, classy-lookin' opera women—not show-girl size at all. So I stayed up till six, sewin' costumes. And then I started to get up in the lines and numbers. I studied till eleven Christmas morning, and I'm just gettin' in bed when the clerk pounds on my door and starts tellin' me a preacher has come after five girls out of the company for Christmas dinner, and the stage manager wants me to go.

" 'What the heck!' I says. 'I'm not goin' to stay up all night and all day, too!'

"But I got dressed and went, and that was the *first* Christmas dinner I had that day. That dinner was just about the mermaid's garters, too!—I took care of the baby.

"Well, in the afternoon show I didn't know half the lines. The straight man dragged me through. I guess all I got right was the kissin' bits! And sixteen changes and my dressin' room on the third floor and cold as Greenland! Some Merry Christmas! But I done a tap specialty that went big, and everybody felt happy because it was Christmas, so I got by.

"After the show my boy friend, the comedian, took me out for my *next* Christmas dinner to the Blackstone Café, and then after the night show I got my *last* Christmas dinner. And that was some blow-out! It was the house manager's treat to the company, and he had it on the stage. And it was certainly class! It's wonderful when somebody gives everybody such a wonderful time like that! He had a basket of presents for the girls, and one for the men, and we had such a good time we forgot all about bein' worked out from two extra shows!

"And while dinner was goin' on, the doorman brings me a wire from home! I've got a sister that likes to doll up, so I had sent her a fur coat for a Christmas present, and one for my mother, and I had sure been holdin' in to hear if they was surprised. Well, they *was!* So after I got that wire everything was just OK! And at four, when I got back to the hotel, there was something more! A Christmas-lookin' box from a hot shot I met in Detroit that had wrote and asked what I wanted for Christmas."

A blare of saxophones and drums sounded from below—

"Gee, there's overture goin' in!" she said—and slid off the trunk and reached up to the wall for a pair of brief, spangled trousers. "If you'll excuse me, I better get dressed! But I mean that baby from Detroit had asked me what I wanted for Christmas, and I had wrote and told him a yacht. That's really all I wanted, only I didn't hardly expect to get it. But I thought I'd get a wrist watch or a slice of sable. What he sent me was a pair of silk stockings!"

She dropped the kimono in a little heap around her feet. "Well," she said with a lifting of slim shoulders, "that was all right! I got over believin' in Santie Claus long ago!"

BUT there are little girls who haven't.

Joyce is five: a mop of thick, dark, silken hair; dark eyes that open wide with questions and ripple with light; dimples that play around her cheeks.

"Did you *see* Santa Claus when he came last year?" I wanted to know.

"No, I didn't," she explained politely, "but I heard him on the stairs!"

"Then if you didn't see him," I said, "I don't suppose you can tell me what he looks like."

"Oh, *yes*, I can," she assured me with wide eyes. "He looks like—he looks like—" her voice rippled into laughter—"well, he looks like *Santa* Claus!"

I wanted to know exactly how that was.

"Well—he has great, big boots," she told me, "and hot clothes, because it's always cold at nights when he goes around, and he has *lots* of whiskers, because he hasn't very much time to shave."

I ventured to be curious as to where he lives. Her chin tucked seriously in one small hand. "He lives in a depot," she said.

"In a depot!" I repeated, really surprised. "Why would Santa Claus live in a depot?"

"Because he has so many places to go," she answered promptly.

She wanted to know if I had ever seen him. I told her yes, I had seen him at Christmas time, downtown in a store, talking to a lot of children.

"Those were *his* children," she said quickly. I had never heard of Santa possessing children! I asked her how she knew they were his.

"He has to have a lot of children," she explained,—"because he has to know so much about toys."

"Did you write him a letter last year?" I inquired. "Or perhaps you aren't quite big enough to write."

"Oh, yes, I wrote and told him what I wanted," she assured me. "Of course, it was only scribbles, but *he* knew what I meant! I told him I'd be good and mind my mama if he'd bring me a doll. But I guess I was *too* good, because he brought me seven!"

I asked if she'd like to see him and talk to him.

"Oh, *yes*," she said, "but I'd only talk to him with my eyes shut, because he tells my mama when he brings my presents I must have my eyes shut or he will never come again!"

"What would you say to him?" I asked her.

She tucked that serious little chin in her hand. "I'd say, 'Please, Santa Claus, next Christmas don't forget my mama's perfume!' "

ACCORDING to first-hand information from Santa himself, it is quite as thrilling to *be* Santa as to *believe* in him. Santa—to the surprise, no doubt, of you who have always visioned him at the North Pole—lives in a downtown New York City hotel. He has children and grandchildren of his own, but prefers hotel life; is past seventy, but brisk and chipper, and in the time left over from his duties as Santa Claus he sells lodestones in an old office as musty as a page out of Dickens.

Mr. Eugene Todd, for more years than he can count without really checking up, has been the Christmas Santa in a large department store, and were you to meet him on the street with his flowing white hair and beard, pink cheeks and twinkling eyes, you would know it is no case of mistaken identity!

It was an accident which started his career as Santa. Some years ago he closed his office to care for an invalid sister.

"And," he chuckles, "I didn't have the price of a haircut for so long that the neighborhood children called me 'Santa Claus,' until some one suggested I make a profession of it! That's the whole story."

For eight hours a day, the three weeks before Christmas, he is Santa Claus to more than a hundred thousand children!

Don't do this any more

RUNNING a household is hard enough without the annoyance of climbing up to wind an old, spring-type kitchen clock. And no longer do you need to—for the wonderful, accurate electric clocks are here! New Haven-Westinghouse Electric Clocks made by two old, famous companies . . . The Portia model kitchen clock, in a choice of five colors, never needs winding. A quiet, self-starting sub-synchronous motor moves the hands continuously. You merely plug the clock into your current outlet. See the other clocks, too, in this supreme line—the marvelous Electric Artlarm at only $7.95, and other beautiful models with or without strike or Westminster chimes.

These clocks furnished for 60-cycle, 110-120-volt alternating current.

Important — All New Haven-Westinghouse Electric Clocks (except the Electric Artlarm) have a simple, remarkable device that makes for unprecedented timekeeping dependability: this is the ***Automatic Control,*** which minimizes time-error from current interruptions.

PORTIA Kitchen Clock
Right rose, yellow, green, blue or white. Width 8½ in.
$9.95
ELECTRIC ARTLARM
The alarm clock you never need to wind. Dutiful in the bedroom, beautiful in any room. Musically toned concealed bell. Moulded case, mahogany shade. Height 5¾ inches.
$7.95
Radium dial, $9.45
THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
NEW HAVEN-WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CLOCKS

In using advertisements see page 6

Free Insurance Policy Against Moth Damage

...the most startling proof ever offered!

The Ideal Christmas Gift by Lane

Combining romance and beauty with protection and utility, the Lane Cedar Chest makes the ideal gift for mother, sister, wife or sweetheart. Jeannette MacDonald, the famous Paramount star, selected the superbly designed Lane Chest illustrated for her personal use. You can have one just like it at a surprisingly moderate cost. Decorating the rich American walnut veneers is a heavy plaque of Bubinga veneer ornamented with unusual wood carving. Pilasters are overlaid with Burma Padouk and the top is bordered with the same rare veneer. Included free is a five year insurance policy for $500.

Lane now gives the most sensational guarantee on cedar chests ever written; an insurance policy against moth damage! The finest furs, downy blankets, woolens, clothes, and other things placed in a Lane Chest are insured against loss.

You can't lose. The moth insurance policy is given without cost to you. It is underwritten by the National Union Fire Insurance Company. Back of it are millions of dollars in resources.

Now for the first time, you are offered absolute security from that elusive pest which annually destroys two hundred million dollars' worth of American property.

You may think you are immune from moths. But are you? The insidious moth ignores no one. In a few hours' time it can do irreparable damage. Right now it may be at work in your home destroying a garment that would pay for a Lane many times over.

Ordinary precautions will not stop the moth. Even red cedar alone is no safeguard. We know. Years of research have proved that a chest must be *aroma*-tight to insure sufficient aroma density to kill all forms of moth life.

Lane with its nine exclusive features is the only certified *aroma*-tight cedar chest. Every Lane chest is tested under air pressure for aroma-tightness. The aroma cannot escape—nor the dust get in. Lane is the only cedar chest giving free moth insurance issued by a nationally known insurance company. See how moderately priced Lane Chests are at your local dealer's store. Buy one out of income. Be sure it is a Lane. For only Lane gives you insured protection.

THE LANE COMPANY, *Incorporated*
Altavista, Virginia

LANE

Insured Cedar Chests

48621-S

This graceful window seat model with its chaste lines has a center panel of selected ½ way matched butt walnut veneer separated from the diamond matched Oriental wood with an inlay of satin wood. Genuine wood carving on feet and front. Top and ends are Oriental wood panels.

Sizing Up Christmas

"I make it as real to them as I can," he says. "They will have to do without the sweet illusions soon enough. This thing of being Santa has really made my life. It pins my interest and understanding upon the nicest people in the world—the children. The impersonation is a much more serious one than an unthinking person might imagine. It is the job of retaining the faith of childhood in something it treasures. It is a game of helping children feel the joy in what should be the most joyful day of the year to them.

"Of course, I have to be a good listener—and a diplomat as well! When they come asking for baby brothers, the answer requires tact. And there are always mothers who want me to insist that oatmeal and spinach must be eaten. It makes me feel a traitor to childhood's faith to converse in the language of spinach, but I do, when there seems no way to do otherwise. I enjoy best of all my chats with boys about railroads. When a child says he's seen Santa Claus before, and he didn't look like me, I tell him I have seventy-nine brothers.

"I don't know anybody's job I'd trade mine for. There is enough thrill in the eyes of children looking into mine at Christmas to make up for everything Life has not given me. I'm usually pretty tired when it's time to tell them I know my reindeer are so restless on the roof I must leave. Nowadays," he laughs, "there are some tough little nuts to crack, but God bless them all!"

"WHAT do I think about Christmas?" says Mary Stringer from her rocker in the sunny parlor of an old ladies' home. "I love it!"

Her folded hands are as white as the white apron on which they rest.

"I remember scores of Christmas days," she says, "and every one means more to me, because with every one the *meaning* means more to me. The older I grow, the more I realize what the day could teach us if we really tried to keep it! It is more and more clear to me that the things Christmas stands for are the things we can not do without.

"They tell me," she said, tugging with almost transparent fingers at a corner of her lace cap, "they tell me everybody is advertising Christmas nowadays! That's the best news I've heard in a hundred years! Can anybody who doesn't like it suggest anything *better* they could advertise?"

Coughs and Colds

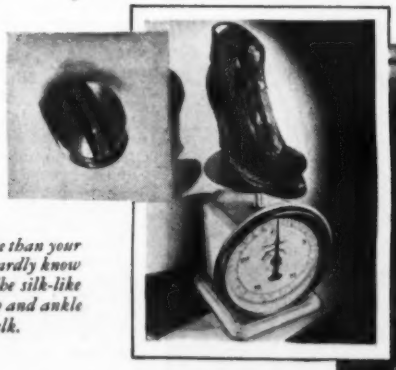
(*Continued from page 100*)

Coughing is a reflex and can often be controlled if the attention is directed elsewhere, or if the body is made to perform some other task such as swallowing, or by deep breathing. Coughing is not always helpful, as so many people think, except as it removes unnecessary secretion from the breathing tubes, but often, on the contrary, is most tiring and disturbing to the healing process. In paroxysmal coughs there may be sufficient strain to produce a hernia.

It may be justifiable for mothers to take the responsibility, in the case of a cold with no fever, of putting a child to bed in a warm, comfortable, even temperature, or even out of doors in the summer time if he remains quiet, of giving an abundance of fruit juices and alkaline drinks with whatever local treatment has been advised by the doctor for that special child's nose and throat. But when there is fever, you will need a doctor. In doubtful cases, if you telephone your physician, telling him the symptoms and ask his advice in each case, he will see the child if he thinks necessary, and you will not make the mistake of confusing a mild indisposition with a real illness.

To most of us, colds and their consequences are far too serious to be classed as minor ailments.

So light..you don't know you have them on



They weigh little more than your vanity case. You'd hardly know you had them on. The silk-like rubber hugs the instep and ankle with no unsightly bulk.

The young person in chic Goodrich Shower Boots goes nonchalantly to office or classroom or tea, fully aware that her legs are beautifully unspattered.

Great splotchy puddles are gay nothings to the bright young things who flit about their business in these smart new Goodrich Shower Boots of silk-like rubber · · ·

TIME was when a woman canceled her engagements — if she could — on stormy days . . . or slushed miserably to them in heavy, ugly overshoes that utterly spoiled her charm.

That was before the world went young . . . and *wise.*

Today the smart young things snap their fingers at the weather. Flit when they please. And look ever so enticing.

For they match their winter ensembles with dainty, moiré rubber Goodrich Shower Boots that fit trimly on the instep and slimly on the ankle . . . and weigh almost nothing at all. The smart shops have them in all the proper colors, and in modish fabrics, too. The B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corporation, Watertown, Mass.

The new Zipper fastener—which never gets out of order—closes in a smooth, smart, unbroken line over the arch.

You will be delighted with this slim new tan oxford that snaps so neatly around your ankle. Other models with hidden Zipper closing.

Light-footed, warm and graceful in their tweeds and harmonizing Goodrich Shower Boots, the smart young things defy the Storm King, yet tap a dry and nicely polished toe at tea-time.

They prance out gaily on a bad night protected in Shower Boots as light as their fragile slippers. And the smooth, pastel linings protect hose and slippers quite completely.

Goodrich *Zippers* *...another B. F. Goodrich Product*

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

In using advertisements see page 6

but now . . he takes it every day in this easy TABLET form

MOST children just hate cod liver oil. You have to hold their noses and almost force it down. Mothers know this to be true.

But now there's a way to get cod liver oil in tasteless tablet form. A way to build up weight and ward off colds without fuss or bother. No more messy bottle, no more oily, fishy spoon —you simply give them McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Extract Tablets instead.

To make these tablets we buy the finest cod liver oil from Norway. From it we extract all the health-building vitamins and put them up in tablet form. Unlike the liquid cod liver oil, McCoy's does not lose its potency upon exposure to air, while extensive scientific tests have proved beyond all doubt that these tablets will do everything that cod liver oil will do.

To put on pounds of healthy weight there's nothing like cod liver oil. Take two of McCoy's tablets after each meal and at bed time. Get all the benefits of the liquid cod liver oil—everything but the unpleasant oily taste.

Remember, though, that these tablets are not a medicine; they are a food. To get the best results you must take them regularly and faithfully. Today is the day to begin, so go to your druggist now and ask for a box of McCoy's—cod liver oil in the easy, tasteless form.

★

McCOY'S
COD LIVER OIL TABLETS

G-2

FREE TO MOTHERS
"Tails of the Sea" by Mr. Codfish with pictures to color. Entertaining! Instructive! Tells children how to get big and strong. Clip coupon now.
McCOY'S LABORATORIES, INC.
62-70 West 14th St., New York City
Please send me "Tails of the Sea" *free.*

Name_____
Address_____ City_____ State_____

A Letter to the Woman Who Must Do Without

(*Continued from page 37*)

would be better off if it were changed; but I think we are equally mistaken if, instead of groaning beneath the weight of it, we do not make every possible effort to lighten our load, and I should say this no matter what sort of cross I were discussing. Resignation is sometimes an admirable quality. But there are several different forms of it; and when it takes the form that causes us to lose not only hope and faith, but enthusiasm and ambition and determination and energy, its effect is stultifying and pernicious.

I have seen persons so resigned to being poor that they did not make the slightest attempt to get rich, just as I have seen persons so resigned to being ill that they made not the slightest attempt to get well! This sort of resignation is extremely baneful; and it is closely akin to that lack of initiative and resourcefulness which is responsible for much of the poverty that is prevalent. Indigence is sometimes due, of course, to either idleness or extravagance, or both; but I do not for a moment believe that your own lack of financial security can be traced to these causes, nor do I believe that in general they are the greatest contributing factors to it. I must confess, however, that I have known so many persons who were poor, who might easily have been, if not rich, at least in what we call "comfortable circumstances," and so many others who have attained these "comfortable circumstances" by dint of unremitting and intelligent labor—that I can not help asking you whether you have tried every possible channel through which you might conceivably be able to mend your fortunes.

"Bad Luck"

I venture to do this, not through any lack of sympathy, but because of all the people who have come to me because they were "hard up," asking me to lend them money, or to help them secure positions, or to commiserate with them on their "bad luck"—and there have been many such people—there have been comparatively few whose "bad luck" seemed to me wholly inescapable. Almost every outstanding figure in the history of our country has had the obstacle of poverty to overcome; and so has almost every man and woman known to me personally who seems to have accomplished anything really worth while.

It was Carlyle, I believe, who said that the granite boulder which is an insurmountable obstacle in the pathway of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong. The granite boulder of poverty blocks the highway of life to the falterer, the procrastinator, the self-excuser, and the dullard; but it spurs on to success the opportunist, the craftsman, the born leader, the natural executive or administrator, and the seeker for truth, beauty, learning, position, or power.

During the last national campaign, the story of the boy who grew up on the "sidewalks of New York," who peddled newspapers, who worked in a fish market, and literally lifted himself "up from the city streets" to the executive mansion in Albany; and the story of a boy born on an Iowa farm, whose parents—a blacksmith and an itinerant Quaker preacher—had both died before he was ten years old, who was "on his own" when he was eleven, who worked in a truck garden, and finally entered college with a total capital of two hundred dollars, offered a contrast in the surroundings from which Alfred E. Smith and Herbert Hoover had risen from obscurity to prominence, but a singular similarity in the degree of poverty which they had been obliged to overcome.

Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, Will Rogers, Frank B. Kellogg, Robert Dollar, Mary Pickford, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, and any number of others whose names you associate with signal success in their several fields of

Laughter or Tears

. . . what does her future hold?

Your child! Happy, carefree, joyous! Filling your heart and your home with radiant sunshine. Trusting you implicitly. Putting her safety—her very life—in your hands, with the supreme confidence of childhood that you will never fail her.

And yet, unless you are giving her the protection of Safety Glass in your automobile, you *are* failing her—in a very vital way. For you are exposing her—unwittingly perhaps—to the risk of flying glass with its dreaded toll of pain and hurt and—disfigurement.

This frightful hazard of broken, flying glass need no longer be tolerated. You *can* protect those you love who ride and drive with you against this danger—simply and easily.

Libbey·Owens·Ford Safety Glass—the glass that will not splinter and fly—gives positive protection to the motorist against the danger of broken, flying glass. Ask for it in your new car. Or have it installed in your present car and begin at once to enjoy the security and safety which only Safety Glass can give.

FLOYD GIBBONS
Hear him on the Libbey·Owens·Ford Radio Program Sunday Evenings at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time, over WJZ and associated NBC stations

Send for this new free booklet

It tells what Libbey·Owens·Ford Safety Glass is and why it is *safe* for motoring.

. . . . . .

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS COMPANY
Toledo, Ohio.

Please send me free booklet on Libbey·Owens·Ford Safety Glass.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO
Manufacturers also of highest quality Polished Plate Glass and flat drawn Sheet Glass for windows

L O F

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD SAFETY GLASS

In using advertisements see page 6

SUBSTITUTES
are often
COSTLY EXPERIMENTS

YEARS of testing and appraising merchandise have shown Good Housekeeping that widely advertised, well known products can usually be depended upon to give you your money's worth in sound value and satisfactory service. This is why Good Housekeeping so strongly urges you—everyone of its 1,750,000 readers—to refuse all substitutes for the well known, trade-marked products you ask for.

Of course, non-advertised products are to be found which are satisfactory. But the difficulty lies in finding them. You can experiment, true enough, but you know from sad experience how costly such experiments often prove to be.

In the case of advertised merchandise, this experimenting is done for you—or rather the appraising—by Good Housekeeping and other leading magazines, too, before a line of advertising may appear. Good Housekeeping even maintains extensive laboratories staffed by skilled experts, where many types of products are subjected to the most rigorous of tests before they are accepted for advertising.

This means that products advertised in leading magazines are surrounded by many safeguards, all designed to protect your pocketbook. It also means that no product which did not consistently give you satisfactory value could long continue to be advertised in magazines.

Good Housekeeping adds to these precautions still another of its own—its advertising guaranty. It guarantees on a straightforward, money-back basis, that every product you see advertised in its pages will give you sound value at a fair price. This is reason enough why Page 6 —Good Housekeeping's *Index to Guaranteed Advertisements*—should be your buying guide. And why you should always refuse substitutes for the merchandise you find listed there.

An advertisement by Good Housekeeping

A Letter to the Woman Who Must Do Without

endeavor, all climbed up the granite boulder of poverty by "painful steps and slow." But they did not permit it to be a stumbling block to them; and the fact that they finally climbed "over the top," was due to no "drag," no "luck," no "background," no "influential connections," but to that unremitting and intelligent labor to which I have already referred as being a general channel of escape from poverty. It is not enough to work unremittingly, if this is done without intelligence; and it is not enough to work intelligently, if this is done indolently; but the combination is almost always invincible.

"But," you may object, "the persons you have mentioned have all been blessed with genius, or at least with exceptional talent, which has helped them to struggle onward and upward. And I asked you especially to consider the 'plain, unimportant, handicapped woman' who had neither gifts nor graces. What can such a woman as that do to escape poverty?"

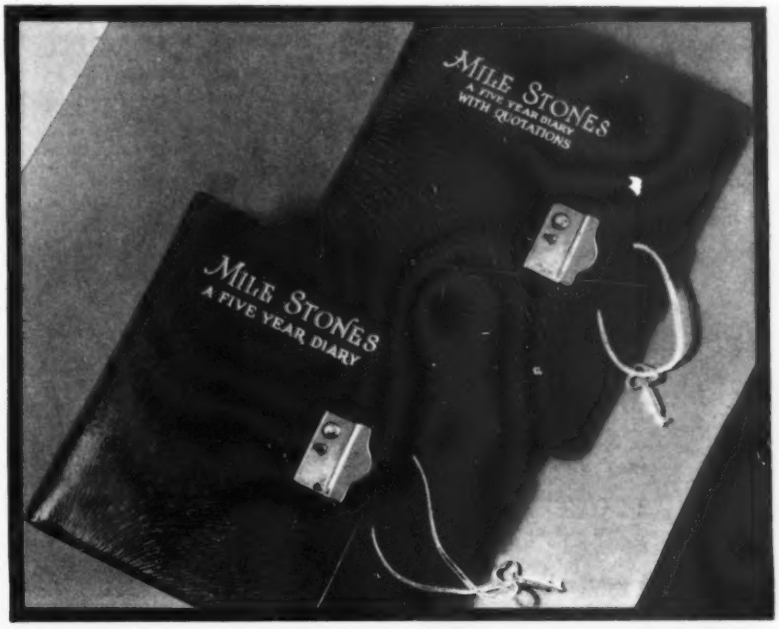
Well, there are a number of things she can do. Suppose, by way of concrete illustration, that I tell you what some of the women whom I know very well, and love very dearly, and admire immeasurably, have done. I live—when I am fortunate enough to be at home—in a community where there is very little wealth; and many of my friends have found it either absolutely necessary, or highly desirable, to earn money. One of them, who had been a highly valued teacher in a primary school before her marriage, and whose widowed mother came to live with her, resumed her teaching, leaving her little boy with her grandmother until he was old enough to go to school himself, and then taking him along with her. Another, who had been a stenographer, found that she could manage to typewrite and take dictation for three hours in the evening after her regular day's work was done, though this usually began at five in the morning. Another, that she could play the organ in church and the piano for village entertainments, and help with the account books in the village store, though all these occupations broke into her regular working time. Another, who is an excellent cook and "born housekeeper," and who inherited a big, old, rambling house much larger than her family needed, tried the experiment of taking in overnight guests, beginning several years ago in an unpretentious way; she now has more applications for accommodations than she can possibly fill.

One Woman's Triumph

Another, whose home was tiny, but whose trees yielded an abundant supply of maple sugar, transformed a dilapidated, old, abandoned mill which stood on her property into a sugar kitchen and coffee house, sold maple candy, maple cream, and maple sugar attractively boxed, and served simple, standardized meals—minced chicken, green peas, waffles smothered with maple sauce, and piping hot coffee—to passers-by; and although this old mill, now one of the most picturesque places for miles around, lies far off the main road, on a narrow byway "out back," as we say in New England, a steadily increasing stream of motorists turns aside to patronize her during the summer months, and all through the winter she is kept busy filling and packing orders until the intensive "sugar season," when the trees must be tapped, comes in the early spring. This woman's younger sister opened a small antique shop in her front parlor, crowding her family into more restricted quarters to make room for it. That also was several years ago; and she now has not only the most flourishing business of its kind in the community, but a branch shop in the most advantageous possible position of a large city two hundred miles away. More than this: she has been able to arrange her affairs in such a manner as to live in the country during the summer, and in the upper

ANY WOMAN WOULD BE PROUD TO OWN

"MILE STONES"



DOESN'T that suggest Christmas to you? Why not present copies of Mile Stones to each of your most intimate friends? They will cherish them—and your thoughtfulness.

Mile Stones is as chic as the latest styles from the Rue de la Paix. A diary? Yes. And *such* a diary. Beautiful, modish bindings of exquisite leathers in dainty colors. Stout little golden locks and keys to keep curious eyes from reading what is meant for you only. Pages for jotting down those intimate events each day for five consecutive years. Memories of the same day in each succeeding year appear on the same page for interesting comparison. Pages for important happenings, for birthdays and anniversaries, for addresses. If you prefer, you can buy Mile Stones with an appropriate quotation for each day of the year. All Mile Stones are de luxe diaries—treasure chests of happy memories.

In addition to Mile Stones in many choice bindings, Standard Diaries offer Annual Diaries equally as beautiful with space for more lengthy notes. For the business man there are handy and very smart vest-pocket-size diaries; diaries with maps; half-hour and quarter-hour appointment books—the choice is very wide indeed, and the prices are surprisingly moderate.

If you should be unable to find Mile Stones at your local stationer's, fill in and send us the coupon below, together with the correct amount for each book ordered, and we will see that you are promptly supplied. Our illustrated booklet will also be sent on request.

THE STANDARD DIARY COMPANY
Dept. C-1, 26 Blackstone St., Cambridge, Mass.

STANDARD DIARIES

To your dealer or
THE STANDARD DIARY COMPANY, *Dept.* C-1
26 Blackstone St., Cambridge, Mass.

_____(1) Enclosed find $5 (check) (money-order) for Mile Stones No. 1453 Rose_____Blue_____ Green_____

_____(2) Enclosed find $3 (check) (money-order) for Mile Stones No. 1644 with quotations. Rose_____Blue_____Green_____

_____(3) Send illustrated booklet of the Standard Diary line.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

They please men because they are•

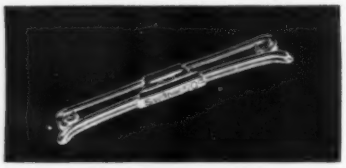
•*conservatively smart*

When men are freed from the restraints of evening-dress, Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons combine style and smartness with the last word in convenience. Slip them in — *snap!* When you want them open — *snip!* Guaranteed to keep on snipping and snapping for a lifetime. 50c to $25.

•*intricately simple*

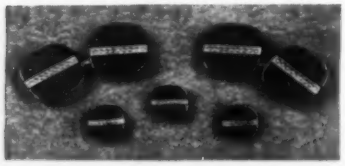
Like a fine watch, the *new* Carlton Automatic Lighter is unbelievably thin. All working parts are completely enclosed, but "snap the lever — there's your light." It's infallible. And Carlton's smartness of design is unquestionable. A pleasing and unburdensome ornament to vest-pocket or lady's handbag. $5 to $15.

•*pointless and significant*



Unlike collar-pins, which have an objectionable way of intermittently puncturing neck and thumb as well as collar, Swank is pointless. It looks like a pin, but isn't. Just slip it on and slip it off. It lends the ultimate air of distinction to the collar. 50c to $10.

•*smartly conservative*



Guided by the restraint which good taste dictates for evening-dress, Swank Evening Sets of shirt-studs and cuff-links add a note of authority to the formal turnout. Priced from $3 to $6. Carlton dress sets, $5 to $20.

•

SWANK

and

Kum-A-Part Products

Jewelry Accessories for men

BAER & WILDE COMPANY, Attleboro, Mass.

A Letter to the Woman Who Must Do Without

stories of the house containing her city shop in the winter, thus giving her children the best educational advantages!

None of the women I have mentioned had capital to start with; none of them had the benefit of special training or adequate help—if any! Several of them were seriously handicapped physically, and all of them had young children to care for. They all live within a radius of a few miles of each other, in a thinly settled district where the market is extremely limited; but they have all won through—and so have countless others whom I know.

In a city, the field of endeavor is different, of course, from these in the country, but the field is there just the same. One of my western urban friends, who had had some experience in amateur theatricals during her youth, found her financial solution in giving dramatic readings based on the plays most in vogue in New York City; she quickly built up eager audiences among women who were intensely interested in current drama, but who were seldom, if ever, able to cross the continent. Another, who had spent years in the remote mining camps of Central and South America, entirely out of touch with the world of elegance, surprisingly became the highly successful fashion editor of one of the largest magazines in the United States!

I could go on indefinitely, giving you examples such as these—examples which seem to prove the positive statement made by Marshal Foch that "when a man of ordinary capacity—I repeat, of ordinary capacity concentrates all his faculties and all his means of attainment on a single purpose, by working hard and without being diverted from his goal, he is bound to attain that goal." This statement applies to women also; and it is partly because of my stimulating and valued acquaintance with such women as I have mentioned that I believe it is almost always possible to lighten the load of poverty by intelligent and unremitting labor even if one has no special graces, no special gifts, and apparently absolutely no opportunity! Conversely, I believe that many women have failed to lighten this load, not because they were unwilling to work, but because they fixed their minds on one special kind of work, whether they were especially fitted for it or not, and declined to attempt any other, even though they were in possession of a God-given talent for it, and the opportunity to do it was theirs for the taking.

And Another's Defeat

A short time ago I received an urgent letter, sent by special delivery, from a young woman who said she was in dire financial straits, and begged me to see her at once. I was on the point of leaving the city and was almost beside myself with the number of things that required my attention before my departure; but I felt so sorry for her that I telephoned her and asked her to come to see me that afternoon. She appeared, drenched with heavy scent, and dressed more elaborately than neatly. Her ambition was to be a social secretary. (This ambition, by the way, seems to be so general that I think I must write a letter sometime on that subject alone!) She speedily, if unconsciously, revealed her entire lack of qualifications for such a position; but she also revealed, accidentally, that she could do fine needlework and that she had more orders for embroidering linen, making trousseaux, and so on, than she and her sister, working together, could fill! I found that she was convent trained, and that she undoubtedly had ability besides. But when I asked her why she did not engage some one to help her sister and herself, and begin to branch out, she amazed me by saying that, on the contrary, she had decided to stop taking orders altogether for a time because the oncoming warm weather was so extremely trying! And when I inquired whether she had ever thought of teaching the art of sewing and embroidery, she recoiled with the statement that though many persons had asked her to do this, their social position was such that she could not consider taking them as pupils!

Cases of this kind, alas! are not at all rare, and it is women like this who inevitably meet with failure, just as the women like the others I mentioned almost invariably meet with success. That is why I ventured to ask you whether you were positive you had tried every possible channel through which you might mend your fortunes; and in connection with this question I am going to venture still further and ask you another: Are you sure—granting that you could find your channel of escape, and that you would be willing to do any *kind* of work in order to pass through it—that you would be willing to pay the high toll which success almost always exacts from those who obtain it?

"The only man who can do as he pleases is the failure," Bruce Barton says in one of his wise and penetrating editorials. "Every step up that you take means that you belong less to yourself and more to other people. . . . The big jobs look attractive from a distance, but when you get closer to them you find a large price tag pinned on each one."

There Is Always a Price Tag

I know that this is true, and therefore I wonder whether you would be willing to give up seclusion and tranquillity and embrace an existence that was always hurried and harried? Whether you would be willing to risk your health and perhaps your life in arduous or hazardous pursuits? Whether you would be willing to deny yourself the companionship of those who were dearest to you because you had no time left for it, or because your occupation took you far away from them? Whether you would be willing constantly to face the corroding and embittering effects of strain, struggle, competition, envy, slander, disappointment, and severe—even if temporary—set-backs? Whether you could grit your teeth and say, "I have not yet begun to fight" every time you were defeated?

The men and women who can, and do, I believe, are generally successful in the end. But is the game worth the candle? Is it better to be rich or famous or powerful—at staggering cost—or poor and unknown and uninfluential—at no cost at all? Only the individual can answer this question. I have no idea how you will choose to answer it, and I certainly should not say that you should be commended if you answered it in one way, and condemned if you answered it in another. But I do ask you to remember not only that you can not have your cake and eat it, too, but—to quote another homely old proverb borrowed from our French friends—that you can not make an omelet without breaking a number of eggs.

Let us again resort to concrete example, because I think these are often more helpful than glittering generalities. I know a woman whose work takes her, much of the time, into distant parts of the world, and who, after a long, hard apprenticeship, has attained a certain amount of recognition and inspired a gratifying amount of confidence. She is extremely fond of her home, which, though not splendid or luxurious, is a comfortable and lovely one, and which has been made more comfortable and lovely by the money which she has made, herself; but she is away from it for months on end, living sketchily in hotels which are neither comfortable nor lovely. She is unusually devoted to her family, and the members of her family have benefited by her earnings, which is a source of infinite joy to her; but in the course of her long absences from them she not only misses them immeasurably, but realizes that they are inevitably deprived of the counselor and confidante that she would be to them if she were near at hand;

Chic

TO assure you stormy-weather footwear as fashionable as the smartest of new shoes, our Style Committee *conferred with leading shoe stylists early in the season. Armed with advance "style releases," we created our new models for 1930-31—with sizes for misses and children too. Three trim examples are shown here.*

AS THE SEASON'S SMARTEST SHOES

NEVER have coats appeared in more charming lines — never have hats had more winsome shapes and colors — never have shoes been daintier in design.

. . . And now comes stormy-weather footwear as chic as the season's smartest shoes. Today the fashionable woman can follow the ensemble idea from top to toe — no matter what the weather.

Early in the season our *Style Committee* conferred with leading stylists — studied the new designs for the fall and winter season. What new heights in heels will appear? What new shapes in toes? What new shades in coat materials and fur trimmings? . . . All are reflected in these new Ball-Band galoshes — styled to the season's smartest shoes.

In these "Light-as-a-feather" all-rubber Savoys you'll find the loveliest colors of the moment—soft browns, blues, blacks, deep reds, grays, greens — all blending with your newest things. You'll be charmed with the gay linings, the smart cuffs, the trim tailored touches. Yet these Savoys are astonishingly reasonable! Value-wise shoppers find them truly economical—for they combine low cost with longer wear.

Following the ensemble theme, we show some of the season's favored black fabrics which harmonize so charmingly with our new black all-rubber Savoy. You may have Savoys with your choice of net or fleece linings.

Every Ball-Band rubber or galosh is a leader not only in style but in lasting quality too. For well over a third of a century we have prepared rubber for the one purpose of making finer footwear. That's why these Savoys will hold their dainty, erect shape as long as you wear them.

We suggest that you make your selection now, when you may be sure of a wide choice of colors and styles. As a last word: to be sure of the style and quality of your rubber footwear, look for the little Red Ball trade-mark when you buy. There's a Ball-Band dealer near you. If you do not know him, write us for his name.

"Light-as-a-feather," and fashioned to fit today's smart shoes, our all-rubber Savoys actually flatter the slender contours of feet and ankles. See how this Navy galosh blends with the new blue fabrics shown here.

Brown — always in good taste for winter costumes. The Sierra brown of this all-rubber Savoy was chosen to harmonize with the chic browns popular this winter. Handy snap fasteners or "Monopul" slide fasteners —as you prefer.

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.
485 Water St., Mishawaka, Indiana

BALL BAND STYLED TO THE SHOE

Look for the Red Ball

GALOSHES · LIGHT RUBBERS · ARCTICS · TENNIS SHOES · ETC

Christmas shopping at **Home**

This is Mr. W. J. Downs, one of the forty-five hundred courteous Fuller Brush Men who bring a helpful service to more than forty thousand homes every day.

Fuller Brush Men help thousands of women to shop this easy way

"OH, YES, that's the kind of brushes my husband wants—but I didn't know where to get them."

Some day soon the Fuller Brush Man will call and show you gift suggestions in brushes that you couldn't possibly find anywhere else. Because Fuller Brushes are sold *only* by Fuller Men who call at your home.

Perhaps you will want to be Santa Claus to yourself—or some friend—with cleaning brushes to lighten housework, or the White Beauty Set of personal brushes. Perhaps there's a "him" you have in mind—a man for whom the Black Beauty Set, shown at the right, would be just the thing.

In any case, welcome the Fuller Brush Man when he calls. Cellar to attic, head to foot—he will show you brushes to do the job a little easier, a little quicker, a little better, a little longer. For the Fuller Man represents the largest organization of its kind—devoted solely to the making and distribution of tested brushes for every use.

The Fuller Brush Co., 3597 Main St., Hartford, Conn. Branch Offices in 200 cities. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)

Every Saturday Night the Fuller Brush Man calls on you with MUSIC

On the radio, tune in on the Fuller Brush Man's program every Saturday night at 7:30, Eastern Standard Time. Hear this musical entertainment over any one of the stations on the W J Z coast-to-coast network.

My husband calls this set his "Valet"

—by Grace Fowler

Last Christmas I gave my husband this Black Beauty Set of Fuller Brushes. He says, "It's like having a valet to keep me neat."

He likes this Clothes Brush because it is curved to fit his shoulders. As a matter of fact, he never would bother with a clothes brush until he tried this one.

He says the Fuller Hair Brush is also good for massage and shampoo. And the Comb has teeth polished to prevent cutting or breaking the hair.

I'm sure that all wives like to see their husbands' fingers and nails kept neat—and this handy little Fuller Manicure Brush will do it with very little effort.

Fuller Brushes *are sold only by* Fuller Men *who call at your home*

A Letter to the Woman Who Must Do Without

that there is no one else to whom they could take their problems, their joys and their sorrows, in quite the same way that they can take them to her, and that they may suffer, spiritually and mentally because of this; while the fear that they may suffer physically, and that she will not be available to take care of them, is never out of her thoughts. She is a woman to whom the practices and observations of religion mean much, who finds infinite comfort, sustenance, and exaltation from service and worship; but months go by when she has no opportunity to enter the church of which she is a member, and weeks on end when she can not enter a church of any kind.

On a recent trip, she found that it was absolutely necessary, in order to do justice to her work, to learn an entirely unfamiliar language in a short space of time. She set herself a "stint" of six hours a day. Her schedule was already a heavy one, and her days filled to overflowing; so most of this studying was necessarily done at night. She succeeded in what she had set out to do, both in learning the new language and in the field of endeavor which had necessitated this; but on her return home she was told, bluntly and without circumlocution, by an eminent occulist whom she consulted because she was troubled by intermittent blurring of vision and difficulty of focusing, that she was threatened with blindness as a result of using her eyes too constantly when she was already tired, and by the insufficient light available in the places where she had been.

As she left his office, stunned with the blow he had dealt her, she noticed that the doors of a church across the street stood mercifully open, though there was no service going on; and passing through them, she knelt down in the benignant darkness, far too inarticulate to pray, but grateful for the refuge she had found while endeavoring to regain her composure. Suddenly, wrung from her heart, the involuntary cry, "*Was it worth while?*" rose to her lips, and tears which she could not keep back overflowed from her eyes and fell on her clasped hands.

"Blindness is the *only* thing I have felt I could not face—why should I be obliged to face it—and as the result of trying to do my work conscientiously? Why should I be beaten just when I have sighted a goal toward which I have struggled so long?"

Every Woman Has a Chance

It was a terribly bitter moment; but before she left the church she had groped her way towards a solution of her difficulties. She had thought out a plan by which she could reorganize her life and go on with her work and still conserve her eyesight. And she had come to the calm decision that even if this plan did not prove practicable, even if she paid dearly for her hard-won success, she was glad she had done exactly what she did do, and she would do the same thing straight over again. In other words, *it had been worth while*. But another woman might decide differently; she might decide that she would rather possess a less attractive home and stay comfortably and quietly and securely in it; she might decide that she would rather give her children fewer "advantages" and not be separated from them; she might decide that she would rather go to church regularly every Sunday morning than forego the consolation and uplift of religious services; and that above all she would rather not risk impairing any of her faculties in the accomplishment of any work, however remunerative and important. It is impossible to say which of these decisions is the *better*. They represent the viewpoints of two different types of women, who mold their lives in different ways; but this molding is done by them and not by any one else.

Supposing you are one of the many women who have decided that the game is not worth the candle, that you would prefer to have your cake rather than eat it, that you would rather go without an omelet than break all your eggs: or supposing that you are one of the comparatively few who have failed to escape from poverty in spite of the fact that you have made *every possible effort, at whatever cost, to do so*—what then? What can you have—what can you do—to make life worth living?

Well, in this country and in this day and age, there is a good deal that you can have and do. If you were facing abject poverty as it exists in some remote regions of the earth—provincial China or India, for example—the situation would be different; it would have been different if you had lived even fifty years ago in the United States. But in our nation and our generation, the comforts, the advantages, and the opportunities which are available for almost every one were once within the grasp of only the few, and still are, in some parts of the world.

To Make Life Worth While

I have not seen your house; but I assume, since you live in a city, that there is plumbing of some sort in it, even if it is not of the most modern type; that you have a furnace or some other kind of heating apparatus that takes its place more or less adequately; and that the drudgery of housework has been mitigated by at least a few labor-saving devices of which your mother never even dreamed in her youth. I know that there is a good hospital, where you can obtain skilled care free of cost, almost at your door; that there is a free library and a free museum within walking distance of the block where you live; that you can hear free music in any one of a dozen churches; that at least one of your friends must have a radio on which you can occasionally listen in, and at least one other, some kind of motor car in which you occasionally go to ride. I know that for two cents you can buy a paper which will give you the news of the world, and that for a quarter you can have excellent entertainment at a moving-picture theatre.

I know that you live in a state where the scenery is so inescapably beautiful that even if you have not spent fifty dollars on travel in the course of your entire life, you have beheld mountains and canyons and rivers and plains of a grandeur unsurpassable anywhere in the world; and where the climate is at one and the same time so stimulating and so beneficent that you have profited, without expense, by natural conditions which thousands of persons travel thousands of miles and spend thousands of dollars to profit by every year.

If you lived in a different place, you would not have exactly these same comforts and advantages and opportunities. There are many houses in rural districts which are still unequipped with what we casually call "modern improvements"; there are many parts of the country where there are no scenic wonders, and where the climate is by no means ideal; but there are very few which have not some natural attractions; and there are *very* few to which "movies," radios, motor cars, libraries, hospitals, and churches have not penetrated—and with them a tremendous change in the lot of the average woman. There are still many things, perhaps, which she must do without; but oh! there are so many things that she has! So many material things, the importance of which it is silly and futile to underestimate; and if she is the woman you describe—the woman who "reads and prays and aspires"—so many spiritual things besides.

I am aware that in asking me to write a letter to the woman who must do without, you were not thinking only of financial privations, though naturally these loom large on your horizon; you were thinking of the woman who *because* of financial privations has no stimulating contacts with the great world and no leisure to

65,000 MILES *and* 200 TESTS

Sturdy bars reinforce the strong Weed American cross chain links.

A positive locking, quick-acting connecting hook makes Weed Americans easy to put on.

The new Weed American side chain won't kink. It's electrically welded.

THIS new type tire chain passes the most gruelling tests with flying colors. Ask for Weed Americans, the modern chains for modern cars and roads, perfected by Weed Tire Chain engineers. They wear longer. They grip the road. They save you money. Made by the American Chain Company, *Inc.*, Bridgeport, Conn.

The NEW WEED AMERICAN TIRE CHAIN *Supreme*

ACCO

Weed Tire Chain Radio Program: Tune in every Friday evening at 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, 7:30 Central Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

In using advertisements see page 6

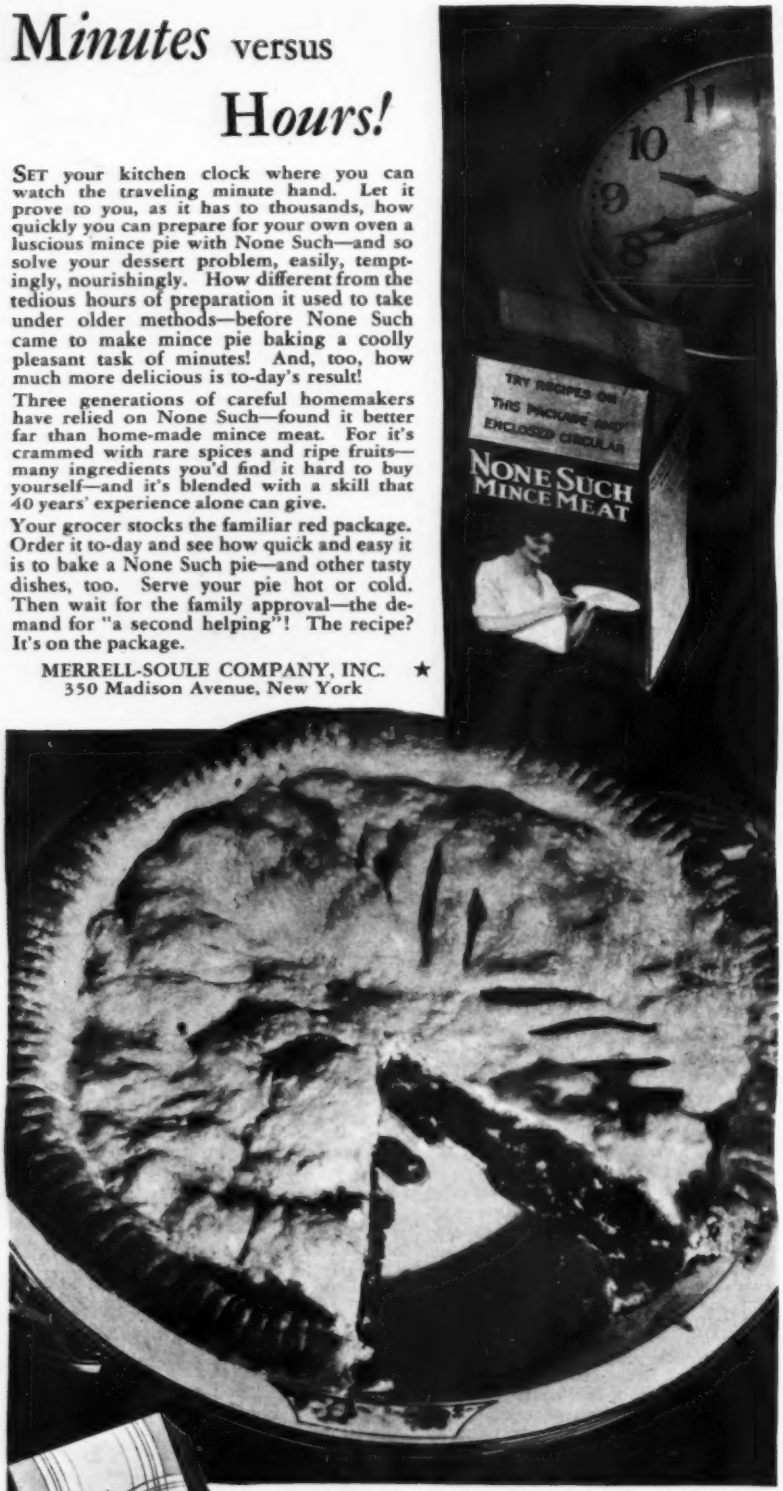
Minutes versus *Hours!*

SET your kitchen clock where you can watch the traveling minute hand. Let it prove to you, as it has to thousands, how quickly you can prepare for your own oven a luscious mince pie with None Such—and so solve your dessert problem, easily, temptingly, nourishingly. How different from the tedious hours of preparation it used to take under older methods—before None Such came to make mince pie baking a coolly pleasant task of minutes! And, too, how much more delicious is to-day's result!

Three generations of careful homemakers have relied on None Such—found it better far than home-made mince meat. For it's crammed with rare spices and ripe fruits—many ingredients you'd find it hard to buy yourself—and it's blended with a skill that 40 years' experience alone can give.

Your grocer stocks the familiar red package. Order it to-day and see how quick and easy it is to bake a None Such pie—and other tasty dishes, too. Serve your pie hot or cold. Then wait for the family approval—the demand for "a second helping"! The recipe? It's on the package.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, INC. ★
350 Madison Avenue, New York



Merrell-Soule Company, Inc.,
350 Madison Avenue, New York
Gentlemen:
Please send me my free copy of "None Such Recipes"—half a hundred delightful ways to serve a time-tried favorite.

Name .....
Street .....
City.....State.....

A Letter to the Woman Who Must Do Without

develop social gifts; and I admit that there is a sort of superficial polish, a certain elegance of manner, which seems to reach perfection more often in the case of those who have been "gently" born and delicately reared, whose homes have been graced by culture and refinement, whose *entrée* into society has always been assured, and whose existence has offered opportunities for travel and study, than in the cases of those who have not been thus favored. But I am not for a moment willing to admit that real worth and real distinction, real learning and real charm, are dependent on any of those conditions or restricted to them.

Not long ago I heard a group of young men discussing the possible careers ahead of them and voicing their opinion as to which were worth considering. One of them, a boy whom I know well, seemed to feel that success, in the generally accepted sense, awaited those who elected to become diplomats, statesmen, lawyers, doctors, architects, and great figures in the mercantile and industrial world.

"Maybe," said another boy whom I know even better, "but the most interesting and agreeable and inspiring man I know is a farmer. He isn't widely traveled or even particularly well educated; he isn't rich, and he isn't influential. He's had pretty rough sledding, for one thing after another seems to have gone wrong with him, and he has a wife and children whom he has had hard work to support. But I guess, plugging along, trying to make a living out of crops that failed and cows that got sick, he has had time to do a good deal of thinking and observing. Anyway, if I wanted advice about something that mattered a lot, I'd go to him; and if I were in trouble I'd go to him; and if I wanted to have a bang-up good time I'd go to him. He comes closer to my ideal of what a man ought to be than any ambassador I ever met!"

As I thought over the question afterward I felt it was the second boy who was right. For poverty does many things to a man's mind and soul—or a woman's. It sometimes does what you had in mind when you asked me if I realized what it *could* do. It spreads discouragement and apathy and bitterness and envy all around it, a sense of futility, of injustice, of hopelessness, and hatred. That is when the granite boulder is a stumbling block. But at other times, when the granite boulder is a stepping stone, it does something different—something that ennobles and beautifies, that steadies and strengthens, and spurs and saves.

It was written of the rich—not of the poor—that the kingdom of heaven would be hard for them to find; and this was because riches, more often than poverty, stultify the soul and rob the heart of loving-kindness and compassion, and those other great qualities which find favor in the sight of both God and man. This is the thought which the woman who does without must keep before her, like a candle set upon an altar; and the light that shines about her will illumine and transfigure the rough road over which she walks.

With sympathy and deep affection always,
Faithfully yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

The Stuff Your House Is Made Of

(*Continued from page 51*)

on the skill and artistry of the stone mason; and in localities where natural building stone abounds, there are usually artisans who work in the local tradition of several generations of builders in that kind of stone. The more formal the stone work, the more—obviously—the job is in the province of any competent mason.

UNIVERSAL

"The Electric Ware Beautiful"

Farmington Pattern Coffee Percolator

4 piece Percolator Set Chromium Plate, $65.50. Others to meet every purse, $14.95 up

The highest and lowest priced articles bearing the trade mark

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

are alike in quality, workmanship and lifetime service.

"The Secret of Perfect Coffee" and valuable recipes are given with our attractive Cook Book, "Household Helps"—sent free upon request

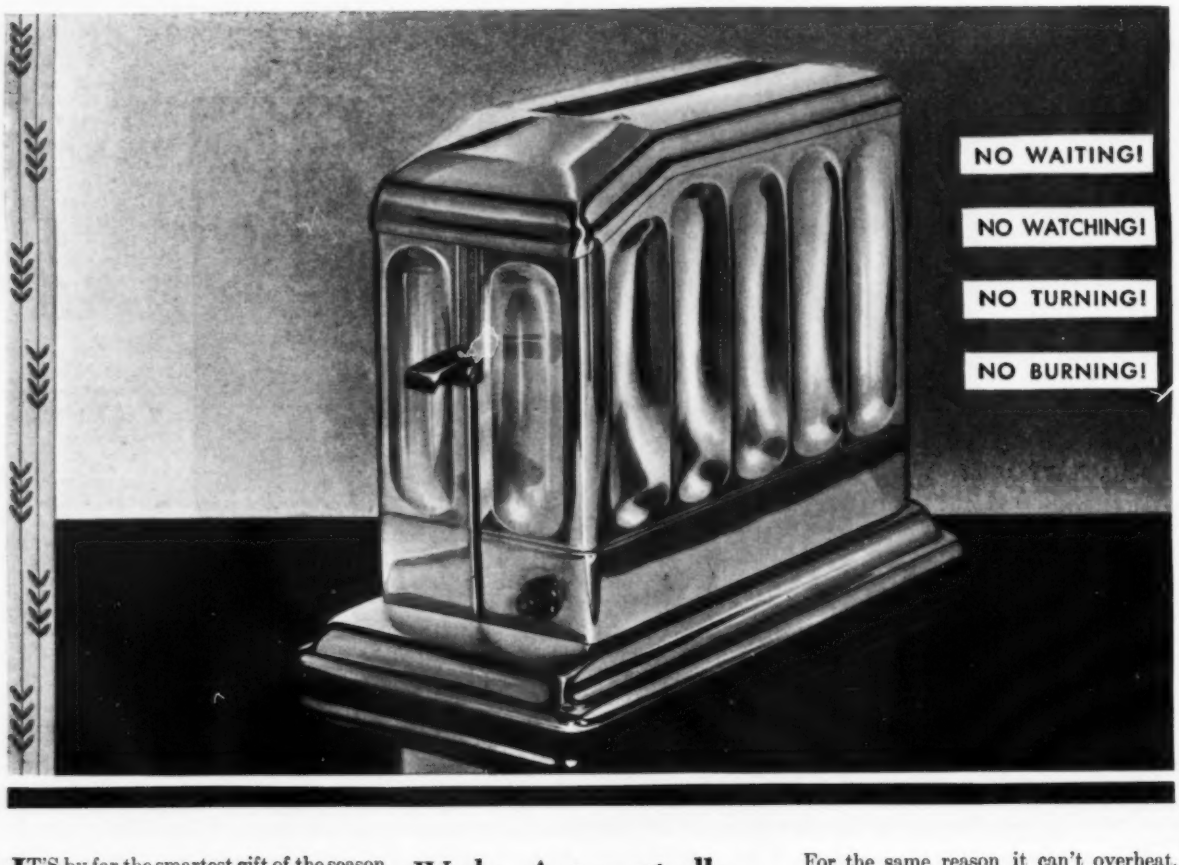
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN., U. S. A.

In using advertisements see page 6

The Smartest Gift of the Season

the New and Improved Toastmaster

★



IT'S by far the smartest gift of the season—this new and improved Toastmaster! See it by all means—this utterly new model of the famous toaster that "Pops Up The Toast!"

It works *automatically*. And—it won't burn toast!

It comes in 1 and 2-slice sizes and is a revelation in simplicity and smartness.

Of the hundreds of thousands who saw the remarkable first model which revolutionized toastmaking in America, not one would have believed it could ever have been improved upon.

Yet—that has been done!

It is even more simple, more amazing, more beautiful!

Whole Operation in One Lever

With the new model, all you do is drop in the bread and press but a *single* lever. And *forget* about it!

Works Automatically—Won't Burn Toast!

In a minute—a piece of evenly browned toast pops up, *automatically*.

That's all there is to it. No waiting! No watching! No turning! No burnt toast!

And by simply setting a small, new-type indicator, you get the kind of toast you like—browned to the exact shade.

Won't Burn Toast, Won't Burn You

Another point about a Toastmaster—it won't burn the toast. For when the toast is done, it turns off the current *automatically*.

TOASTMASTER

The Automatic Electric Toaster That Pops Up The Toast

For the same reason it can't overheat, or ruin your table-top.

A Toastmaster can't burn you—it pops the toast up on the top where you can reach it *safely*. And now it comes with cool-type carrying handles that permit you to move it about without danger of burning your fingers.

See the New Toastmaster

If you want the easiest way to have perfect toast—see the new and improved Toastmaster. You, like thousands of others, will call it wonderful.

Now on display both in 1 and 2-slice sizes, at most stores carrying electrical devices throughout the United States and Canada. *284-R*

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

A Division of
McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY

The Stuff Your House Is Made Of

Rough, heavy stone masonry is an important—in fact, an essential—part of the Norman cottage type of house that has recently become so popular. Often the actual stone work in this type is almost entirely covered with cement mortar, but in such a way that the massiveness and roughness of the stone work are definitely felt, with occasional stones coming through.

Brick work, during the past quarter-century, has yearly increased the range of its effects. Once the most formal of building materials, it has been so developed in the variety of shapes and textures, and in the freedom of its use, that it is now found in many kinds of houses.

In early types there is plenty of precedent for the Colonial brick house, from New Orleans to up-state New York. There were the stately dwellings of Virginia, such houses as Westover, and many old family seats throughout Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, where brick was the prevalent building material. These same states, too, have plenty of examples of charming small houses of brick.

According to the type of house, brick is peculiarly expressive of a complete range from ultra-formal to highly picturesque. There is variety not only in the brick itself, but in the way it is laid, in the kind of mortar joint used.

To determine the actual character of brick work, it is well to have the mason lay up a few small sample sections of wall in order to show exactly the color of mortar he means to use, as well as the thickness of the mortar joints and their depth. It makes a great difference in the effect of any brick work whether the mortar joints are "flush"—that is, level with the faces of the bricks—or "raked"—that is, the mortar is raked out of the joint, accentuating each brick. The mortar should be a strong mixture of the best cement, without too much sand.

There is a tremendous variation in the possible textures and colors of brick, ranging from complete uniformity to the utmost variety. The extreme is the clinker brick, so warped and blackened in the kiln that the brick builders of 1900 would have thrown it away. Bricks burned dark purple or black give interest to brick work; often, as in the Colonial tradition of Harvard brick, they form a pattern by regular recurrence in the courses.

A recent revival of an old device is the *painting of brick work*, usually white. This is most effective when the brick laying is quite rough and rugged, as in the new adaptations of the Norman farmhouse type. A quality of antiquity is added by rubbing the paint thin, to give a weathered appearance.

The Use of Stucco

Stucco may be an incident, or the whole, of several types of house—and its use, color, and texture may be anything you wish to make them.

Structurally, stucco may be applied on metal lath on a frame building, it may be the coating of a hollow-tile house, or it may be applied to a stone house. Since stone, like brick, is in itself a building material with an attractive and impervious finish, there is not much point in covering it with stucco, and in the case of stone houses this is rarely done except to give a picturesque effect.

For the Mediterranean type, for the adaptations of Spanish, Italian, or Algerian villas such as appear in many really charming varieties in California and in Florida, stucco is the obvious and appropriate choice. It has been found that any tendency toward monotony in stucco, in houses of this kind, can be effectively dispelled by variety in coloration, by the warm, dull red of an old tile roof, and by the addition of bright decorative tiles and interesting incidental iron work.

There is so much latitude in the texture you can give stucco, that good taste—which means a sense of fitness—becomes highly important. In the desire to make stucco textures interesting, they should never be allowed to become

RADIO YOUR APPETITE *that a treat is coming*

"RADIO your appetite—that's just what you do", said a famous Washington hostess, "when you start to make this Plum Pudding with Knox Sparkling Gelatine."

No, it's not the old-time, heavy-as-lead kind, but something entirely different—light and dainty—cool and sparkling—yet it has all the zestful flavor and yum-yum goodness of the pudding that made Old England famous—and made Christmas dinners annual events! Let the old folks "eat their fill", let the children revel in it. Even the invalid may enjoy the second helping without regret. Make this your most memorable Christmas dinner with a Knox Plum Pudding.

It is easy to make, too—so easy the young folks can prepare it.

In one package of Knox Gelatine there is enough gelatine to make this Plum Pudding and three other dainty dishes, for three other days, six servings of each. Why not try some holiday candies made with Knox Gelatine? Here is one candy recipe and others will be found in our Recipe Book.

CHOCOLATE PLUM PUDDING

{Illustrated} {6 Servings}

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water — ¼ cup currants
1 cup milk — 2 egg whites — 1 square chocolate
¼ cup nuts — ½ cup sugar — Few grains salt
¼ teaspoonful vanilla — ½ cup dates
½ cup seeded raisins

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Put milk with fruit in double boiler. When hot, add chocolate, which has been melted, mixed with a little sugar and milk to make a smooth paste (or use 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa). Add soaked gelatine, sugar and salt, remove from fire, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, chopped, and lastly, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold and garnish with holly. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk, or with a currant jelly sauce.

KNOX DAINTIES (Candy)

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar — 1 cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water

Soak gelatine in the cold water about five minutes. Place sugar and boiling water on fire and when sugar is dissolved add the soaked gelatine and boil slowly fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. To the one part add three tablespoonfuls lemon juice and two teaspoonfuls lemon extract. To the other part add one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon, cloves or whatever flavor preferred. If peppermint is desired use one-half teaspoonful only. Any coloring desired may be added. Rinse out shallow pans in cold water and then pour in candy mixture to the depth of three-fourths inch and let stand overnight. Turn out, cut in squares and roll in powdered or fine granulated sugar.

KNOX *is the real* **GELATINE**

★ **FOR DESSERTS AND SALADS**

KNOX GELATINE, 140 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

Mail this coupon for your FREE copy of our Recipe Book showing many every day recipes and for the special collection of holiday recipes. Cranberry Salad, for example, is most unusual and extremely popular with hostesses, and mothers who like *healthful* ideas!

My name is_____

My address is_____

My grocer's name is_____

In using advertisements see page 6

"... it's a gift, my dear!"

"WHY . . . tell us exactly why more Daniel Green slippers get on or under Christmas trees than practically any other present," we asked Mr. Claus, famous authority on tactful giving.

"That's easy, my dear," said he, "Daniel Greens are grand to receive, correct to give, and ridiculously easy to buy."

Some sense to giving Daniel Greens! Everybody, six or sixty, always needs them, always wants them. And Daniel Green, being a regular crank on quality, makes a gift slipper that lasts.

All this fuss about what to give . . . him or her or anybody . . . keeps Christmas jokes going. But it's silly! Give everybody Daniel Greens.

If you don't see our name on the sole, they are not Daniel Green slippers.

You'll find a wide, smart choice in all good shops for girls and boys and men and women . . . even for babies. Priced from $2.50 to $10 a pair.

DANIEL GREEN

Leisure Footwear

The Daniel Green Company, Dolgeville, New York

Patent back, tapestry toe for men
The crepe pajama boot is so feminine
Give her this very mule in satin
For men who don't like trimming
Women are proud to wear the Bridge
Dear old comforting Comfy in felt
Men always feel at home in felt
Brilliant kid D'Orsay—satin lined
For boys and girls—rust felt or green leather with a sheep collar

The Stuff Your House Is Made Of

bizarre or freakish; they should always have a studied relationship to the other materials with which they are used. The specifications for stucco work should always include "sharp, clean sand," with enough cement to give it the strength to withstand any ordinary cause for developing cracks. As in the case of brick building, samples of the stucco finish should be made up by the builder so that both texture and color can be determined in advance. Stucco finishes are developed by troweling, by the use of coarse wire brushes, and by various other means, and any degree of smoothness or roughness can readily be effected. Architects' specifications usually require such advance samples of brick or stucco technique, to be made by the building contractor "subject to approval of owner and architect." There is no need to hazard the outcome on a guess, and it is well worth a trip even to a remote site to see in advance exactly what will be the "technique" of the workmanship. The exact character of stone masonry, brick, or stucco work can not be stated in the written specifications or shown in the drawings—yet it makes the real difference between good and ordinary execution. There are points where personal supervision and approval are essential.

The Wooden House

The *all-wooden house* comprises, of course, the whole range of our Colonial and Early American types, from the log cabin to the colonnaded mansion of our Classic Revival. It is impossible, here, to enumerate them, even if they were not reasonably well known.

With wood as a material, you recognize the American clapboard house and the shingled house—"the white house with the green blinds"—and you notice, too, comparatively recent variations of the old, familiar types. A great deal of character has been given the shingled house by the use of over-size and hand-split shingles (even to the rough ones called "shakes"), and many interesting gable-ends have been made with wavy-edged clapboarding. This boarding is a revival of the kind that was made by simply cutting a log up into boards without planing, or even trimming the uneven sides.

One of the most interesting exterior uses of wood is the exposed framing that is called *half-timber work*. This owes its charm and interest partly to its revival of old, sturdy ways of building and partly to the natural interest of the variety of materials it allows. There is first the wood itself—stout, rugged posts and beams and braces of oak or chestnut, doweled and pegged together. You do not want here a smooth, milled finish, but rather a rough-hewn appearance—not too rough, but with a definitely hand-wrought feeling.

The old name for the fillings between the beams of half-timber work was "nogging," and it was either brick or rubble masonry, covered with stucco. This led, obviously, to fascinating patterns in brick nogging, and afforded, where stucco was used, an opportunity to evolve textures that would be highly effective in setting off the timber work.

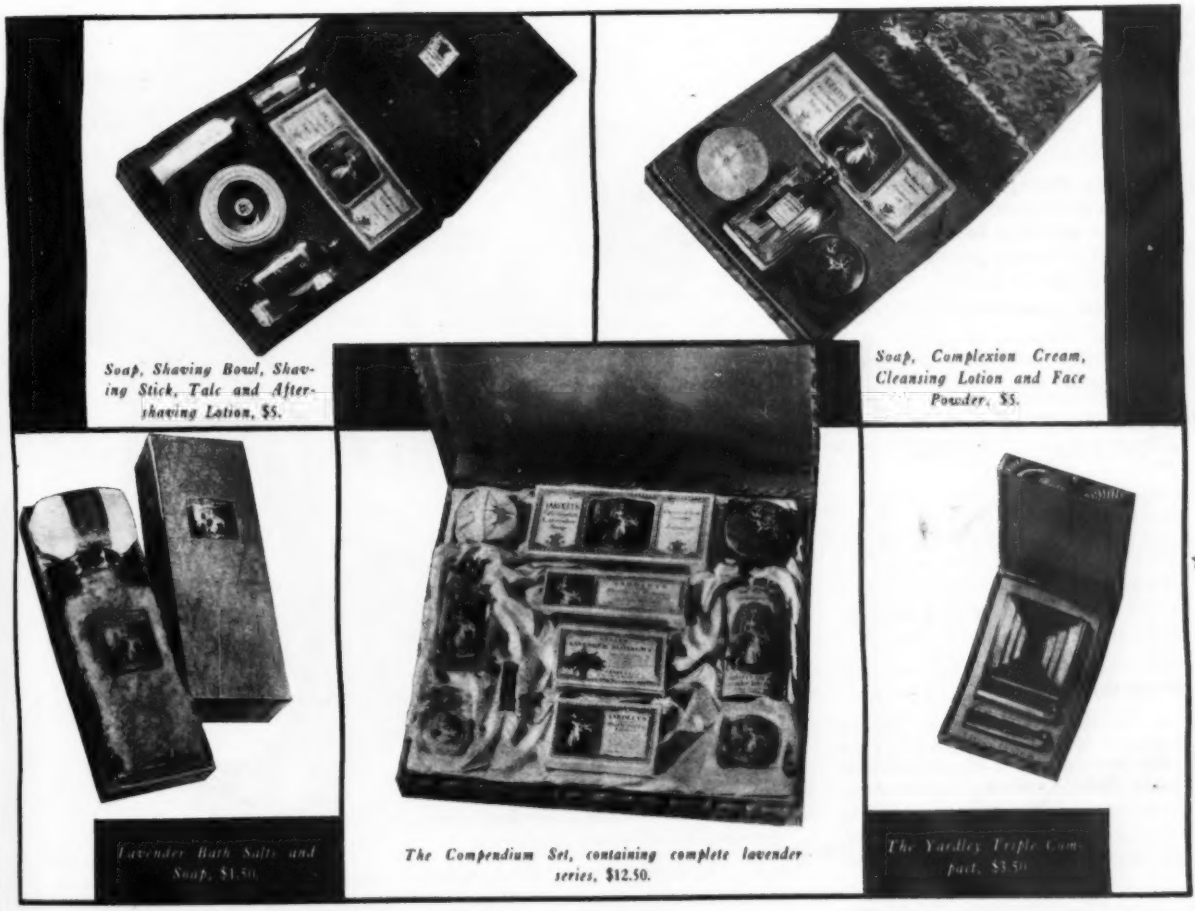
The precedent for half-timber goes back to the Middle Ages in England and in France, and may be used today, when it is not used in a strictly stylized type, in a variety of informal craftsmanlike houses.

It should be remembered, however, that to counterfeit is one of the worst building techniques. The whole charm of half-timber work lies in its rugged sincerity. Its timbers must be as heavy as they look, and must actually be joined in the old manner—or the whole idea of half-timbering had better be given up.

Honesty in materials and construction is a sound ideal, in fact, for any type of building; and one of the greatest accomplishments of our country-house architects in the past twenty years has been their success in popularizing the ideal of honest architectural effects honestly arrived at.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Preferred by Londoners of fashion . . . Lavender in Yardley gift packages to bring fragrance to an American Christmas



Soap, Shaving Bowl, Shaving Stick, Talc and After-shaving Lotion, $5.

Soap, Complexion Cream, Cleansing Lotion and Face Powder, $5.

Lavender Bath Salts and Soap, $1.50

The Compendium Set, containing complete lavender series, $12.50.

The Yardley Triple Compact, $3.50

More than a hundred and fifty years have passed since the first fine Yardley soaps and perfumes were offered to a Georgian world of grace and elegance. In London today, Yardley toiletries are still the choice of smart Mayfair and aristocratic Berkeley Square. And now they are offered to *you*, distinguished gifts for an American Christmas. No farther away than your nearest store, enchanting gift sets in that treasured fragrance of English Lavender await your choice. There are too many to be catalogued completely, but here is a bath bowl, amusing and luxurious invention. Here are those delightful crystals to perfume a bath so refreshingly; dusting powders like fairy mist; a silken, fragrant complexion cream, in a cunning carved pot, the color of old ivory; English Lavender itself, to bring back the wind-blown perfume of purple moors. All these and others you will find, packaged interestingly and distinctively, at prices from $1.25 to $12.50, wherever you are accustomed to shop. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 33 Old Bond St., London; 452 Fifth Ave. at Fortieth St., New York City; also Toronto and Paris.

In using advertisements see page 6

No, *thank you,* Mother, no "Pink tooth brush" for me!

THIS NEW GENERATION:—Mother, you've been buying your kind of tooth paste for me again!

MOTHER: *But you've always used that kind. Ever since you were a child.*

T. N. G.: Not lately. Not since I went to the dentist last fall and found out about *gums.*

MOTHER: *But tooth paste isn't for your gums. It's for your* teeth.

T. N. G.: Now that's just where you admit you're a wee bit old-fashioned, mother dear. The best really *modern* tooth paste can be used as a gum massage, too—to prevent "pink tooth brush."

MOTHER: *"Pink tooth brush!" I never heard of it!*

T. N. G.: Isn't your tooth brush ever pink when you clean your teeth?

MOTHER: *Come to think of it, I believe it is. My gums are tender, I suppose. And bleed rather easily.*

T. N. G.: That's why I massage my gums—with Ipana Tooth Paste on my brush. So *mine* won't become tender and begin to bleed. I don't want to get gingivitis or pyorrhea or gum trouble like *that.* And I don't want to discover sometime that a few of my precious teeth aren't as sound as they *look!*

MOTHER: *You mean that "pink tooth brush" can be as serious as that?*

T. N. G.: Unless you *stop* it, it can. For our gums do need massage. We don't eat coarse foods any more. We eat mostly *soft* foods. And our gums don't get the stimulation they need. They grow lazy and flabby—and tender. And, first thing we know, they begin to bleed.

MOTHER: *I suppose I'll have to take lessons from you—and begin to massage my gums, too.*

T. N. G.: That's the girl. And, just to make sure you will, I'm going to stop in at the drug store this afternoon, and get two tubes of Ipana—one for me, and one for you. Ipana has ziratol in it. That's a preparation dentists have known and used for a long time because it's so effective in toning and invigorating tender gums. And hereafter, every time you clean your teeth with Ipana (aren't mine nice and white since I've been using it?) put some more Ipana on your brush and lightly massage your gums with it. And if your gums aren't as healthy and firm in a month as *mine* are—Well, they will be.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-120
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

IPANA *Tooth Paste*

December 1930 Good Housekeeping

XUM